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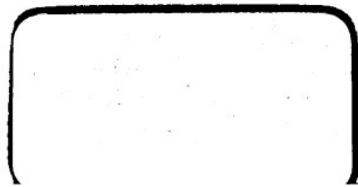


## *The Story of William the Silent and the Netherland War, 1555-1584*

Mary Olivia Nutting, Mary Barrett

KD 62458

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Thomas C. H. Whittle



**WILLIAM THE SILENT.**  
**From an ancient English engraving.**

THE HISTORY OF

# WILLIAM THE SILENT

A.D.

THE NETHERLAND WAR.

1555—1584.

FYCKE BAPTIST



Boston:

Published by D. Lothrop & Co.  
Dover, N.H.: G. T. Gray & Co.



WILLIAM THE SILENT.

From an old French engraving.

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WILLIAM THE SILENT  
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## P R E F A C E.

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THIS book is designed particularly for young persons who have not time or opportunity to read the story in full, in the extensive works of our standard authors. The boys and girls of the American republic should know by what struggles religious liberty has been won, in other countries and other times. It is good to behold moral heroism anywhere; and we shall rarely find it more sublimely displayed than in the scenes of the Netherland war. It might be added that, to not a few of our citizens, this is the history of their own fatherland.

The authorities chiefly consulted have been the works of Motley and Prescott, which we hope many of our young readers will hereafter study for themselves. In regard to the accompanying map,

we may remark that the changes in internal boundaries which have occurred in the lapse of three hundred years render it obviously impossible to reproduce the former outlines of some of the provinces with absolute correctness; but we trust the representation is sufficiently accurate to explain the narrative.

M. B.

#### NOTE.

The bird's eye view of Leyden given at page 362 is taken from a memorial volume, published at Leyden, on the third semicentennial of the University, which recurred in 1725,

In those days the old Rhine did not run into the sea at all, but was lost in the vast sand hills which were constantly accumulating on the coast. This was the case for many centuries; but a channel has now been cut through.

The portion of the city wall which fell during the last night of the siege may be identified on the bird's eye view, as that lying between the gate next Lammen, called the Cow-gate or Meadow-gate, and the first tower to the eastward on the reader's right hand. The great church, or cathedral, may be seen in the western part of the city, not far from the Cow-gate; the old tower, and the church of Saint Pancras, are near the junction of the two channels of the river.

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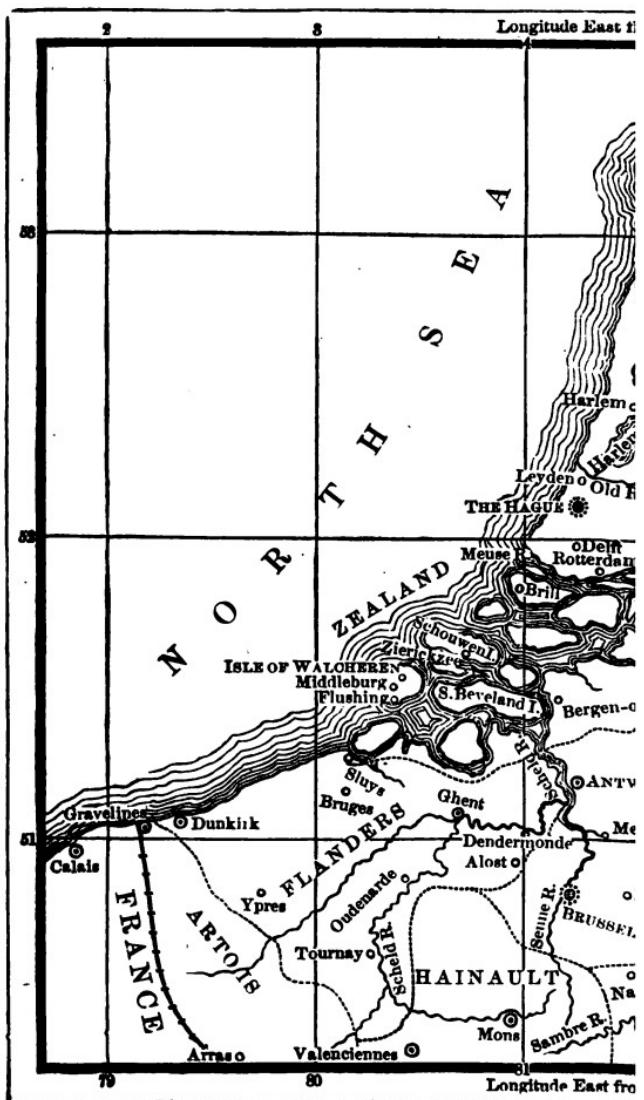
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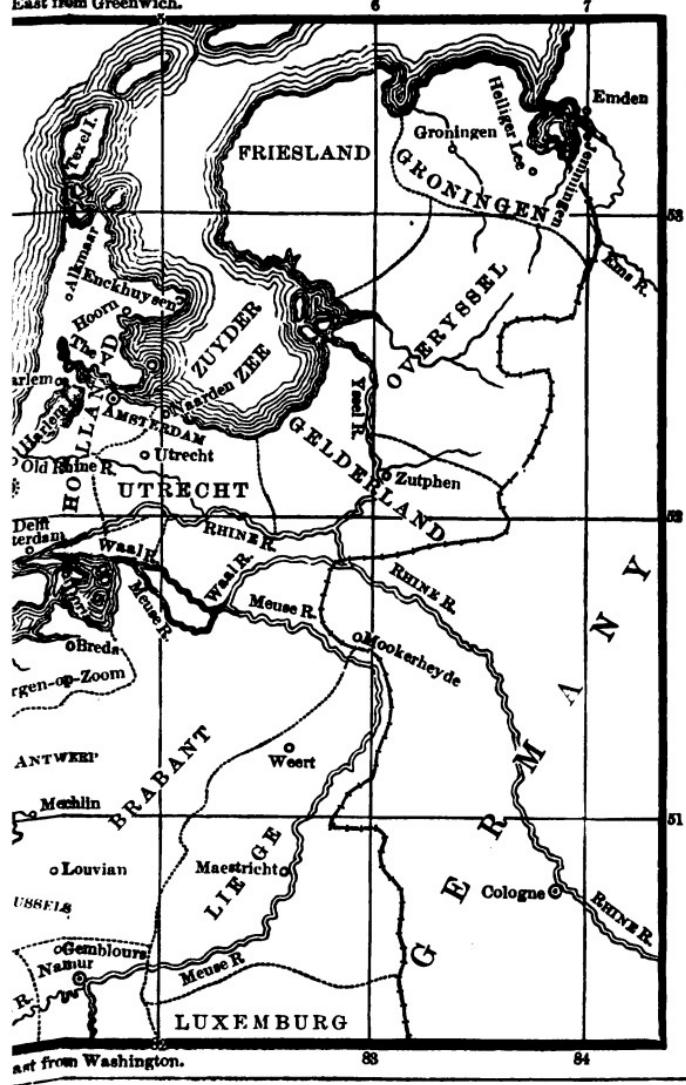
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East from Greenwich.



East from Washington.



# WILLIAM THE SILENT

AND

## THE NETHERLAND WAR.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### *THE SCENE OF THE STORY.*

THE love of liberty runs in the Anglo-Saxon blood. We Americans have it as an inherited trait. It grows only the more marked and irrepressible as generations go by; just as streams are wont to flow with fuller and deeper current as they approach the sea. It is worth while to trace it back a little way; for it was not always the great, tranquil, majestic river on which we now gaze. Farther up, we shall find it a wild mountain torrent, dashing and foaming among the rocks that hem

it in, and making headlong leaps over the barriers it can not sweep away.

The long struggle carried on by the people of the Netherlands against the despotism of Philip II. and the Inquisition has had not a little to do with our own national history. Our forefathers took heart to fight for liberty here because theirs had done the like in England, in the preceding century; and the brave Hollanders had set the example, a hundred years before that. As Motley has observed, the so-called revolutions of the Netherlands, England, and America are all links of one chain. In our day, another still has been added; for, no longer content with freedom for our own race merely, we have given it also to the slave.

It was just three hundred years ago that the great contest between the Netherlands and Spain was begun. At that time, the population of the Low Countries numbered three millions, the same as that of the American colonies at the commencement of our own Revolution. Their entire territory, however, was less than that embraced in the three States of Vermont,

New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. Much of this narrow domain consisted of land reclaimed from the sea. It had been preserved and made habitable only by a vast amount of labor and expense. Immense dikes were required to defend its low, flat shores from the invasions of the ocean. These dikes, lying one within another in successive lines, fortified the whole coast ; they girdled the numerous islands ; they stretched along on either side of the rivers, to prevent their overflow. Many of them were from seventy to more than one hundred feet in thickness at the base, and forty feet in hight, reckoning from low-water mark. At the top, they were broad enough to form excellent carriage-roads. Of course the cost of this vast system of defenses was enormous. It is said that two dikes on the island of Walcheren alone require an outlay of sixty thousand dollars a year. They are built somewhat like a wharf, of huge timbers, or sometimes of bundles of trees which are cultivated for the purpose, filled in with great blocks of stone brought from Norway. They are often covered with soil, and

crowned with willows. In spite of all possible pains, however, inundations sometimes occur, which deluge vast tracts of country, and occasion immense destruction of property and life.

Notwithstanding this little country has always had so much ado to keep its head above water, at the time when our story begins it had already grown fair and rich through the enterprise and industry of its inhabitants. Its manufactures and its commerce were immense. Its cities numbered not less than three hundred and fifty ; and there were six or seven thousand large towns besides.

There were seventeen of the Netherland provinces, each in a great measure independent of the rest, and possessing statutes and privileges of its own. They all acknowledged the same hereditary sovereign, however, though under different titles. Thus the ruler was "Count of Holland," "Duke of Brabant," "Marquis of Antwerp," and so on. If ever called king, it was because, like Philip of Spain, he was king of some other realm. The power of the sovereign was more or less limited by the

charters of privileges possessed by the several states, to which he was obliged to swear fidelity on assuming the government.

The seventeen provinces were further united by having a kind of congress, called the “estates-general.” To this body deputies were sent from each state. They were elected, however, not by the people, but either by certain cities and corporations, or by privileged classes, as the nobles and the clergy. The chief business of the estates-general was to grant, or to refuse, the pecuniary supplies which were requested either by their sovereign in person, or by his stadholder. Upon the whole, the Netherlands enjoyed a greater measure of political freedom than almost any other country possessed at that day. Such as it was, they were well content; and might they have kept undisputed the privileges their ancient charters gave them, they would have asked no more.

During the first half of the fifteenth century, a certain duke of Burgundy, called Philip the Good, contrived to make himself master of the principal Netherland states, partly by inherit-

ance, partly by purchase, and partly by usurpation. His son, Charles the Bold, having no male heir, left his broad domains to his only daughter, the Lady Mary; and by her marriage to the Archduke Maximilian, the sovereignty of the provinces was transferred from the house of Burgundy to that of Austria. In 1496, the son of Maximilian, Philip the Fair, married Joanna of Castile, the only child of Ferdinand and Isabella. Of this marriage was born the celebrated Charles V., who was thus heir both to the Netherland possessions and to Spain. In addition to the titles of Count of Holland, and King of Spain, Sicily, and Jerusalem, he was styled Duke of Milan, Emperor of Germany, and Dominator in Asia and Africa; all which, together with his vast possessions on the newly-discovered American continent, made him virtually autocrat of half the world.

Thus the Netherlands became entangled with Spain to a degree which was to prove sufficiently disastrous to both countries. The two nations, in all their tastes, habits, and sentiments, were as unlike as they well could be.

Naturally enough, the Dutch did not fancy the Spaniards at all ; neither did the Spaniards like the Dutch any better. It was decidedly disagreeable for the latter people, rich and flourishing as they were, to find themselves regarded as a humble dependency of Spain. Yet it probably would not have occurred to them that they could do otherwise than endure their lot with patience, but for the religious and political oppression which was now becoming so grievous.

The Reformation had already dawned. Its light was rousing the world from a sleep of ages. Men were learning that they could think and act for themselves. Neither priests nor kings could longer fetter the soul. The world's history records no protest against tyranny more emphatic than the great conflict through which the Netherlands broke their chains.

## CHAPTER II.

### *THE YOUTH OF THE PRINCE.*

THE Netherlands had their Washington. The hero of their great struggle was William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, who was also called "William the Silent." The history of this great and good man is indeed the history of the contest. He was not only its leader, but almost its very soul. Everything he possessed was sacrificed for its sake ; and upon the sacred altar of freedom he finally yielded up his life. Such a story is worthy to be remembered for ever.

Nassau is the name of a small German duchy lying between the states of Rhenish Prussia and those of Hesse. It contains not far from two thousand square miles of territory ; or, in other words, it is about half as large again as our own Rhode Island. On the west-

ern side flows the Rhine, while the Main bounds it on the south, and the Lahn passes through the central portion of the province. The country is somewhat mountainous, and the scenery is very picturesque. The climate is healthful, and in general the soil is good for farming. Grapes are much cultivated along the Rhine, and the wines of Nassau are famous everywhere.

The ancestors of William had been sovereigns of Nassau for six hundred years. Adolphus of Nassau, a member of the elder branch of the family, near the close of the thirteenth century was emperor of Germany. The younger branch, from which William was descended, meanwhile acquired extensive possessions in the Low Countries, in addition to their German estates.

The principality of Orange had recently been left to William by his cousin, Rene de Nassau-Chalons, who died in 1544, without children of his own. It lay within the territories of the French king, yet was altogether independent of his authority. The town of Orange may still be found, in the southern part of France, thir-

teen miles north of Avignon, on the road from Paris to Marseilles. It is in the province of Vaucluse, and gives name to a surrounding district, now called an *arrondissement*. The ancient principality of Orange, however, was not much larger than two ordinary townships of New England. Yet, since the authority of its sovereign was absolute, there was no small responsibility in governing this little country. The well-being of its inhabitants, and even their very lives, depended almost entirely upon their prince. If he were a bad man, he might easily make his people wish they had never been born. So much for the titles William had inherited. Why he was called "the Silent," will be more fully explained hereafter. At present it is enough to say that it was by no means because he was less social than other people.

It was at Dillenburg, the ancient seat of the family, in the northern part of Nassau, that William was born. This was in the year 1533. His mother, Juliana of Stolberg, was a most excellent Christian woman. His father, also, was a Protestant, and aided the Reformation in

his domains. There was a numerous family of sons and daughters, and they were trained up in the fear of the Lord. Motley tells us that "there still exist most tender and touching letters from the mother's own pen, written to her illustrious sons in hours of anxiety or anguish, in which, with the same earnest simplicity as when they were little children at her knee, she bids them rely always upon God."

When the young William of Nassau, at the age of eleven years, was unexpectedly made heir to his cousin's estates in France, it was thought necessary that he should be educated in the court at Brussels. We may imagine the tender solicitude of his pious mother, as she parted with her eldest boy. She well knew that the destiny which looked so dazzling was full of dangers. According to the customs of that day, the youthful prince became a page in the emperor's household. Pages were expected to be expert in whatever exercises would make them strong, agile, and graceful. They always learned horsemanship, and the use of various weapons; they practiced polite accomplishments, and

stroved to excel in music, conversation, and whatever might assist them to entertain the noble guests of the family with ease and grace. Doubtless the young prince had also masters in the languages ; for, during his busy public life, he used to speak and write the French, Latin, and Spanish with facility, as well as Flemish and Dutch.

The emperor was not long in discovering that the bright, fair boy, whom everybody loved and praised, was “grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.” He kept the young prince almost constantly with him, and treated him with distinguished favor and confidence. Even when he was holding conferences with eminent personages upon weighty affairs, Charles would not suffer the boy to be sent away ; for he was sure his young favorite might be trusted with any secret whatever. Doubtless this early experience was very useful in preparing him for the difficult part he was afterward to perform. Before he became a man, he had learned not a little about the secret machinery of courts. Masks and draperies and puppets could not de-

lude one who understood how things went on behind the scenes.

The young Prince of Orange was not yet twenty-one, when the emperor sent him to take charge of his army on the French frontier, in the absence of the Duke of Savoy, notwithstanding several most distinguished generals wanted the honorable appointment for themselves. William discharged the duties of this difficult position so faithfully that the emperor's confidence in him was fully justified.

In 1551, the young favorite of Charles V. married Anne of Egmont, daughter of the celebrated general, Count de Buren. As she was the greatest heiress in the country, the immense possessions of the prince were thus largely increased. His residence was now the stately palace of the Nassau family at Brussels; and his style of living was almost royal in its magnificence. Not less than twenty-four noblemen, and eighteen pages of gentle blood, held office in his household, and the ordinary domestics were numerous enough to make something of a little army. It is related that

once, when it was thought advisable to retrench a little, twenty-eight master-cooks were dismissed in a single day. There was a continual throng of guests, who were so hospitably welcomed, and so royally entertained, that they liked to come often and stay long. The winning address and gracious air of the prince fascinated every one, whether high-born or lowly. A Catholic historian quoted by Motley declares that never did an arrogant or indiscreet word fall from his lips. "Upon no occasion did he manifest anger to his servants, however much they might be in fault, but contented himself with admonishing them graciously, without menace or insult. He had a gentle and agreeable tongue, with which he could turn all the gentlemen at court any way he liked. He was beloved and honored by the whole community."

In this splendid way of living, with banquets and tournaments to fill up the intervals of his public duties, William of Orange passed his early manhood. He conformed to the religion of the court, notwithstanding the Protestant training of his infancy. It seems doubtful

whether, at this period, he cared much for religion of any sort. He had not yet learned to look above and beyond this world.

In 1555, the imposing spectacle of the emperor's abdication took place at Brussels. Worn out by the cares of government, as well as by protracted ill-health, Charles V. had determined to resign his vast dominions to his son Philip, and to retire for ever from public life. On the twenty-fifth of October, an immense assembly had gathered in the great hall of the ducal palace to witness the solemn ceremony. To see a monarch voluntarily taking off his crown and giving it away has always been rather a rare sight, and, in the present case, the people crowded to witness it with mingled curiosity and awe. It seemed almost as if they were going to their sovereign's funeral. They knew that they were to see him no more among them ; and already they began to look with softened feelings upon his past career, as we remember the acts of one who is dead.

The emperor had a remarkable tact for arranging great public spectacles so as to produce

the happiest effect ; and he had taken especial pains that everything connected with this closing scene of his public life should be grand and solemn. The great hall was hung with the richest tapestry, and adorned with flowers. At one end there was a spacious platform, raised six or seven steps above the floor ; and in the center of it three gilded chairs, overhung by a magnificent canopy, indicated the places to be occupied by the royal actors in the grand ceremony. There were rows of tapestried seats upon the right and left and in the rear of the stage, which were reserved for the Knights of the Golden Fleece, the members of the councils, and other distinguished persons. The deputies of the seventeen provinces, constituting the estates-general, were already seated upon the benches below, some wearing the robes of office, some in splendid civic uniforms. The rest of the hall was crowded to the utmost by the people, and the archers and halberdiers guarded the doors.

All was now ready, and the appointed moment had arrived. Just as the clock struck

three, the doors of the chapel beyond were opened, and the emperor advanced, leaning, in his feebleness, upon the shoulder of William of Orange. Philip followed, with his aunt, Queen Mary of Hungary. Then came the Archduke Maximilian, the Duke of Savoy, and a brilliant train of nobles and officers of the court. The emperor seated himself beneath the canopy, with his sister and his son on either side ; and the vast assembly, who had risen at his entrance, were bidden to resume their places.

A member of the privy council now came forward, and delivered an oration setting forth the various reasons which led the emperor to resign his throne, as well as the eminent qualifications of the son who was about to succeed him. The long harangue at last concluded with a solemn exhortation to Philip strenuously to maintain the Catholic faith. Then the counsellor read aloud the formal deed, by which " all the duchies, marquisates, earldoms, baronies, cities, towns, and castles " of the Burgundian realms, including the seventeen Netherlands, of course, were ceded to Philip.

The immense audience was deeply moved, and amid low murmurs of mingled admiration and regret the emperor rose. He looked aged, as well as feeble, though he was only fifty-five years old. He had once possessed a fine, athletic figure; but he was now crippled by the gout, from which he had suffered greatly for years. Supporting himself by a crutch, he beckoned the Prince of Orange again to his side, that he might lean upon his shoulder. The prince was at this time a tall, handsome young man of twenty-two, with dark brown hair and beard, a broad, high forehead, full, dark, thoughtful eyes, and the stately bearing which became a grandee of the realm. The emperor now addressed the States, assisting his memory by notes which he held in his hand. He declared that during the whole of his reign it had been his endeavor to perform his duty as a faithful and just sovereign, in promoting the good of his people, and the security of the Roman Catholic religion; and he exhorted his son, who was now to assume the authority, to adhere to the same course. Finally, he begged

the people to pardon any errors he might have committed toward them, and assured them of his constant remembrance in that pious retirement to which he should devote the rest of his days. Overcome by emotion, as he closed his speech he sank into his chair, pale and almost fainting, and wept like a child. The vast assembly, profoundly moved by the scene, could not restrain their own tears.

Then Philip, a small, thin, sickly-looking man, with an air of constraint and embarrassment that was habitual, rose to perform his part in the ceremony. Though his manner was usually cold and haughty, he seemed almost softened by the pathos of the scene, as he knelt to kiss his father's hand and receive his blessing. Being unable to express himself either in French or Flemish, he had the Bishop of Arras make an oration in his name. The bishop was a very competent person for anything in that line, and set forth, at great length and with much eloquence, the gratitude of Philip to his father, and his intention to take pattern from the emperor's illustrious ex-

ample. A member of the council replied in behalf of the estates-general, in very elegant and complimentary terms. After Queen Mary of Hungary had resigned her office of regent, which she had held for the last twenty-five years, and had been profusely complimented in her turn, the ceremonies closed. The emperor retired, supported as before by the Prince of Orange, and followed by the new sovereign and the dignitaries of the court.

Thus the Netherlands passed into the hands of Philip II. A month later, the kingdom of Spain, with its vast possessions in America and elsewhere, was made over to him in a private manner. The imperial crown of Germany was sent to Charles's brother, Ferdinand, by the hand of William of Orange. In the course of a year from the abdication at Brussels, Charles V. had divested himself of all his dignities, and had gone into a Spanish monastery for the rest of his days. Meanwhile, in the Netherlands there was preparing a tragedy longer and bloodier than the world had ever seen before. Of the stately grandees who moved upon that tapes-

tryed stage in the ducal palace, there were few who were not destined to fall by the hand of violence. Some were to perish on battle-fields, some on public scaffolds, some by the weapons of secret assassins. And among the vast multitude of spectators who thronged the great hall on that memorable day, doubtless a prophetic eye might have marked many a humble Christian, whose name was shortly to be enrolled in "the noble army of the martyrs." There were thousands of men in the Netherlands, nay, there were women and even children too, who were soon to die at the stake, rather than deny their faith.

## CHAPTER III.

### *A SECRET DISCOVERED.*

**W**HILE the Prince of Orange was still a young man, he made a very surprising and important discovery. It happened thus:—

For several years a war had been going on between France and Spain. Its principal seat was in that part of France adjacent to the Low Countries. At various times during its continuance, the Prince of Orange had commanded the Spanish forces; and when at last both monarchs had become tired of the war, he was one of the commissioners appointed to make peace. The treaty was signed at Cateau-Cambresis, in April, 1559. By its terms King Henry II., of France, was bound to restore all the cities and other possessions wrested from Spain during the preceding eight years, and to give his

daughter Isabella in marriage to Philip, whose second wife, Queen Mary of England, had recently died. These conditions were to be fulfilled within three months; after which the King of Spain, on his part, was to restore whatever he and his father had taken from the French. Meanwhile, Henry was to retain as hostages any four nobles whom he might choose from Philip's subjects. He selected, accordingly, three Netherland grandes, the Prince of Orange, the Count of Egmont, and the Duke of Aerschot, and one Spanish nobleman, the Duke of Alva. We shall become familiar with all four of these eminent personages in the course of our narrative.

Thus the early summer of 1559 was spent by William as a hostage at the court of France. One day he was hunting with King Henry and many noblemen of the royal household in the forest of Vincennes, which lies four or five miles east of Paris. In the course of their sport, the king and the prince chanced to be alone together; and Henry took occasion to speak of a secret project which both Philip and

himself had much at heart. Indeed, the great reason why they had both been so impatient to conclude peace was that they might be at leisure to undertake this more congenial, as well as more weighty, enterprise.

“ You know,” continued the king, in substance, “ that heresy is increasing at a frightful rate in my realms, as well as in those of his Majesty of Spain, and, perhaps, in all the rest of the world also. My conscience will never be easy, nor my throne secure, until I have rid my kingdom of this accursed vermin. In truth, I am continually in fear of a revolution ; for, as you see, a great many personages of rank, and even princes of the blood-royal, are tainted with heresy. The King of Spain shares my sentiments, and now that we are about to be united in the closest alliance, we have resolved, by the blessing of heaven, to blot out the very name of Protestant from our dominions.”

The prince listened with profound attention and perfect outward composure, while Henry went on to disclose the details of the royal plot, never dreaming that his discreet companion

was not in the secret already. They were going to make short and sure work of it. Only exterminate all the heretics, and of course the heresy would be exterminated too. Everything was to be most carefully arranged beforehand ; and then, at the appointed signal, all the heretic heads in both kingdoms would fall at one blow. As to the Netherlands, the Spanish troops stationed there would of course despatch the business with great zeal. And thus, by the simple expedient of a wholesale massacre, the true faith would be vindicated, and heresy annihilated for ever.

It was in that hour, in the wood of Vincennes, that William of Orange earned the surname of “the Silent.” It was horrible to find two great kings conspiring together to butcher thousands of their unoffending subjects ; but he had the wisdom to hold his peace. Not even a change of countenance betrayed his feelings ; and Henry never suspected that he had revealed the dreadful plot to the very man who was born to oppose it. The prince returned with the gay party from the hunt ; he mingled as usual

in the brilliant scenes of the court; but his thoughts were full of the terrible secret he had found out in the wood of Vincennes.

Orange was at this time a Roman Catholic, so far as he professed to be religious at all. Yet it seemed to him a stupendous crime to put people to death for holding a different faith. He could not forget the Protestant home of his childhood, away beyond the Rhine, and the pious parents from whose lips he had heard the Holy Scriptures. And his native kindness of heart, too, was shocked at thought of the blood-shed and misery with which the two kings proposed to deluge their dominions. He was not long resolving that whatever he could do to prevent it should be done, no matter how great the risk to himself.

After a few days, he requested leave to visit the Netherlands. There he used all his influence to stir up the people to demand the withdrawal of the Spanish troops. It was not a hard matter; for the lawless soldiery had given them reason to hate the very sight of a Spanish uniform. Such was their cruelty and rapacity

that no worse infliction could befall a town than to have a regiment quartered upon its inhabitants.

Philip had hitherto resided in Brussels since becoming the sovereign of the Netherlands; but he was now on the eve of returning to Spain, in order to espouse the Princess Isabella of France, according to the new treaty. His half-sister, Margaret of Parma, had been appointed regent; and she was to be assisted by a council of state, a privy-council, and a board of finance. There were also stadholders, or governors, appointed to administer the affairs of the various provinces. Orange was stadholder of Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht, while Egmont, Berghen, Montigny, and other great lords, managed the internal affairs of the remaining provinces.

Shortly before the king's departure, he convened the states-general to receive his final instructions. They assembled, with much pomp and display, at Ghent, on the 7th of August, 1559. The Bishop of Arras, afterward known as Cardinal Granvelle, addressed them on that

occasion in the name of the king. Besides setting forth the manner in which public affairs were to be conducted during the king's absence, the royal message strongly insisted on two points. The first was a "request" for three millions of gold florins, every stiver of which handsome sum was of course to be devoted to the good of the provinces themselves. The other point related to the maintenance of the Roman Catholic religion. It was his majesty's command that "the edicts and decrees made by the emperor, and renewed by himself, for the extirpation of all sects and heresies, should be accurately and exactly enforced." The speech contained not a word about removing the foreign troops, nor about reducing the taxes, under both which grievances the land had been groaning for a long while.

The deputies asked time to consider the royal message; and they assembled in presence of the king on the following day to present their respective answers. That of the province of Artois was read first. It was very loyal and dutiful, so far as promising its share of the

three millions was concerned; but it closed, much to Philip's wrath, by asking in return that the foreign troops should be sent away forthwith. The other provinces took the same course. They had all voted the appropriation desired, but only on condition that the Spanish troops should first quit the country. There was besides a formal remonstrance in the name of the states-general, which was signed by Orange, Egmont, and many other nobles. This document set forth the infamous conduct and intolerable burden of the foreign soldiery, by which the inhabitants of towns where they were quartered had sometimes been constrained to forsake their homes in order to escape Spanish insolence and tyranny.

At first the king was very angry. After a few days, however, he sent the assembly a smooth message, stating some reasons why he could not dismiss the troops. In the first place, they were needed to defend the country from foreign invasion; besides, there were only three or four thousand of them in all. Still, he could not dismiss them, for want of funds to

pay off old scores, until money should arrive from Spain. And finally, the king concluded his very consistent and logical argument by promising soundly and roundly that they should depart in the course of three or four months at the farthest.

The king took leave of the deputies with pretended cordiality, though secretly much incensed by their remonstrance. But he was too angry with the Prince of Orange to refrain from harsh and bitter words in public, on the day he embarked for Spain. Probably he suspected that the prince knew what scheme was on foot, and had opposed the longer stay of the Spanish troops on that account, which was the fact. And he must have instinctively perceived that here was one who would prove too much for him, both in counsel and in war.

A great fleet of ninety vessels escorted the king to Spain. The latter part of the voyage proved so stormy and perilous that Philip thought himself happy in escaping alive. Nine ships were lost, and most of the rich merchandise, pictures, and jewelry which he was

carrying home from the Netherlands. More than a thousand persons perished in the wreck of these vessels, and the king himself escaped to land only by taking to a small boat.

It was on the 8th of September, 1559, that he landed at Laredo, more than ever resolved to devote the life so wonderfully preserved to the destruction of heresy. In honor of his return, a grand *auto-da-fé*, which had been deferred specially to grace his majesty's arrival, was celebrated at Valladolid. Thirteen illustrious persons condemned by the Holy Inquisition were publicly burned before the king's approving eyes. The horrid spectacle was introduced by tolling bells at six in the morning; then came an imposing procession, a sermon, and finally the execution, which was not over until two in the afternoon. Shortly afterwards, a similar tragedy on a larger scale was enacted at Seville, where fifty heretics were burned. This was the work of that favorite institution which Philip proposed to transplant to the Netherlands.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *INQUISITIONS AND INQUISITORS.*

PHILIP had gone from the Low Countries; and, as it proved, he was never to come back. But the foreign troops were left behind; the “edicts” were in force; the inquisition, in the two forms in which it had long existed there, was industriously at work. It was now to be seen how much these three favorite agencies would do toward clearing the country of heresy.

There had been tokens of a coming reform in the Netherlands long before this. Here and there, some burdened conscience, unable to rest on any good works of its own, had been forced to question whether masses and penance, rosaries and holy water, are really what saves us; whether there needs the priest and the saints and the Virgin Mary to intercede

with Christ that the guilty may be absolved ; or whether one may not come directly unto him. And then, with mingled hope and fear, the momentous experiment had been tried ; the weary soul had ventured into the very arms of the Lord Jesus himself, and had found there an everlasting rest. How could one help telling of a discovery like this ? And so the light had been spreading, little by little at first, just as the gray dawn imperceptibly succeeds the black midnight, and then faster and faster, as the bright sunrise hastens on. It was already past being quenched by any extinguisher of Philip's, though the emperor had bequeathed to him his very best. Among them none was more valued than the "edicts."

The first edict for the suppression of the reformed faith had been issued by Charles V. in 1520. Others of similar import had been published at intervals during his reign ; but that of September, 1550, has been most noted, because it became the basis of Philip's laws on the subject. Here is an extract :—

"No one shall print, write, copy, keep, hide,

sell, buy, or give, in churches, streets, or other places, any book or writing made by Martin Luther, John Ecolampadius, Ulric Zwinglius, Martin Bucer, John Calvin, or other heretics reprobated by the Holy Church, . . . . nor in his house hold conventicles or illegal gatherings, or be present at any such, in which the adherents of the above-mentioned heretics teach, baptize, and form conspiracies against the Holy Church and the general welfare. . . . . Moreover, we forbid all lay persons to converse or dispute concerning the Holy Scriptures, openly or secretly, especially on any doubtful or difficult matters, or to read, teach, or expound the Scriptures, unless they have deeply studied theology and been approved by some renowned university, . . . . or to preach secretly or openly, or to entertain any of the opinions of the above-mentioned heretics, . . . . on pain of being punished in the following manner, to wit: the men with the sword, and the women to be buried alive, if they do not persist in their errors; if they do persist in them, then they are

to be executed with fire ; all their property, in both cases, being confiscated to the crown."

Whoever failed to betray a suspected person was liable to the same punishment. On the other hand, he who informed against such a one, in case of conviction was to be rewarded by a share of the property of the accused. And no person, of whatever rank, might ask for a convicted heretic either pardon or reprieve.

This was the law of the land. It was denominated a perpetual edict, and was to be published twice a year in every city and village of the Netherlands, so long as the world should stand. At the very outset of Philip's reign he had adopted this edict as his own, and had ordered every officer, from the highest to the lowest, to enforce it with the utmost rigor, and without any respect of persons.

Philip had contrived another measure for promoting the same end ; but it was kept secret until about the time of the king's departure for Spain. This was the addition of a large number of bishops and other ecclesiastics to the Netherland clergy ; not only in order that the

religious interests of the people might be more strictly guarded, but also that these new dignitaries might be a power in the government. The clergy constituted one of the estates of the realm ; and since the new members would be nominated by the king, and of course obedient to his wishes, their influence would help to balance the rising opposition of the great nobles. This measure instantly produced a very great excitement ; and there was good reason for it, as we shall see.

In the first place, the ancient charters of the provinces expressly declared that the sovereign should not enlarge or elevate the ecclesiastical establishment without the consent of the other two estates, viz., the nobility and the cities. Hitherto there had been but four bishops for the whole country, those of Arras, Cambray, Tournay, and Utrecht. There were no archbishops in the Netherlands at all, the four episcopal sees being under the neighboring archbishops of Cologne and Rheims. But now three archbishops had been appointed, and the number of bishops was increased to fifteen.

Moreover, each bishop was to appoint nine additional prebendaries, who should assist him in carrying on the inquisition in his own diocese; and two of the nine were to be themselves inquisitors. Indeed, the whole body of newly-appointed ecclesiastics, numbering more than one hundred and fifty, was regarded by the populace as such, though only thirty of them openly bore the hated title. Neither the name nor the office was liked by the Dutch. They knew only too well what it implied. It meant a perpetually overhanging terror, making day like night, and night like the shadow of death. It meant desolated homes, beggared children, broken hearts. It meant a tyranny knowing no limit, and from whose grasp there was no appeal.

Hitherto, each bishop had been head-inquisitor in his own diocese. But as the number of bishops was now so much greater, the size of each diocese would be proportionably diminished, and the field could of course be watched with a far closer scrutiny, even leaving out of the account the nine new assistants. Now,

more than ever before, they might be expected to be extreme in marking what was done amiss.

Besides, there was another inquisition, whose officers were appointed by the pope. They could hunt heretics through every diocese in the land, and could lay violent hands on even bishops and archbishops themselves. Any subject of the king, whatever his rank, might be compelled to give evidence, on pain of death. The civil magistrates were ordered to render all assistance to these functionaries, "in their holy and pious inquisition," under the same extreme penalty. If an inquisitor simply said to a sheriff, "Arrest, torture, execute such or such a man," the officer was bound to do it, without formal warrant, and even in defiance of any privileges or charters to the contrary. The inquisition was above the law itself.

The inquisition of Spain differed from the papal and episcopal chiefly in being better adapted to ferret out secret heretics. When the Dutch became so much excited about the matter, they were assured that there was no design to introduce the *Spanish* inqui-

sition. In fact, Philip himself remarked to his sister that there was no need, since the institution as already existing in the Low Countries was as pitiless as could be desired. Nothing more was needful than to keep in full activity the precious apparatus which they already had. Still, the people did not like it in any shape. As Motley observes, "It was not easy to construct an agreeable inquisition. However classified or entitled, it was a machine for inquiring into a man's thoughts, and for burning him, if the result was not satisfactory."

Nevertheless, there it was, and there were the edicts too. The new bishops were appointed, and the Spanish troops were still on hand to back them. Nothing remained but for the people to be led as sheep to the slaughter, by butchers like Peter Titelmann, Barbier, and De Monte.

The picture which history presents of Peter Titelmann's career is worth preserving, were it only to show how much like a demon a human being may become, even in this world. During the period of which we are writing, he was in-

quisitor in the south-western portion of the Netherlands, including Flanders, Douay, and Tournay. What has rendered him so famous during three centuries is not so much the cruel acts he did, as the intense pleasure he seemed to find in doing them. Apparently his bloody work was his highest delight. Day and night he used to scour the country on horseback, pursuing his game with a hungry eagerness that could never get enough. To him nothing was so sweet as to hunt heretics, except to torture and burn them. Even in a good cause, zeal so unquenchable would strike us as something superhuman. But Titelmann's seemed absolutely infernal, and only the more so for the grim jollity he sometimes displayed. There must be a good deal of the devil in a man who can laugh over writhing, expiring victims.

Titelmann found little to hinder him in his work. The laws were nothing to an inquisitor. There was no need of a warrant, or even of information. He had only to arrest a man,— professedly on suspicion,— then torture him

till he confessed something, and finally burn him.

“The secular sheriff,—familiarly called Red-Rod from the color of his wand of office,” says Motley, “meeting this inquisitor Titelmann one day upon the high road, thus wonderingly addressed him. ‘How can you venture to go about alone, or at most with an attendant or two, arresting people on every side, while I dare not attempt to execute my office, except at the head of a strong force, armed in proof; and then only at the peril of my life?’

“‘Ah! Red-Rod,’ answered Peter jocosely, ‘you deal with bad people. I have nothing to fear, for I seize only the innocent and the virtuous, who make no resistance, and let themselves be taken like lambs.’

“‘Mighty well!’ said the other; ‘but if you arrest all the good people, and I all the bad, ’tis difficult to say who in the world is to escape.’”

The same historian relates several anecdotes of individuals who suffered martyrdom under Titelmann and his fellow-inquisitors. Among them is the story of Bertrand Le Blas, a velvet-

manufacturer of Tournay, who, while mass was being performed in the cathedral on Christmas day, of deliberate purpose snatched the holy wafer from the hands of the priest, and trampled it under his feet. Everybody was so horrified at an act of such appalling impiety, that the whole assembly remained motionless. "Misguided men," exclaimed the daring reformer, "do you take this thing to be Jesus Christ, your Lord and Saviour?" He had time enough to have made his escape, before anybody stirred to arrest him; but he remained on the spot, ready to abide the result of the deed, and declaring that he would gladly die a hundred deaths, if he might thus rescue the dear name of Christ from being so profaned. He was executed, after thrice being put to the torture, in the following manner. Having been gagged, he was dragged to the market-place, where his right hand and foot were twisted off between two red-hot irons. Then his tongue was torn out; and, having been suspended by a chain over a slow fire, he was kept swinging to

and fro until he was completely roasted, bravely enduring it all to the last.

Many other narratives of individual martyrs are on record. But to some minds there is a still more affecting interest connected with a brief, casual mention of some obscure sufferer for Christ, like the following. It is taken by Motley almost at random from the municipal account-book of Tournay, during this same period.

“To Mr. Jacques Barra, executioner, for having tortured, twice, Jean de Lannoy, *ten sous*.

“To the same, for having executed, by fire, said Lannoy, *sixty sous*.

“For having thrown his cinders into the river, *eight sous*.”

This is all we know of Jean de Lannoy,—what the city of Tournay paid for burning him alive. The terms strike us as decidedly moderate, considering the nature of the operation,—not far from what we pay now-a-days to get a tooth extracted. A great many little bills like the above were presented to the city of Tournay,

every year. Quite a steady, respectable business had "Mr. Jacques Barra, executioner," no doubt. In the case of Bertrand Le Blas, however, his charges must have been a little higher. We fancy him congratulating himself on having done an uncommonly handsome job that day, as he sits down at nightfall, pen in hand, to enumerate the separate items, and foot up the bill against the city of Tournay. So much for putting on the iron gag,—so much for twisting off hand and foot,—so much for tearing out the tongue,—so much for swinging him over the slow fire until he was roasted.

Is this too horrible to be talked about? There were thousands and thousands of obscure Christians who thought it not too much to be endured.

## CHAPTER V.

### *THE PRINCE'S WEDDING.*

**A**NOT very long after the king returned to Spain, there began to be much talk at Brussels—and indeed in several European courts—of an approaching marriage “in high life.” It strikes us rather strangely, after reading of the horrid scenes so frequently occurring at this period, to find that in the midst of them all people were “eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage,” just as usual. Yet so it was.

Anne of Egmont, the wife of William of Orange, had died in 1558, and he was now about to marry a second time. Our young readers will be interested in an event which illustrates so many customs of that day.

Of course, princely marriages are seldom arranged without considerable trouble. The

personal preferences of the parties concerned do not often have much weight. Political considerations are held to be far more important than private feelings. It is usually a very perplexing business, because there are so many parties to be pleased or vexed by the choice, so many questions about rank and estates, and withal so few possible candidates. It was so in the present case.

When the matter began to be considered, at the close of the customary year of mourning, Cardinal Granvelle suggested that the prince should marry the daughter of the Duchess of Lorraine. This alliance would have brought William into close connection with the royal families of both France and Spain. But by some means the negotiations were broken off, and the prince then turned his attention to Germany.

At the court of Augustus of Saxony there lived a young orphan niece of the elector, the daughter of his deceased brother Maurice. The Princess Anna of Saxony was now about sixteen years of age. She was not beautiful,

and still less was she amiable. However, her princely suitor of course did not know much about that. The alliance was thought desirable so far as her family and rank were concerned.

The princess herself took a great fancy to her handsome and noble suitor, at first sight. But her uncle, the elector, did not altogether favor the match; and Philip also objected, though he did not positively oppose it. Anna's father, the elector Maurice, had been an enemy of Charles V. in the latter part of the emperor's reign, and had once put him to flight. Besides, Maurice had frustrated at least one ambitious project of Philip's own. The fact that the young princess had been brought up a Lutheran was also an objection, in the mind of the king. On the other hand, her grandfather, the landgrave Philip of Hesse,—who had been a faithful follower of Luther from the beginning, and in his later years had suffered a long and unjust imprisonment at the hands of Charles V.,—steadfastly opposed her marrying a professed Catholic. So there were obstacles on both sides.

However, the prince had made up his mind, and in due time wrote to request the royal approval. After a long and irresolute pause, such as Philip was in the habit of making, he replied, in a letter to the cardinal, that he really didn't know what to say about the match. He wished it had been dropped ; yet if it could not be helped, perhaps it would be best to give permission. "But if there be a remedy," added the king, "it would be better to take it; because I don't see how the prince could think of marrying with the daughter of the man who did to his majesty, now in glory, that which Duke Maurice did."

Meanwhile the elector Augustus was doing his best to make the prince promise that Anna should be allowed to worship in the Lutheran mode in private. Lutherans were not then considered so desperately heretical as Calvinists and Anabaptists, by any means ; so that it might not have been impossible to obtain this privilege, even in the Netherlands, for a princess. But the prince was not disposed to get himself into trouble by giving any written

pledge ; and indeed he treated the religious question as of very little consequence. " My wife," said he, " shall not be troubled with such melancholy things. Instead of holy writ, she shall read ' Amadis de Gaule,' and such books of pastime which discourse concerning love ; and instead of knitting and sewing, she shall learn to dance a *galliarde*, and such other *courtoisies* as are the mode of our country, and suitable to her rank."

After quoting this light reply of the prince, Motley says, " It is very certain that William of Orange was not yet the ' Father William ' he was destined to become,—grave, self-sacrificing, deeply religious, heroic." It would almost seem that all religions were alike indifferent to him, except when outward conformity to one or another was enforced by the law of the land. To be an avowed Protestant, in the Netherlands, would be to court an early martyrdom ; and he was not yet ready to do that. The utmost he would do to content the elector was simply to give a verbal promise, in indefinite terms, just before the marriage ceremony

was performed. The princess was not compelled to become a Catholic ; but she conformed to the public observances of that church, as he himself continued to do for several years.

The wedding took place at Leipsic, on the 24th of August, 1561. It was a very brilliant affair. Philip himself condescended to smile on the marriage, when he found he could not prevent it, and sent as a gift to the bride a ring worth three thousand crowns. He was represented on the occasion by the Baron Montigny, with a splendid retinue of Netherland nobles. The king of Denmark also was represented by a special ambassador. The sovereigns of many German states were present in person, and others by their envoys. The municipal councils of several cities were also invited ; and the bridegroom himself was accompanied by his illustrious brothers, John, Adolphus, and Louis of Nassau, by the Burens, kinsmen of his former wife, and by many other persons of note.

The city of Leipsic had its hands full to entertain such a multitude of noble strangers and

their vast retinues of attendants. As the elector's palace was not finished, a private mansion was assigned to each of the sovereign families, where they were furnished with provisions by the electors' officers. Their cooking, however, was done by their own household servants, whom they brought for that purpose. They also brought their own plate and kitchen utensils. All the sovereign princes, however, used to dine with the elector every day, in the spacious town-house, while their suites were allowed to take their meals at their respective lodgings.

On the day preceding the wedding, the guests had all arrived, and Leipsic was merry enough. The bridegroom and his train passed the night at Meneburg, a neighboring town. The next morning he approached the city, escorted by one thousand horsemen, and was met by the elector at the head of an immense procession of guests, which numbered four thousand. The whole cavalcade now rode to the town-house, where the wedding was to take place. The Princess Auna, surrounded by her ladies, re-

ceived the bridegroom on the great staircase, and then withdrew to her apartments, while certain formalities were gone through by the elector and the prince.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the bridal procession, preceded by the musicians and followed by the court marshals, entered the grand hall of the town-house, where the marriage ceremony was performed. Immediately after it was concluded, while the bride and bridegroom were preparing for dinner, five round tables, each seating ten guests, were laid in the same hall. The first course, alone, consisted of twenty-five dishes. There was music from all the bands during the repast ; and even the waiting at table was done by gentlemen of rank, and noble pages. After dinner there were several dances, followed by sweet-meats and drinks ; and so the long day at last came to an end. Not so the bridal festivities, however, for they continued all the week.

It was not customary among the Lutherans at that time to perform the marriage ceremony in church, but at a private dwelling. The hall

of the town-house had been used on this occasion simply because the elector's own palace was not yet finished. But early next morning a splendid procession escorted the newly-wedded pair to the church of Saint Nicholas, to receive a benediction. In the afternoon there was a tournament in the market-place, which was near the town-hall. The electress, the young Princess of Orange, and all the other ladies, looked over from the balcony and windows.

The elector himself seems to have been the hero of these knightly games. On the first day, he unhorsed one of his antagonists so handsomely that the cavalier's shoulder was put out of joint, which could hardly have been a pleasant operation to the victim. The next day, the elector conquered another adversary, "bearing him off over his horse's tail so neatly that the knight came down, heels over head, upon the earth." The game of the third day was somewhat different. Three leaders entered the lists,—the Elector Augustus, the Prince of Orange, and the Margrave of Brandenburg,—

each with a band of followers. The “gate of honor” fell to the lot of the margrave, in the outset; and he was therefore bound to maintain it against the two other parties. But the elector, though he had only four followers to thirty-four of the Brandenburgs, finally defeated the margrave, and held the post all the rest of the day.

The festivities continued for two days more. One would suppose a week of such revelry would have exhausted the redoubtable elector himself. The expense of the various entertainments was reckoned at a hundred thousand thalers. In after years the prince must have looked upon the splendid extravagance in which he then indulged with very different eyes.

The marriage thus gayly celebrated did not prove a happy one. The violent temper and ill-conduct of the princess finally led to the dissolution of the sacred tie then formed; and thirteen years afterward, she was sent back to her German friends repudiated and disgraced.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *TROUBLE WITH THE CARDINAL.*

**B**Y the new ecclesiastical arrangement, the Bishop of Arras had been created archbishop of Mechlin ; and while the prince's wedding was being celebrated in Saxony, the new prelate had made a public entry into the city which gave name to his archiepiscopate. The Netherland people were extremely fond of grand processions, and pageants of all kinds ; but instead of regarding this one with the usual enthusiasm, they either staid away, or gazed in sullen silence. The whole matter of the bishoprics was exceedingly distasteful to the people, both on account of the violation of their ancient charters involved in the recent arrangement, and on account of the aggravated persecutions which it too clearly foreboded

And so the new Archbishop of Mechlin found no welcome there.

Most persons believed that the scheme of the new bishoprics was the work of this same dignitary, who was now the primate of the whole ecclesiastical establishment in the Low Countries. Evidently he had been active in promoting it, had been placed at its head, and had got the largest share of the plunder ; for the new prelates were to be supported by the revenues of the abbeys, which had been confiscated for that purpose. The inference drawn from these facts was very natural ; but it was not true. Philip's predecessor had formed the design, and the king had obtained the requisite decree from the pope, without the knowledge of the Bishop of Arras. That dignitary, about the same time, had been further honored by the gift of a cardinal's red hat, from the pope, at the request of the regent, who at this time had a great regard for her able and accomplished prime minister.

But the people did not like him any better under the new name of Cardinal Granvelle.

They were aware that his talents and learning were extraordinary. It is related that when only twenty years of age, he spoke seven languages with perfect ease and correctness. After he became prime minister, he used to dictate despatches to half a dozen secretaries, in as many different languages, and upon as many different subjects ; and he would keep them all at work thus until they were exhausted. But the more able and powerful they saw this man to be, the more they dreaded and hated him ; for they well knew he would do his utmost, not to benefit the country, but to please the king and the pope. He was full of craft and cunning. If he could not readily carry his point by fair means, he would not hesitate to use foul ones. Both among the common people and the nobles, the opposition to the cardinal was growing more bitter every day.

Brabant, the province of which Brussels was the capital, held an ancient and highly-prized charter of privileges called the “Joyous Entry.” It contained a provision, already alluded to, that the numbers and power of the clergy

should not be augmented without the consent of the other two estates,— the nobility and the cities. Further, no citizen should be prosecuted, except in the ordinary and open courts of justice. No foreigners should hold office in Brabant. And should the sovereign, by force or otherwise, violate the aforesaid privileges, the people were no longer bound by their oath of allegiance to him. It was clear as noonday that this charter was trampled upon in the present case. Granvelle himself was a foreigner. So were many of the new bishops and their tools. The inquisition was far enough from being one of the ordinary and open courts of justice ; yet to its dark and bloody tribunal any man in the land might be dragged at any hour. The other provinces possessed similar privileges ; and the entire population felt that their chartered rights had been grossly violated.

The Prince of Orange was foremost in opposing the new measures. He saw to what they were paving the way. The edicts and the new bishoprics were designed to fortify the inquisition, as if it were not already capable of doing

crimes enough. To be sure, Cardinal Granvelle had smoothly suggested that it might be well to drop the title of inquisitor from the clause which designated two of the nine canons in each bishopric to that odious office. It would be a good deal pleasanter to say simply that these officers were to assist the bishop in any way he might require. But the people considered that it would be small consolation to have the name suppressed, if the thing were still to remain.

So much ado had been made about the Spanish soldiery that about a year and a half after the king's departure they had been sent away. The cardinal himself had written to Philip, "It cuts me to the heart to see the Spanish infantry leave us; but go they must. I see no way to retain them without manifest danger of a sudden revolt." In order to save the dignity of the government, however, it was pretended that the troops were needed to reinforce the army in Barbary just then.

Still, inasmuch as the edicts and the bishoprics remained, and were vigorously sustained

by Granvelle's powerful authority, the popular excitement against him did not abate. The cardinal was responsible for the edicts, if not for the new bishoprics ; since it was by his suggestion that they had been proclaimed afresh, in the first month of Philip's reign. He became more and more odious to the people every day. Whatever they suffered, whatever they feared, was laid at his door,— where, in truth, most of it belonged. At this time, he possessed more power in the government than any one else. He was chief of the “ Consulta,” or secret council of three, by whose advice the regent was guided. He used to manage even the king himself, though in so smooth and artful a way that Philip always supposed he managed Granvelle. And he had contrived to gain such an ascendancy over the mind of Margaret that the other members of the council — such men as Orange, Egmont, and Horn — were treated as mere ciphers.

Very naturally, these high-spirited and powerful nobles found such a position intolerable. After things had gone on in this style for a year

or two, they resolved that they would endure it no longer. Either the cardinal or themselves must retire. In March, 1563, Orange, Egmont, and Horn wrote a joint letter to the king. In respectful yet decided language, they stated that everything was in the hands of the cardinal, who was so excessively unpopular that his majesty's affairs could never be happily conducted so long as they were intrusted to him. It was necessary that something should be done at once, or the country would be ruined. And since they could no longer act harmoniously with the cardinal, they begged leave to withdraw from the council.

The crafty Granvelle always kept himself well informed as to what was going on. On the day before this letter was written, and weeks before it was sent,—for it seems to have been detained to receive the signatures of other nobles,—Granvelle wrote to the king that the seigniors had leagued together against himself. They were about to send a letter of accusations, he said; and he suggested what answer it would be advisable for his majesty to make.

Philip did not reply at all, for three months. At the end of that time, he wrote briefly, suggesting that such delicate matters could be better treated by word of mouth, and that one of the seigniors would do well to visit Spain for that purpose.

This letter was designed simply to smooth over or at least to protract the matter; for Philip used to consider that it was worth a great deal if he could put off a troublesome business. Before long, the three nobles wrote again to the king, renewing their request to be excused from the council; after which they absented themselves entirely. They also presented a formal remonstrance to the regent, urging her to convene the states-general as the only way to remedy the deplorable condition of the country. They still continued, however, to administer the affairs of their several provinces.

By this time, Margaret herself was growing somewhat restive under the cardinal's smooth yet absolute control, and was beginning to think that perhaps something ought to be done, though she hardly knew what. So she sent her

private secretary, Armenteros, to Spain, to see Philip. But the king was in no haste to decide or to act. The longer he could put off doing either, the better. It was not until February of the following year, 1564, that the secretary reached Brussels again.

All this while, the cardinal was daily writing voluminous despatches to the king, setting forth the miseries of his own position, owing to the causeless hate and malice of the great lords. Nevertheless, he would continue to endure them with Christian meekness and patience, should such be his majesty's command. Pretending great candor and magnanimity, he affected to speak well of his opponents, while he was throwing out sly insinuations against them in the same breath. He endeavored to make it appear that it was only the evil influence of the nobles that made the masses so restless and turbulent. "That vile animal called the people," as he pleasantly expressed it, would no doubt have behaved peaceably enough, but for its haughty and reckless riders. As it was, there was great difficulty in getting heretics

promptly punished, though he was doing his utmost, and so was Madame the regent. In short, things were going on very badly: not so much because the people objected to be burned, we may infer, as because the nobles neglected to burn them. “For the love of God and the service of our holy religion,” he piously added, “put your own royal hand to the work. Otherwise, we have only to exclaim, ‘Help, Lord, for we perish!’”

A few weeks later, he wrote more cheerfully. “We have made so much outcry that at last Marquis Berghen has been forced to burn a couple of heretics at Valenciennes. Thus it is obvious that if he were really willing to apply the remedy in that place much progress might be made.” In fact, in the course of a few years much progress was made, by the help of the “remedy” aforesigned; but it was progress in the opposite direction.

Marquis Berghen had a special reason for hesitating to burn heretics in Valenciennes. Only the preceding year, when two ministers in that city had been led to the stake for reading

the Bible to a few friends, such a tumult had been raised by "that vile animal called the people," that the burning had to be given up, and the prisoners made their escape. To be sure, the "animal" had paid dear for its temerity, since great numbers of those who shared in the mob shortly afterwards met the very doom from which they had rescued their beloved preachers. Yet such occurrences were not pleasant. And so, Catholic as he was, Marquis Berghen was not disposed to burn anybody if he could possibly avoid it. With most of the other stadholders it was much the same. In some of the provinces, the inquisition had never succeeded in establishing itself very firmly; and the nobles could evade its decrees, though they dared not openly resist them.

The cardinal had long been exposed to ridicule in the lampoons and pasquinades of the street. The popular hatred would vent itself in covert mockeries, if it could do no more. One day, when the excitement about the new bishoprics was at the highest, a petitioner placed a paper in the cardinal's hand, and van-

ished. The supposed petition, when opened, was found to contain some scurrilous verses upon himself, together with a shrewd caricature of his person, in which he was delineated as a hen sitting upon a nestfull of eggs, out of which a brood of bishops was being hatched. Some were just breaking the shell ; some had thrust forth an arm or a leg ; and others still were running about with miters on their heads. In each of these episcopal chicks, a ludicrous likeness to some one of the new bishops might be traced. Of course everybody had a hearty laugh at the expense of the caricatured cardinal.

But the most vexatious thing of this sort was “the fool’s-cap livery.” One day, in December, 1563, a large party of noblemen were dining together ; and, as usual, they talked pretty freely about Granvelle. Much was said of his pompous display in all parts of his establishment, and especially in the liveries of his servants. Everybody was forward in ridiculing the man who had made himself so odious. Heated with wine, they resolved to con-

trive for their own retainers some very peculiar costume, whose excessive plainness should hit off the sumptuous habits of the cardinal. Egmont devised the pattern. The livery was of the plainest gray cloth, with long, loose sleeves, on which one single emblem was embroidered,—a fool's cap and bells. The new costume at once became immensely fashionable; for everybody enjoyed a hit at Granvelle, who understood it only too well. He had long been aware that he was universally detested, and had told the king that it was so. Philip was duly informed of this additional insult, of course. Finally, his majesty determined to give the cardinal permission to go and visit his aged mother, whom he had not seen for nineteen years. That would take him out of the country; and then some excuse could be invented to prevent his return.

However, nobody must be allowed to suspect that the cardinal had been forced to leave. So a series of falsehoods was contrived for the occasion by Philip, who had an extraordinary gift for that sort of thing. Granvelle was in-

structed to ask Margaret's leave to be absent for a few days, and the regent was to write to Philip to explain the case, and ask to be excused for taking the liberty to let him go without first consulting his majesty. And about that time Armenteros was to arrive from Spain, bringing letters to the three seigniors, stating that the king had not yet decided in regard to the cardinal, of whom they had complained. His majesty desired to reflect further upon the case. So the whole programme of lies was duly enacted, and nearly everybody was imposed upon, until, almost three centuries afterward, the secret correspondence was discovered.

Granvelle lived more than twenty years after this, but he never returned to the Netherlands. He filled some important positions in Spain and elsewhere ; and we shall occasionally hear of him in the further progress of the narrative.

It is related that as the cardinal was quitting Brussels for the last time, attended by a splendid train, two young nobles, Brederode and Hoogstraaten, stood at a window watching his

departure with a boyish exultation. No sooner had he passed the city gates than they rushed out, and both mounting upon one horse, they galloped after the receding cavalcade. In this style they escorted their old enemy for miles, sometimes within speaking distance of his carriage. Brederode was a reckless, dashing, drunken young fellow, always ready for any kind of a scrape; else he would hardly have run into a frolic so undignified as was this.



## CHAPTER VII.

### *EGMONT'S MISSION TO SPAIN.*

THE country was at length rid of the cardinal; and the great lords now returned to their seats in the council. Whatever had led Granvelle to go away, people felt comfortably sure that he would not very soon come back. Indeed, Margaret herself was heartily glad to be rid of him. She now treated Orange and Egmont with even greater respect and confidence than she had formerly shown to the cardinal. The king also wrote friendly letters to the grand seigniors; and people began to flatter themselves that better days were coming.

The prince was very anxious to bring about certain measures which he considered of the utmost importance. The estates-general must be convoked, if the regent could by any means

be persuaded to do it. Furthermore, the edicts must be softened, if not repealed. Certain reforms were also demanded in the administration of public affairs, which had become extremely corrupt. To the accomplishment of these ends the prince now devoted all his energies. But it is seldom that one can try to do any good thing, without finding his motives suspected. There were those who took it upon them to say that Orange was only anxious to get more power into his own hands. It was secret ambition, in their opinion, that deprived him of sleep, wasted his flesh, and made him look so care-worn and old, at thirty.

In truth, it was no slight struggle in which he had enlisted, against the frauds and foul practices of the court, the knavery of Margaret's favorite secretary, and the cruel craft of the inquisition. Life could no longer move on as hitherto, like a gay and splendid tournament; it was henceforth a stern and earnest strife. Step by step, a divine hand was leading him forward to his great work.

Much as Granvelle had lamented the negli-

gent way in which heresy was dealt with, it is difficult to believe that persecution languished greatly at this time. It was not long after his departure that the Catholic authorities of the city of Bruges humbly represented to the regent that Peter Titelmann, Inquisitor of the Faith, was decidedly overdoing the matter. They said he was in the daily habit of seizing not only suspected heretics, but the most orthodox believers too, and that without the least ceremony. In case he possessed no evidence against a prisoner, he was wont to have it manufactured to order. One had no choice except between standing in the witness-box or at the prisoner's bar. If one refused to become a false accuser, he was certain to be accused; and to be accused was as good as being condemned. The four estates of Flanders also stated the same facts in regard to Titelmann's outrages, in a solemn appeal to the king.

The petitions and remonstrances were read in the privy council, whose president, the learned and able yet time-serving Viglius, pronounced them "in extremely bad taste." The

regent contented herself with charging Titelmann to execute his office "with all discretion and modesty." He was, if possible, less likely to heed the injunction than a wolf or a hyena might have been. "Indeed," says Motley, "Margaret was herself in mortal fear of this horrible personage. He besieged her chamber-door almost daily, before she had risen, insisting upon audiences which, notwithstanding her repugnance to the man, she did not dare to refuse. 'May I perish,' said Morillon, 'if she does not stand in exceeding awe of Titelmann!'" And so the inquisition held its ground.

In August, 1564, the king ordered that the famous decrees of the council of Trent should be proclaimed throughout the Netherlands, and carried into effect. This was a very serious matter. Many of the nobles urged that the decrees should at least be somewhat modified; for they trampled on the rights of everybody, whether high or low, as it was. But President Vigilius protested that there would be no use in making the smallest concession. Do what they

might, the people would still complain ; and, for his part, he was in favor of maintaining the decrees just as they were.

Margaret hesitated as to what course to take. She concluded to send Count Egmont to Spain, to lay the matter before the king. Viglius made out a rough draught of instructions for the envoy, and submitted it to the council. The matter of complaint had been smoothed down and patted and stroked by the politic president, till one could hardly tell whether to call it a kitten or a young tiger. The "instructions" were delightfully polished and slippery in their indefinite platitudes. Nobody could get hold of their real meaning, if they had any. But the members of the council sat in discreet silence around the board, until it came to the turn of the prince to signify his opinion of the document.

Then William of Orange for once gave way to the long pent-up tide of thought and feeling within him. "It is time to speak out," said he, in substance. "Tell the king the whole truth, and tell it now. We can not tolerate

the inquisition any longer. The decrees of Trent can not be enforced in our free provinces. It is idle to attempt it. Catholic as I am, and intend always to remain, I can not stand still and calmly see princes striving to tyrannize over men's souls."

The prince spoke long and earnestly, for his great heart was full. There was scarcely one at the council-board who was not convinced. Viglius was not a little worried, and lay awake all night trying to frame an effective reply to a speech of so dangerous a tendency. But while dressing, next morning, he fell down in a fit of apoplexy. His intimate friend, Joachim Hopper, presided at the council during the illness of Viglius; and by him Egmont's instructions were finally made out. They contained some gentle suggestions as to mitigating the edicts, and showing a little mercy to the unhappy Netherlands; but they were far from presenting a full view of the situation of affairs.

Perhaps we should here allude more particularly to these celebrated decrees of Trent. Motley says, "They related to three subjects:

the doctrines to be inculcated by the church, the reformation of ecclesiastical morals, and the education of the people. General police regulations were issued, at the same time, by which heretics were to be excluded from all share in the usual conveniences of society, and were in fact to be strictly excommunicated. Inns were to receive no guests, schools no children, alms-houses no paupers, grave-yards no dead bodies, unless guests, children, paupers, and dead bodies were furnished with the most satisfactory proofs of orthodoxy. . . . Births, deaths, and marriages could only occur with validity under the shadow of the church. No human being could consider himself born or defunct, unless provided with a priest's certificate. The heretic was excluded, so far as ecclesiastical dogma could exclude him, from the pale of humanity, from consecrated earth, and from eternal salvation."

In January, 1565, Egmont set out with great pomp on his mission to Spain. He was received by the king with the most flattering kindness. Philip had resolved to win him over

from the side of right to that of might ; and he accomplished it with great ease. Dinners at the king's private table, daily airings in the king's own carriage, visits to the Escorial and the wood of Segovia, presents in hand, and promises for the future, soon allayed Egmont's solicitude for the suffering people at home. When the king gently alluded to the " fool's-cap livery," which had made so much trouble for the cardinal, Egmont laughed the matter off, as a mere frolic which meant nothing at all. After abundant flatteries and caresses, Egmont was finally dismissed with despatches for the regent, and returned to the Netherlands highly satisfied. Yet he had obtained not a single boon for his distressed country.

The king declared in the most explicit terms that he would die a thousand deaths rather than suffer any change of religion in his dominions. It might, indeed, be expedient to devise some new way of executing heretics, if possible ; not by any means for the sake of lessening their sufferings, but in order to prevent any fancied glory from a public martyrdom.

To this end, he advised to have a special council, at which certain bishops, lawyers, and other learned persons, should assist. As to reforms in the general administration of government, he would say nothing until he should hear from the regent herself.

The proposed assembly of bishops and doctors, seigniors and deputies, was duly summoned, to deliberate on the question how to put heretics to death ignominiously. Now the seigniors, lawyers, and deputies boldly declared that they did not approve of putting them to death at all. Orange, Egmont, and Horn, being of the regular council of state, excused themselves on that ground from sharing in the discussions. The council deliberated for six days, and finally concluded to report that no change in the mode of executing heretics was required, as the present system had been working admirably for thirty-five years. Possibly some regard might be had to age and rank in deciding the rigor of the sentence. And in case any person who was *not* a heretic should somehow fall into the clutches of the edicts, he

might perhaps be whipped with rods, fined, or banished.

This was the sum total of mercy recommended by the theologians. There was none at all for the heretical ; and even the orthodox might sometimes get a wholesome chastisement by way of preventive. In such circumstances, it must have been really discouraging to be obliged to exist at all. Thrice and four times happy was the man to whom it happened to expire peacefully in his bed ; for most people could confidently look forward to a violent death, some day or other. There was a reasonable prospect that any given individual might end his career at the stake ; for even were he as orthodox as His Holiness himself, some kinsman or neighbor might be suspected of heresy, and then woe to him who did not turn informer !

When Philip heard of the complaints against Peter Titelmann, he sat down and wrote with his own royal hand a letter to that zealous inquisitor, warmly applauding his fidelity, and exhorting him to persevere in his virtuous

course, which Peter accordingly did. The king likewise admonished his sister the regent to take no heed to what was said against the holy inquisition. In all the years since it was first planted in the Netherlands, there had never been a time when it was so indispensable as now ; and she must uphold the precious institution by all means in her power.

So there was no other way but to proclaim the decrees of the Council of Trent, the edicts, and the inquisition, in every market-place throughout the land. Not to do it, after the king's express and reiterated commands, would be downright rebellion; and nobody was yet prepared for that. Even Orange declared that there was no other alternative ; and turning to his next neighbor at the council-board, he whispered, “ We shall now witness the commencement of no ordinary tragedy.”

Accordingly the proclamation went forth from one end of the shuddering land to the other. Lest anybody should forget it, it was to be repeated once in six months for all time to come.

There had been much smothered indignation in men's hearts before. But it was impossible to smother it any longer. It burst forth like a volcano; it flamed up to heaven. Business stood still. Every foreign merchant and artisan was in haste to be gone from the doomed country. Great lords and statesmen declared that such tyranny could no longer be borne, and a few of them openly protested that they would never enforce the monstrous decrees.

In fact, the province of Brabant did have the courage to appeal to its ancient and cherished charter of privileges, the "Joyous Entry." And when the matter came before the council, they were obliged to admit the justice of the plea. Marquis Berghen and Baron Montigny also refused to aid the inquisition by any authority of theirs, in their own provinces. Yet these manly protests were feeble indeed compared with the well-fortified tyranny against which they were raised.

Meanwhile, amid all this gloom and distress, there occurred two memorable weddings, attended with the customary pomp and festivity.

In the latter part of 1565, Baron Montigny espoused the daughter of the Prince d'Espinoy. The event was celebrated by a grand tournament, in which Orange, Horn, and Hoogstraten challenged all comers, and held their position triumphantly to the close. Little dreamed the happy bridegroom of the dark and terrible fate which awaited him at no distant day, in the dungeons of Simancas.

The other wedding was that of the regent's son, young Alexander of Parma, and the beautiful Princess of Portugal. It took place in November, 1565, in the court chapel at Brussels. The lovely Donna Maria had been escorted to the Netherlands by a fleet sent to Lisbon for the purpose. The banquet was spread in the same splendid hall of the ducal palace where Charles V. had given away his crown ten years before. Not long afterwards, a tournament was held in the market-place, followed by a magnificent supper in the Hotel de Ville. This same young Prince of Parma was destined to have very serious dealings with the Netherlands, in

behalf of his royal uncle, before twenty years should go by.

While the nobles were gathered in gay throngs at the two weddings, deep down in the souls of not a few of them lay grave thoughts and stern resolves. Mingling thus from day to day during the prolonged festivities, they snatched opportunities to speak of matters which it was not safe to name openly. There were some who had in them "the stuff of which martyrs are made," and they contrived to find each other out. Everywhere the leaven of religious liberty was at work. Men who, but for the persecution, would scarcely have bestowed a thought on serious themes, were beginning to be curious about these new doctrines, for the sake of which thousands were so willing to die. They had seen men take each other by the hand and walk into the flames with unshrinking step. They had heard women sing a song of triumph while the grave-digger was shoveling the earth upon their living faces. What did such things mean ? If there was truth in the new religion, they had a right to believe it ; and no man on earth should hinder them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *THE LEAGUE AND THE BEGGARS.*

**N**ON the wedding day of Prince Alexander of Parma, the city of Antwerp gave a great banquet in honor of the event then taking place at Brussels. Butlers, cooks, and confectioners did their utmost ; there were splendid decorations and loyal speeches in abundance ; and altogether it was a very magnificent affair. There was, however, a certain citizen of Antwerp, whose youth and noble birth, as well as his eminent talents and learning, would have fitted him to grace the brilliant assembly, who was not there. He had gone to Brussels, to preside in a gathering of quite another sort. This young man, Francis Junius by name, was the pastor of the secret congregation of French Huguenots in Antwerp ; and he was on this day to meet about twenty gentle-

men in Brussels, at the Culemburg House, by appointment, and preach a sermon.

The palace of Count Culemburg was destined to become memorable by its associations with more than one important event of those times. It stood on a square then called the Horse-market,—now known as the Little Sablon,—in the upper part of the city, near the ducal palace, and among the mansions of the chief nobles. The young Huguenot minister who preached there that day had already attracted the notice of the authorities, and they had tried in vain to lay hands on him. On one occasion, he had preached a sermon in an apartment from whose windows a scene was visible which would have made most men falter. Several of his brother heretics were at that moment being burned alive ; yet, amid the glare of the blazing fagots, the young pastor calmly stood up to proclaim afresh the doctrines for which they were about to die.

After he had closed his discourse at Culemburg House, on Parma's wedding day, the circle of nobles who were there assembled sat

talking gravely of the sad state of the country, and of what they might do to save it from ruin. It was then and there resolved to league together for mutual defence against the “barbarous and violent inquisition.”

Nearly at the same time, several other nobles secretly met at the baths of Spa ; and they also determined to frame a society for the same object. The document was soon afterward formally drawn up ; probably by Philip de Marñix, Lord of Saint Aldegonde, a man of great learning, talent, and piety, who was afterward prominent in the war. The original paper bore the names of the bold, reckless Brederode, the hot-headed and fickle Charles Mansfeld, and the brave, gentle, pious Louis of Nassau, the young brother of Orange. Several copies were privately circulated, and about two thousand signatures were enrolled in the course of two months.

This celebrated league, or “compromise,” as it is oftener called, was so worded that patriotic Catholics could sign it as well as Protestants. It professed entire loyalty to the

king, but unlimited and implacable hostility to the inquisition. The signers bound themselves to resist and oppose that hated tribunal to the uttermost, and to defend each other from its persecutions with their fortunes and their lives.

The Prince of Orange did not join the league ; not for want of sympathy with its aim, but because he doubted whether this was a good way to attempt it. Indeed, the young leaguers never expected to get the names of such men as Orange, Egmont, Berghen, and Montigny. The members were almost all inexperienced and hot-headed young nobles ; and their league proved little stronger than a rope of sand. Yet some events of importance were connected with its brief history.

Early in March, 1566, the confederated nobles resolved to present to the regent a petition, or "request," in regard to the matter of the inquisition. This was to be done with considerable display, by Count Brederode in person, at the head of three hundred gentlemen of the league. Orange feared the impetuous and hasty young nobles would give their peti-

tion too much the tone of a menace. He therefore endeavored to dissuade them from rash language; and through his influence the "request" was much more prudently worded than it might otherwise have been.

A rumor of what was about to be done soon came to the ears of the Duchess Margaret. As usual, the report fitted very loosely to the facts; and the way in which it was brought to her rendered it only the more alarming. For some time she had been very uneasy about public affairs. The recent proclamation of the edicts and decrees had aroused so great an excitement all over the Netherlands that she no longer dared allow the name of the inquisition to pass her lips. The grand seigniors Orange, Egmont, Horn, Berghen, and Montigny, had spoken pretty plainly on the subject. As for helping to burn fifty or sixty thousand Netherlanders, they would not; they would sooner resign their positions as stadholders. Nearly all the governors of the seventeen provinces said the same. The business was likely to prove so odious, not to say impracticable, that Margaret bitterly re-

gretted having been obliged to undertake it at all.

So when Count Meghen came hurriedly into the council one day, with news that the heretics had somehow gathered an armed force of thirty-five thousand men, Margaret was really alarmed. The count went on to inform her that within a few days fifteen hundred men-at-arms would appear before her highness with their demands, and that unless she should concede all they wanted they would resort to force without delay. Egmont was present, and said he had heard the same report. However, Orange was able to tell what were the actual facts of the case. Still, the duchess was greatly agitated. Plainly, things were coming to such a pass that the government must either concede something, or sustain its decrees by force. Which course should be adopted, was now the question.

Meghen, Aremberg, and Berlaymont, who were stiff on the side of the king and the edicts, advised to shut the door in the face of the expected petitioners. Or, if that would not do,

let troops be summoned from the frontier, and cut the leaguers to pieces in the palace itself. On the other hand, it was maintained by Orange that inasmuch as the humblest subject in the land had the right to offer a petition, such a body of gentlemen ought at least to be treated with respect. The views of Orange at length carried the day.

On the morning of the 5th of April, 1566, the gentlemen deputed to present the "request" assembled at the Culemburg House. A little before noon they came out, walking two by two, to the number of three hundred. The expectant crowd, swarming on every side, hailed them with tremendous applause, as they moved in a stately procession along the handsome street leading to the regent's palace. Most of them were sons of ancient and honored families. Every one in the long procession, according to the custom of those days, was magnificently attired, in garments of velvet, satin, or damask, and decorated with lace, embroidery, ostrich plumes, and jewels. Count Brede-

rode, arm-in-arm with Count Louis of Nassau, brought up the rear.

In the council chamber of the palace sat Margaret of Parma, surrounded by the great nobles, when the confederates entered. Count Brederode, a tall, handsome cavalier, — who was descended from the original Counts of Holland, and was like them a hard-fighting, hard-drinking, yet generous-hearted fellow, — now came forward. Bowing low to her highness the regent, he made a brief speech, and then read aloud the “request.” It was loyal in its general tone, but spoke in strong terms of the wrongs and miseries inflicted by the inquisition, and implored the regent to send an envoy to the king to beg that the edicts might be repealed. In the mean time, they requested that the holy office might be suspended, till the king’s will should be known.

After a short silence Margaret replied, with some agitation of manner, that she would advise with her councilors, and return answer at another time. The leaguers then withdrew,

each making a respectful obeisance to the duchess as he passed.

When they had gone, there was a good deal of debate in the council-chamber. The duchess was irritated and uneasy. Orange respectfully reminded her that the petitioners were loyal and honorable gentlemen, who honestly desired the good of the country. Count Egmont, shrugging his shoulders, observed that as for himself he should be obliged to be absent from court for a while on account of his health; as much as to say that he would have nothing to do with the matter. Berlaymont, perceiving that the duchess was still somewhat agitated by the late scene, passionately exclaimed, “What, madam! is it possible that your highness can entertain fears of these beggars? Is it not obvious what manner of men they are? They have not had wisdom enough to manage their own estates, and are they now to teach the king and your highness how to govern the country? If my advice were taken,” he added with an oath, “their petition should have a cudgel for a commentary, and we would make

them go down the steps of the palace a great deal faster than they mounted them."

It was not long before all Brussels knew that the gentlemen of the league had been called "beggars." The remark had been overheard, perhaps by some who still lingered in the great hall adjoining the council-chamber; indeed, Berlaymont himself repeated the epithet elsewhere that same day. He never heard the last of it. At a splendid dinner given by Brederode in the Culemburg House to his associates,—for in his opinion no measure could well be carried without considerable feasting and carousing,—the taunt was immortalized. "They called us beggars!" said Brederode good-humoredly, while many of his confederates were hot with indignation. "Let us accept the name. We will contend with the inquisition, but remain loyal to the king, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

He then ordered a page to bring him a leatheren wallet, and a large wooden bowl, such as beggars were wont to carry in those days. Having hung the wallet around his neck, he

filled the great wooden bowl to the brim, and drained it at a draught. "Long live the beggars!" he exclaimed, as he wiped his beard. "Long live the beggars!" responded the convivial crowd with uproarious shouts, as they hastened to adopt the watchword soon to become so famous both on land and sea. The wallet and bowl went round; and each guest in his turn drank a mighty draught to the health of the "beggars."

Then, having fastened these badges of their fraternity to a pillar in the banqueting hall, each of the "beggars" in turn stood underneath, and throwing a little salt into his goblet, repeated a rhyming couplet made upon the spot, after the fashion of an oath.\*

By the time everybody had drank the great bowlfull of wine, in addition to the usual pota-

\* "Par le sel, par le pain, par la besache,  
Les gueux ne changeront, quoy qu'on se fache."

MOTLEY, Vol. I. p. 522.

It is translated thus:

"By this salt, by this bread, by this wallet we swear,  
These beggars ne'er will change, though all the world should  
stare."

tions, there was an immense uproar. Three hundred young fellows who were more than half drunk would naturally make no small amount of disturbance. Some of them even turned their coats and caps inside out, and danced upon the chairs and tables, screaming and yelling like so many madmen.

Just when this disgraceful uproar was at its hight, the Prince of Orange came in, with Count Egmont and Count Horn. They were on their way to the council, and hearing the noise, had stopped in order to persuade the revelers to disperse. Immediately they were surrounded by the drunken crew, and forced to drain a cup "to the king and the beggars." Of course they did not understand the new watchword. But though they staid only an instant, not even sitting down, it was afterward laid to the charge of Count Horn, as a deadly crime, that he had been present at the famous banquet of Culemburg House.

Not content with the beggars' name and badges, the young nobles of the league resolved to wear the beggars' garb likewise. Putting

aside velvet and gold lace, they had their garments made of coarse gray cloth, and wore common felt hats. They had medals struck, bearing on one side the head of Philip II. and on the other two hands clasped within a wallet, with the motto, "Faithful to the king, even to wearing the beggar's sack." These served as buttons to their hats, or were hung around their necks.

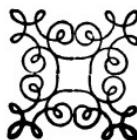
Before this banquet took place, the duchess had given her reply to the request. It was certainly as favorable as might have been expected; yet it amounted to nothing, after all. Margaret promised to send an envoy to the king, as they had requested. She added that she had already commeneed a plan for moderating the edicts, in which she was being assisted by many eminent persons. She had not power to suspend the inquisition; but she would command all the inquisitors to conduct themselves modestly and discreetly in their office, and she hoped the petitioners on their part would do the same. All this sounded very well. Yet we doubt whether it was very clear to the

leaguers, or to the people in general, how one might "modestly and discreetly" burn an innocent man.

When the confederates left Brussels, Brederode was escorted by a band of these cavaliers as far as Antwerp. An immense crowd gathered around the hotel where "the great beggar" had taken lodgings for the night. Brederode showed himself at a window, with his wallet and bowl, and bade the multitude hold up their hands, while he drank to the success of their struggle against the inquisition. Amid vociferous cheers he drained the huge bowl, and the crowd went away in high good-humor.

It happened to be Good Friday when Brederode was at Antwerp. Shortly after, a report went abroad that on that sacred day he had been guilty of a most heathenish deed,—nothing less than eating meat! It is almost comical to see how atrocious such an act was deemed, not by priests and devotees merely, but by the dissipated Brederode himself. He repelled the charge with the utmost vehemence

of indignation. “They who have told madame that we ate meat in Antwerp,” wrote he to Count Louis, “have lied wickedly and miserably, twenty-four feet down in their throats.” At such “gnats” the Roman Catholics of those days used to strain; though upon occasion they would swallow a very respectable “camel,” provided it were lubricated beforehand by an indulgence, or digested by the help of a subsequent penance.



## CHAPTER IX.

### *THE FIELD-PREACHING.*

WHILE some people were flattering themselves that the “request” would doubtless result in smoothing off the disagreeable corners of the edicts and bringing the career of the inquisition to a speedy end, a little circumstance occurred which must have overshadowed these bright prospects somewhat.

At Oudenarde, the birthplace of the Duchess Margaret, on May 30th, 1566, a nameless “somebody” had snatched the holy wafer from the hands of the priest, and had thrown it upon the ground. It was the same deed which had been perpetrated at Christmas by Bertrand le Blas of Tournay. Margaret herself attended to this case, and meted out to the criminal what she considered “rigorous and exemplary justice.” His right hand was first cut off, af-

ter which, having been fastened to the stake, he was burned to death over a slow fire. "He was fortunately not more than a quarter of an hour in torment," says Motley: "but he persisted in his opinions, and called on God for support, to his last breath."

Of course this might be supposed a model execution, since it took place under the orders of the regent herself. This was doing the thing "modestly and discreetly." Yet people could not discover that it was so very different from Peter Titelmann's mode of procedure. Apparently the amount of modesty and discretion involved was quite too small to be perceptible to the victim. However, since the privy council, assisted by thirteen Knights of the Golden Fleece, was hard at work to moderate the edicts, people still hoped something would come of it in the course of time.

At last the long-desired "moderation" was presented to the anxious public, in fifty-three articles. Certainly there was room for a good deal of "moderation" in a document of such length. But upon reading it, it was found

that the proposed mercy had been spread out very thin. There was just the slightest possible film of gold, covering a vast deal of iron. Not the smallest grain of toleration was accorded to heretics of any sort. They had simply the privilege of being strangled, rather than burned alive, if that would be any great consideration. Should they abjure their errors, they might be further indulged with being beheaded, rather than strangled. In either case, however, their whole property was to be confiscated.

The "moderation" professed to deal very leniently with those whom it called the "misled." But it was hard to say whom that favored category might include, so multitudinous were the "metes and bounds" by which the supposed mercy was hedged in. If there were a heretic who did not talk about religious subjects, nor read the Scriptures or other heretical books, nor attend public or secret conventicles, nor have any act of the perverse religion committed in his house, nor harbor anybody who did,—such a one was permitted to

abjure his heresy before his bishop, and be pardoned for the first offense. If obstinate, he was to be banished. In short, a heretic not heretical, a criminal not guilty, might possibly be pardoned,—and nobody else.

This was the “moderation.” Very naturally, the disappointed populace took to calling it the *murderation*, by a petty quibble which is the same in the language of the Low Countries as in ours. The document was formally submitted to the various provinces for their acceptance. But the Dutch considered it not worth being adopted; while the king, on the other hand, declared that it was altogether too lenient. Consequently it never became a law.

Meanwhile, Marquis Berghen and Baron Montigny had been appointed envoys to Madrid, as Count Egmont declined going thither a second time. Indeed, the two nobles had been somewhat reluctant to accept the mission, though they little dreamed that they were going to make their graves in Spain. They were commissioned to procure the mitigation of the

edicts, and the withdrawal of the inquisition. Yet Margaret very well knew that the king was immutably determined never to grant either. He had expressly told her so in his secret letters. However, it suited Philip to have the envoys sent; for so long as the people could be kept in hopes of better days, there would be little danger of an open revolt. Montigny set out about the last of May, 1566; but a slight accident detained Berghen in Brussels some weeks longer. The marquis was graciously received by the king, and assured that the matter should be considered. There it stood still; and Montigny had nothing to do but to wait.

It was just at this time that the field-preaching began in the Netherlands. The persecution had been allowed to slacken a little; and there had been some hope that the edicts would be made less severe. More than all, in many hearts there was an importunate thirst for hearing the word of God. So immense multitudes, embracing not only peasants, but also burghers and gentlemen, used to assemble

in the open fields to hear sermons and sing hymns. No doubt it was a bold thing to do; for the edicts still stood fast in their cruel strength, and the inquisition was busy about its bloody work every day. Yet it would not have been easy to arrest seven or eight thousand persons at once, especially as they used to go armed, and there were no Spanish forces in the country then. Accordingly the people went boldly to those field-meetings all summer. And right boldly, too, did their preachers stand up in the midst to proclaim the simple gospel of Christ, though a price had been publicly set upon their heads. The regent had offered seven hundred crowns for a preacher, either dead or alive. Often a converted priest was the teacher of the eager throng; sometimes it was a poor tradesman, unlettered and unknown. But in the simple words they uttered there was a mysterious power, so strange, so sweet, so solemn, that men felt it must be divine.

One midsummer night, at eleven o'clock, six thousand people gathered at the bridge of Er-

nonville near Tournay, to hear Ambrose Wille. He was a man who had learned his theology at the feet of Calvin. There was a price set specially on his head ; but he felt no fear. On the same spot, two days later, ten thousand people listened to the preaching of Peregrine La Grange, a brave, noble, eloquent French pastor. It is related that he used to gallop boldly to his appointed place of preaching, and to fire a pistol as a signal to his vast audience that he was ready to begin the service.

The governor of Tournay sent out a proclamation warning the people that it was death for man, woman, or child to attend those meetings ; but they only went so much the more. A week later, on Sunday, the 7th of July, twenty thousand persons stood at that same bridge of Ernonville, to hear another sermon from the Calvinist, Ambrose Wille. Every third man carried a weapon of some sort. There were gentlemen and burghers armed with pistols, poignards, and swords, and peasants with pitch-forks and clubs. A hundred mounted troopers escorted the preacher to his

rude pulpit. It seemed as if all Tournay had joined that assembly. The duchess issued her proclamations in vain. She had no Spanish troops to back them; and as for the train-bands of Tournay, they had all gone to the preaching themselves.

So it was all over Flanders. Those were camp-meetings in the strictest sense; for the people barricaded their ground with upturned wagons, branches of trees, and whatever came to hand. Guards of horsemen performed picket duty on the neighboring highways, and scouts traversed the surrounding country to give timely warning of danger at hand.

Less than a month later, there was a great field-meeting near Harlem, in the province of Holland. It was the first which had taken place in that part of the country. On the preceding day, a great multitude of people from the surrounding region came pouring into Harlem, or encamped outside the walls, on the spot where the meeting was to be held. The magistrates were almost frantic with anxiety and distress. It would never do to countenance

the fanatical movement, but how to suppress it they did not know. Like most other cities of those days, Harlem was surrounded by walls and a moat. The authorities kept the gates locked, next morning, in order that no one might get out to hear the sermon. But the men who had come so many miles to attend the meeting were not easily to be hindered ; and they climbed over the walls and swam the moat. Finally, when the city officers found they must either have a mob within the walls or a meeting outside, they unlocked the gates, and all Harlem poured forth in one simultaneous rush.

There were tens of thousands present, but all was quiet and orderly. We quote from Motley's account of this memorable gathering. "The women, of whom there were many, were placed next the pulpit, which on this occasion was formed of a couple of spears thrust into the earth, sustaining a cross-piece, against which the preacher might lean his back. The services commenced with the singing of a psalm by the whole vast assemblage. . . . No anthem from

the world-renowned organ of that ancient city ever awakened more lofty emotions than did those ten thousand human voices ringing from the grassy meadows in that fervid midsummer noon. When all was silent again, the preacher rose ; a little, meager man, who looked as if he might rather melt away beneath the blazing sunshine of July, than hold the multitude en-chained four uninterrupted hours long, by the magic of his tongue. His text was the eighth, ninth, and tenth verses of the second chapter of Ephesians ; \* and as the slender monk spoke to his simple audience of God's grace, and of faith in Jesus, who had descended from above to save the lowliest, if they would put their trust in him, his hearers were alternately exalted with fervor or melted into tears. He prayed for all conditions of men,—for themselves, their friends, their enemies, for the government which had persecuted them, for the king whose face was turned upon them in anger. At times, according to one who was present, not a dry eye was to be seen in the crowd. When the minis-

\* "For by grace are we saved, through faith," etc.

ter had finished, he left his congregation abruptly, for he had to travel all night to reach Alkmaar, where he was to preach upon the following day."

The duchess was painfully anxious about these field-meetings. We may suppose it was not simply because it was heresy which these immense crowds thronged to hear. Such gatherings were sufficiently formidable merely from their vast numbers. Who could tell what a mob of fifteen or twenty thousand fanatics might take a fancy to do? Suppose the men who had seen their own brothers or children burnt at the stake for their faith should in their turn lay hands on a few priests and inquisitors, and burn them for their works. Could anybody prevent it? She had no foreign troops. She had neither means nor authority to raise forces. Were she to attempt it, the king might be displeased, and the people provoked to take up arms in good earnest. If they chose, they could raise ten companies to her one. No wonder the regent felt much as if a mine were ready to explode beneath her feet.

Numerous field-meetings had been held near Antwerp, some of them numbering fifteen or twenty thousand hearers, not a few of whom were said to be of "the best and wealthiest in the town." In this condition of affairs, the sincere and intelligent friends of the Reformation were embarrassed by the presence at Antwerp of Meghen and Aremberg,—both strong partizans of the king,—and by that of Brederode, "the great beggar." It was suspected that the two royalists meant by some means to introduce a garrison into the city, in order to overawe the people. And, on the other hand, Brederode was sure to make them trouble by his wild carousals and reckless words, though he was of their own party. At length the magistrates themselves implored Margaret to command all the three to quit Antwerp, since there would be continual danger of some tumult so long as they remained. They preferred not to have any garrison, but earnestly entreated the duchess to send the Prince of Orange, their hereditary burgrave, to quiet the

agitated city. If anybody in the country could set matters right, he was the man.

That was precisely the opinion of the regent herself. She joined her anxious entreaties to those of the Antwerp magistrates, and the prince consented to come. It was near the middle of July when he arrived. Half the population of the city came out to welcome him, lining the road by which he approached, for miles, with a joyful throng. The ramparts, the gates, the roofs, swarmed with eager crowds, shouting and cheering as the prince rode through the streets.

The senators in a body escorted him to the hotel which had been prepared for his reception. A long consultation was immediately held. The city had been for days on the brink of a riot, if not of an open revolt; and it was no slight task to make all things tranquil and secure. Night and day the prince labored, making himself acquainted with all classes of citizens, and doing his utmost to restore public harmony and confidence. It was soon decided to keep the Protestant meetings out of the city

itself, but to take no notice of the gatherings in the suburbs, so long as they were quiet and orderly.

From the regent down to the humblest of the people, everybody felt that William of Orange had done what probably no other person could have accomplished. Even Philip wrote him a letter of thanks, and professed the utmost confidence in his loyalty and devotion. The prince well knew how little all these protestations were worth; but still he labored on, in spite of opposers who tried to undo all he had been able to effect. Some person started a rumor that troops were mustering to put down the field-meetings by force, when at once their numbers began to increase again, and the hearers armed themselves more carefully than ever. One day a church dignitary began to dispute with a camp-meeting preacher, and stirred up so much excitement in the crowd that they gave the meddlesome priest a sound cudgeling for his pains. Yet there was no general outbreak so long as William of Orange remained in Antwerp.

The young nobles of the league were at present causing anxiety by certain rash movements; and the regent desired Orange and Egmont to confer with them on the subject. It was in vain that these seigniors endeavored to persuade the confederates to wait patiently till the envoys in Spain could have time to arrange matters. The hot-headed young nobles declared that the government was the party in fault, not they. Soon after this conference, Louis of Nassau, with twelve associates, presented to the duchess a memorial in the name of the league. Its bold and haughty tone gave great offense to her highness, who of course did not gratify them with such a reply as they desired.

## CHAPTER X.

### *THE IMAGE-BREAKING.*

WHILE Philip was leisurely reflecting on the aspect of affairs in his Netherland provinces, and Margaret was anxiously looking about her for means to quell the rising commotion, suddenly there came a great wave of popular excitement that swept everything before it. Whence or why it arose is not very easy to explain. Doubtless the Netherlanders had suffered enough, in all these years of anguish, to make them furious at last. But the mystery is that instead of turning upon their oppressors, they wreaked their indignation upon images alone.

There were a great many splendid churches and monasteries all over the Netherlands. Whatever art could do, whatever wealth could procure, had been lavished upon temples of

worship. To our eyes, the vast number of costly paintings and exquisite statues with which these edifices were filled would have given them the air of stately galleries of art, rather than of churches. But in the Low Countries nobody had ever seen it otherwise. It was a matter of course that the churches should be thus adorned. Indeed, otherwise they would not have seemed to them like churches at all. For many generations, mothers had taught their children to adore the pictured or sculptured representations of Christ and the saints. This makes it seem only the more surprising that when, after long endurance of inexpressible wrongs, an outbreak did at last occur, it should have fallen upon the consecrated images, rather than upon the living persecutors. Yet so it was.

The case of Bertrand le Blas, and that of the obscure weaver of Oudenarde, had already manifested the feelings of the reformers toward rites which they thought idolatrous. The “image-breaking” commenced on the 14th of August, 1566, at Saint Omer in Flanders. The

same mob immediately proceeded to sack the cathedral of Ypres. There were fears of a similar tumult at Antwerp; and on that account the prince was implored to delay returning to Brussels, whither he had just been summoned by the duchess, until after the festival of the "Ommegang," on the 18th of August.

There were many strangers in Antwerp who had come to the city on account of the festival, and this rendered a tumult only the more probable. The ceremonies of the "Ommegang," furthermore, were of the sort most likely to disgust and exasperate those who had renounced image-worship.

Upon the appointed day, a great procession was formed at the cathedral, as was customary. It embraced all the military companies of the city, the literary clubs, the various guilds of artisans, and the religious fraternities. Its object was to parade through the city a colossal and richly-decorated image of the Virgin. The glittering idol was borne at the head of the great procession, upon the shoulders of her worshipers, amid the music of trumpets and

drums, as if to repeat in miniature the scene of Nebuchadnezzar's golden image. As the splendid pageant passed by, the populace looked on with a contempt which some did not try to conceal. "Mayken! Mayken!" (little Mary) cried the scoffing rabble that hung upon the rear of the procession, "your hour is come! This is your last promenade. The city is tired of you." Some threw stones, some hissed and groaned, but no actual violence was attempted. When the usual round had been hurriedly gone through, people felt relieved. The affair had passed off better than was expected.

But the guardians of "little Mary" did not venture to leave the image standing in the center of the cathedral, as was customary during the festival week, lest it should come to harm. So they placed it behind an iron railing, within the choir. The next day there was a great crowd there. They were not long in discovering where "Mayken" had been put, and guessing the reason why. The little ragged boys swarmed around the railing with taunts and jeers. "Mayken! Mayken!" they mockingly

cried, “art thou terrified so soon? Hast flown to thy nest so early? Dost think thyself beyond the reach of mischief? Beware, Mayken! thine hour is fast approaching!”

Thus the rabble went from one shrine to another, through the magnificent cathedral, scoffing at picture and statue, crucifix and altar. Then one of the vagabond crowd, all tattered as he was, ascended into the pulpit, and opening a volume lying there, began to mock the preaching of the monks. Some cheered him on, well pleased with the coarse and vulgar caricature of a sermon. Others cried “shame!” and tried to pull him down by the legs. In the uproar that followed, daggers were drawn, and shots fired. But at last the mob was driven out, and the doors closed for the night.

Of course, tidings of this disturbance were quickly carried to the senate of Antwerp, then in session at the Hotel de Ville, or city hall. What was to be done? It was frightful to have such things going on, especially as nobody could say where they would stop. Yet the grave senators seemed to be as helpless as chil-

dren in this emergency. The Prince of Orange had gone, and they felt as if there was no wisdom nor authority remaining among them. The mob was almost certain to rise, and how could they prevent its sweeping everything before it? As for proclamations, these were an old story already. The ward-militia might be called out to preserve order,—only that nobody could tell whether they would not join the mob instead of putting it down. Perhaps they could send for hired soldiers; yet such a step might make the people even more angry and reckless than they were already. Finally they resolved to do nothing at all, in hopes that matters would somehow right themselves before morning.

We hope the worthy senators had a good night's rest, in spite of their perturbation; for they were destined to find no repose on the night following. The cathedral was early filled with a savage, angry throng, who looked capable of almost any outrage. They well knew that the authorities had done nothing, and were only the bolder on that account.

This celebrated cathedral of Notre Dame was one of the most magnificent in Europe, being second only to Saint Peter's at Rome. It was commenced in the year 1124; but it was not until the fourteenth century that the greater part of it was erected. The length of the edifice was five hundred feet, and the hight of the spire was nearly the same. It had taken a whole century to rear that spire alone; and it was not until within the memory of persons then living that the beautiful front and its tower were completed.

Within, the vast edifice was almost a miracle of splendor and beauty. To walk in its magnificent aisles, and gaze down the endless vistas opening between rows of stately columns, here shadowed by a "dim, religious gloom," there lighted up with the splendor of fairy-land by rays streaming through some richly-painted window, to behold the wonderful gifts of art and wealth which adorned pillar and arch and shrine, one would have pronounced it incredible that men whose religious feelings had been entwined about these beautiful objects from

their infancy could destroy them with their own hands. But the magnificent worship of the Roman church had a dark and bloody side. It was difficult for one living in those days to look at altars and confessionals, crucifixes and holy relics, without being reminded of dungeons, tortures, martyrdoms. And sometimes, as now, these latter associations were uppermost.

The mob seemed not to have had any definite purpose in assembling at this time, however; for they did nothing worse than to jeer at the image of the Virgin, and shout, "Long live the beggars!" for several hours. Still the crowd continued to increase, and at length a very trifling incident, like a spark in a powder magazine, brought on the fatal explosion.

There was an old woman sitting on the steps of the cathedral, selling wax tapers and wafers, as she had been wont to do for years. In mere wantonness, some of the rabble began to banter and tease her, mocking at her consecrated candles, and telling her that there would soon be an end of all such idolatrous traffic. The old woman was none of the meekest in temper,

and when they persisted in asserting that people had learned better than to believe in such mummeries any longer, and that "Mayken" herself would shortly be thrown to the moles and the bats, she grew very angry indeed. From hard words the parties soon came to blows, throwing stones, or whatever they could lay hands on. Some bystanders took the part of the old woman, whose wares were fast being destroyed, and before long there was a great uproar.

The news quickly reached the senators, who were in session at the Hotel de Ville. The ward-masters had just been sent for, in order to have the militia called out. But there was no time to wait for their coming, for it was necessary that something should be done instantly. Perhaps the senators bethought them of Virgil's fine saying about the manner in which a man influential by reason of his piety and merit can quiet a popular tumult. Certainly it had been perfectly illustrated before their eyes by William the Silent, already; and it was destined to be yet more signally con-

firmed a few months later. Be this as it may, the senators mustered their courage, wrapped their dignity about them in ample display, and marched solemnly down to the cathedral, preceded by the margrave and the two burgomasters. The measure was not without a temporary effect. Some of those outside were persuaded to disperse, and the mob within was partially quieted. When the rioters insisted on staying till after vespers,—for it was near evening,—they were told that there would be none that night, so that they might as well go home at once.

A few began to go out, and the senators thought best to aid the movement to retire by their own example. Having had all the doors closed except one, they accordingly withdrew, hoping that the multitude would peaceably follow. But no sooner had they left the church than the rioters outside tumultuously rushed in, drove away the margrave and his attendants, and opened wide all the doors for the whole crowd. The cathedral was now altogether in their hands. The wardens and treasurers; who

foresaw what was about to take place, tried to secure a few of the most valuable possessions, but without success. They were obliged to abandon everything to the mercy of the rioters. The senators, escorted by a few halberdiers, ventured once more to approach the scene; but the uproar had now become so furious that they were fain to make a hasty retreat to the town-house, which they feared would presently be attacked in its turn. Gathering such forces as they could muster for its defense, they anxiously awaited the event.

It was now growing dark; and moved by some strange impulse, the excited multitude at the cathedral began to sing a psalm, in place of the omitted evening mass. Clement Marot's verses had been recently translated into Flemish, and were very popular. They used to be chanted by thousands of voices in the great field-meetings, and their sublime and fervent strains had often ascended from the lips of martyrs for the faith. As the sacred anthem rose amid the stately columns and lofty arches of the vast cathedral, a frantic enthusiasm seized the throng.

With reckless hands they dragged forth the image of the Virgin ; they stripped off its jeweled draperies, they pierced it with daggers, they broke it into a thousand fragments, and strewed them over the floor. The multitude hailed the daring act with a wild huzza. Then the general destruction was begun.

A hundred strong arms seized axes and sledge-hammers to dash down the countless idols they had worshiped so long. The statues of the saints were hurled from their niches, the pictures torn from the walls, the painted windows shattered, the treasures emptied, the altars stripped. Vagabonds stalked forth arrayed in the splendid robes of the priests ; profane hands broke the consecrated bread, and drank healths to the "beggars" in sacramental wine. With the holy oil which was wont to be poured upon royal heads they smeared their shoes ; they burned the ancient manuscripts and illuminated missals, even basting the dry old parchments with butter in order to aid the flames. Ladders were brought that they might climb far up into the vaulted

roof, and tear off the sculptured ornaments which profusely decorated its magnificent arches. Nothing escaped their fury. By the help of ropes, pulleys, and levers, they wrenched away whatever was too securely fastened to be moved by sinewy arms unaided thus. The beautiful "repository," — a wonderful work of architecture that adorned the choir, rising arch upon arch and pillar upon pillar till lost in the dim shadowy vault, three hundred feet above, — was broken into innumerable fragments. The great organ, the pride of the country, was likewise destroyed. The cathedral was strewn with ruins from one end to the other. Only two statues remained, those of the two thieves between whom our Lord was crucified, which, with a bitter irony, the iconoclasts had spared, as fitting divinities to preside in this Romish cathedral.

Strange as it may appear, we are well assured that nothing was appropriated from the treasures of the cathedral. There seemed to be not the least desire for plunder. No person was insulted or harmed, not even the monks and

priests themselves. Throughout that night, and the two following days and nights, the havoc continued in the churches and monasteries of Antwerp. But a bitter Catholic historian\* of that period declares that “the Huguenots took good care not to injure in any way the living images.” This was the more remarkable, since the iconoclasts included none of the more intelligent and respectable citizens. Many such were present, perhaps, as spectators, but the actual image-breakers were comparatively few, and all of the lower classes. And yet they left heaps of jewelry, and gold and silver plate, lying unheeded on the ground. In Flanders they even hanged one of their own number for a petty theft. At Tournay, the cathedral was strewn with plate and jewels; but the reformed ministers and magistrates, finding these scattered treasures, took them into their joint possession without any hindrance. Everything valuable was then weighed, inventoried, and locked up.

Yet, although these riotous proceedings had

\* Quoted by Motley, *Dutch Republic*, Vol. I., p. 571.

harmed only stocks and stones, they brought an ill-repute on the party in whose name they had been committed. As Motley remarks, “the sublime spectacle of the multitudinous field-preaching was sullied by the excesses of the image-breaking. The religious war, before imminent, became inevitable.”

The regent was highly incensed, as well as alarmed, by the news of the image-breaking in Antwerp and elsewhere. Even the phlegmatic Philip, when the tidings reached him, was for once transported with rage. “By the soul of my father,” he exclaimed, “it shall cost them dear!”

Yet the immediate effect of these tumults was to compel certain concessions to the reformed party which they would not have dreamed of asking a few months before. Margaret, though naturally brave and high-spirited, as became a daughter of Charles V., was now really frightened. Almost immediately on hearing the alarming intelligence from Antwerp, she resolved to flee from her capital. At three o’clock in the morning of the 22d of August,

she summoned several of the grand seigniors to the palace. To their great surprise, they found the regent about to quit Brussels. The horses and mules stood harnessed in the court-yard, the body-guard was ready to mount, and the regent herself was surrounded by the waiting-women, chamberlains, and other attendants, attired for flight. She announced that she had determined to withdraw to the city of Mons, which Aerschot's care would make a sufficiently secure retreat for her, until the sudden storm of sedition might blow over. At present she felt that it was impending over Brussels, and that when it should burst upon that devoted city every Catholic would be put to the sword.

Orange, Egmont, and Horn strongly represented the danger and folly of attempting to flee. Such a step would surely be the signal of a general anarchy, in which everything good must perish. Count Horn pledged his life that should it hereafter become necessary he would secure her highness's escape from Brussels, provided she would consent to remain now.

At last she promised to remain one day longer, at least. The seigniors took measures to preserve the public peace, and all remained tranquil.

But at seven o'clock that evening, the duchess summoned them once more. She had been ill at ease all day, and fresh rumors that the churches were sure to be sacked and she herself made prisoner that very night had not assuaged her panic. Most bitterly did she reproach Count Horn for having persuaded her to delay her flight. Horn replied that if her highness was absolutely determined to stay no longer, he would bring her safely out, however strong the guards at the gate, or die in the attempt. But he urged her still to remain; and her fears were at length allayed. Otherwise, the scenes of Antwerp would no doubt have been instantly repeated at Brussels.

Three days later, in view of the alarming condition of the country, the government conceded liberty of worship according to the reformed faith in those places where it had already been held. The duchess herself signed

the “accord;” while Louis of Nassau and other confederates pledged themselves to consider their league annulled, and cordially to support the government, so long as it should be true to its promises. Furthermore, the “accord” declared the inquisition abolished, and guarantied an amnesty to the nobles who had hitherto offended against the king.

This seemed a great gain to the Protestants. Men hoped the days of martyrdom were ended. But it proved only a last fleeting gleam of sunshine before the shutting in of the long and terrible storm.

## CHAPTER XI.

*"PHILIP THE PRUDENT."*

**A**LL this eventful summer, while the field-preaching and the image-breaking were going on in the Netherlands, Philip the Prudent was sitting still to consider.

Philip II. was not considered a brilliant man, in any sense. Yet his character certainly possessed one or two rather striking traits,—striking in degree, at least, if not in kind. He was great at procrastination. He used to be fond of saying, “Time and I are a match for any other two.” If he could by any means postpone a troublesome affair, he considered himself a gainer. Apparently it was contrary to his principles to decide any matter to-day which could possibly be put off till to-morrow. Could he only procrastinate long enough, doubtless the difficulty would obligingly settle itself. It

sometimes seemed as if he thought there was in the affairs of men some mysterious force resembling what doctors call the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, in virtue of which diseases of the body politic, like certain physical maladies, might be expected to get well of themselves, provided they had a wholesome letting alone. Thus, having been informed of the request which the young nobles had so audaciously presented in April, he sat pondering until the last day of July before he took any action whatever upon the matter. Had the excitement in the Netherlands been of a superficial nature, it might very well have died out in that length of time, to be sure. As it was, however, matters were simply going on from bad to worse. Philip did not understand the case. His was not the touch that could interpret every thrill of the nation's pulse. While he had been putting up a mild prescription in his royal dispensary, diluting his mercy again and again, and counting out its scanty drops in his leisurely way, the far-off patient had reached a still more seri-

ous stage of the disease. Infinitesimal sedatives were of no account now.

Berghen and Montigny, who had been sent to represent the condition of affairs to Philip, had spoken frankly, as became envoys who were conscious of being loyal and true. The seeming cordiality with which his majesty had received them was well fitted to encourage a free expression of their views. They had told him plainly that it was needful to moderate the edicts, to abolish the inquisition, and to grant a liberal amnesty. Nothing less would avert the threatened insurrection.

When the tidings of the immense field-meetings began to arrive, even Philip was convinced that the Netherland troubles were growing rather alarming. The royal council held almost daily sessions to discuss what was to be done. The king himself said but little in these meetings. He listened assiduously, however, and took quantities of notes,—for he was always inordinately fond of scribbling.

It was finally determined to grant—or pretend to grant—the three points on which the

Netherlands insisted so much. As to the edicts, the "moderation" proposed, a draught of which the duchess had forwarded, would hardly do; but they might try it again, if they pleased. The inquisition, of course, could never be dispensed with entirely, since it was the chief reliance of the church for preserving in its purity "the faith once delivered to the saints." But inasmuch as the establishment of the new bishoprics had greatly increased the number of episcopal inquisitors, the *papal* inquisition might be allowed to cease. There should be an amnesty granted, upon certain conditions, which, as it afterward appeared, were to be so framed as to exclude everybody who had need of it.

This was the sum total of mercy promised in the king's tardy reply to the petitions of April, and the representations of the two envoys. Yet he was not sincere even in this, as appears from a curious document lately discovered in the archives of Simancas, which was dated on the 31st of July, 1566. It is a formal declaration made by the king before a notary and in the presence of three witnesses,

protesting that inasmuch as it was not of his own free will, but under the constraint of circumstances, that he had just authorized the regent to promise a general pardon, he did not consider himself bound by that promise. On the contrary, he reserved the right to punish all the guilty, and especially the authors of the sedition.

But the king's tender conscience seems also to have been sore in regard to his concessions touching the inquisition and the edicts. Balm was needed for this wound too ; and he lost no time in sending to Rome for it. His envoy at the papal court was instructed to acquaint His Holiness with the recent events, and to explain that want of time alone had prevented his seeking counsel beforehand at the footstool of Saint Peter. However, no real harm had been done ; for although he had pretended to abolish the papal inquisition in the provinces, the act would not be valid unless it should receive the pope's sanction, which of course he did not expect. But this was to be a profound secret between his holiness and himself. As to the edicts,

there need not be the least anxiety. He should on no account permit them to be made a whit less severe than now. If the council of state and the knights of the Golden Fleece should be adroit enough to frame a "moderation" which did not really moderate, he might indulge them in it. But he would far sooner lose all his estates, and die a hundred deaths, than permit the least damage to the ancient religion.

These are specimens of the "masterly dissimulation" in which Philip II. excelled. His strongest point was just here. He was great at procrastinating, indeed, but at lying he was absolutely sublime. His duplicity towered far above other men's height; it descended far below other men's depth. It was at once the foundation of his character, and its topmost stone. Just here occurs another choice illustration of this all-pervading insincerity. The duchess had represented that the Netherlanders were clamorous for the convocation of their states-general, and would never cease to clamor until they should obtain it. Philip knew perfectly well what was implied in a meeting of

the states-general : he hated the very name. “I shall never, under any possible circumstances, consent to call that assembly,” he wrote, in substance, to Margaret; “and I forbid you ever to permit it. However, you are by no means to let the people know this ; for I wish them to believe that permission may be granted hereafter, although I refuse it at the present time.”

The news of the field-preaching and the image-breaking did not make the king more inclined toward toleration. It appeared that the fire had been spreading, instead of going out peaceably, as it ought to have done. Plainly, it was past being trodden out with one’s heel now. Already it had burst into a fine blaze ; yet the king sat pondering how to deal with it, as if he had ages before him for deliberation. Meanwhile, a stroke of his accustomed duplicity could not come amiss ; and so, while vengeance absorbed his thoughts, he wrote that he purposed “to treat his vassals and subjects in the provinces like a good and clement prince ; not to ruin them nor to put them into servi-

tude, but to exercise all humanity, sweetness, and grace, avoiding all harshness." We shall see how he kept his royal word.

Margaret, in her letters to the king, professed herself overcome with grief and shame on account of the concessions extorted from her during the tumults of August. She implored his majesty to come at once to the Netherlands, and avenge the wrongs done to the ancient church. She did not scruple to add that he need have no regard to the pledges she had made in the "accord" of the 24th of August, as she had promised only in her own name, not in that of his majesty.

The promised visit of the king to his Netherland provinces, by the way, had been talked about for some time. This was to be the sure remedy for whatever went wrong. Evil-doers were constantly warned that the king in person would shortly call them to account. Complainants and petitioners were assured that upon the arrival of his majesty all grievances would infallibly be redressed. Yet there is much reason to doubt whether he ever really intended

to go. Philip was wholly averse to exertion and fatigue, except of the sort required in the cabinet; and people who knew him well used to smile, among themselves, at the idea of his going to the Netherlands. His graceless son, Don Carlos, is said to have amused himself at the royal expense, by writing, as the title-page of a blank volume, the following:—

“THE GREAT AND ADMIRABLE VOYAGES OF  
KING PHILIP: *viz.*,

“*From Madrid to the Prado;*

“*From the Prado to the Escorial;*

“*From the Escorial to Aranjuez,*” etc.

Still, there was much talk in the royal councils about this contemplated visit to the Low Countries. It was a grave question whether the king should appear at the head of an army, in such martial pomp as to strike all evil-doers with dismay; or whether he should journey in more peaceful guise, attended only by the retinue befitting his sovereign rank. Doubtless much might depend on the impression produced by his coming; and so there were long debates

as to whether it should be benignant or terrible. The royal favorite, Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli, argued that kindness would be more effective than force. The Duke of Alva, on the other hand, insisted that the time for clemency was past. His counsels prevailed. He was ordered to hold himself in readiness to lead an army to the Netherlands, and thus open the way for the advent of the king in person. So the following winter was spent in Spain in the bustle of preparation for the proposed campaign. But meanwhile the march of events in the Low Countries did not pause.

By the "accord" of the 24th of August it had been settled that the reformed worship should be tolerated in all places where it had been held previously to that date. Upon this basis the several stadholders now attempted to tranquillize their respective provinces. Count Egmont was in charge of Flanders, and accordingly went thither to try his hand at the difficult task of pacification. In that part of the Low Countries the adherents of the reformed faith were then very numerous. Upon a certain day, sixty

thousand armed men were in attendance upon the several field-meetings which were simultaneously held. They had cherished hopes that the gallant Egmont would yet embrace their religion and become their leader; but instead of this they found him their persecutor. Disregarding that article of the "accord" which permitted the reformed worship in places where it had already been held, he forbade it absolutely and everywhere. Great numbers of alleged image-breakers and other heretics were put to death, and thousands of peaceable citizens fled from their homes in order to escape arrest. His private secretary, Bakkerzeel, who had once belonged to the league, was now extremely active in persecuting heretics. A Catholic historian admiringly relates of this gentleman that "on one occasion he hanged twenty heretics, including a minister, at a single heat." This sufficiently illustrates Egmont's mode of pacification in Flanders.

The Prince of Orange returned to Antwerp on the 26th of August. Order had been partially restored by this time; or rather, since

the image-breakers had spent their fury and accomplished their task, the calm followed very naturally. Orange endeavored to adjust matters strictly upon the basis of the "accord." Yet he felt sure that the king would never acknowledge the validity of that instrument; and in this he was right. The magistrates hung three individuals who had been taken in the act of image-breaking; and inasmuch as the "accord" expressly stated that the rioters were to be punished, the prince did not interfere. The reformed worship had been held not only in the suburbs, but after the first night of the riot within the city itself. Before the date of the "accord," two long discourses had been delivered in the very cathedral, amid the ruins of the demolished idols. It was therefore decided that there should be three places of worship within the walls, one for each sect of the reformed, and that no man should molest another on account of his religion, be it what it might.

In these days, this seems the most natural idea in the world. But it had found its way

into very few minds then. The Prince of Orange stood almost alone in advocating freedom of conscience, and was called very hard names for it, by both parties.

Count Horn betook himself to Tournay, the government of which belonged to his brother, Baron Montigny, now absent in Spain. He did his best to get matters comfortably settled in that important city. He designed honestly and faithfully to maintain the "accord;" but he did not succeed to his mind. On the one hand, five-sixths of the people of Tournay were Protestants, and they were resolved to have all the privileges that the "accord" had conceded. But, on the other hand, the regent had now been supplied with money and troops, so that she felt strong enough to repudiate her promises. After enduring a great deal of ill-treatment from both parties, Horn was recalled about the middle of October. In January following, Tournay was compelled to receive a garrison, and its citizens were disarmed. The reformed worship was entirely suppressed; and after this fashion Tournay was tranquillized.

## CHAPTER XII.

### *THE FIRST SIEGE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.*

**V**ALENCIENNES was an ancient city, well fortified, and pleasantly situated upon the river Scheld, which flowed through its center. It lay in the province of Hainault, and very near the frontiers of France. Early in the winter, Valenciennes had been summoned to accept a garrison, but had stoutly refused. Upon the 17th of December, 1566, therefore, that stiff-necked city was publicly declared to be in a state of siege, and all its people were pronounced rebels. All other persons were strictly forbidden to have any dealings with its inhabitants, either in the way of trade or charity, on pain of the halter.

Noircarmes now proceeded to invest the city in due form ; but since its defenses were strong and its supplies tolerably ample, the people took

the matter quite cheerfully. They often made bold sallies, and appeared to think skirmishes were excellent fun. Noircarmes and his six principal officers were nicknamed “the Seven Sleepers” by the merry citizens, because their operations were thought to be carried on in a decidedly drowsy manner. A contemporary manuscript, quoted by Motley,\* relates that early in the siege the citizens diverted themselves by fixing on their ramparts two very long pikes, and attaching to the end of them an immense pair of lunettes or spectacles three feet in diameter. When asked what this meant, they gayly replied that it was in order that they might discover in the distance the artillery with which the papists of Arras were to furnish the besiegers. But before the siege ended they had seen more than enough of it with the naked eye.

They had confidently expected the Huguenots in the vicinity could muster a force sufficient to raise the siege. There were, indeed, two somewhat formidable gatherings. About

\* Dutch Republic, Vol. II. p. 47; extract from *Pontus Payen MS.*

three thousand men were collected at Lannoy, under Pierre Cornaille, once a locksmith, but now a Calvinist preacher. His force was wholly undisciplined, and armed with all sorts of weapons, from halberds to pitchforks. In another place there was a similar company, numbering about twelve hundred. But early in January, 1567, both of the insurgent parties were separately attacked and destroyed, by Noircarmes, in one day. There was great banqueting and carousing among the royalists at Brussels, in honor of this victory. Yet beleaguered Valenciennes did not give up.

The bold, dashing Brederode now undertook to save Valenciennes by a diversion. He began to levy troops for this enterprise, in Antwerp and its vicinity, though in a rather secret manner. If he could get even temporary possession of the island of Walcheren, with the very important cities of Middelburg and Flushing, doubtless Noircarmes would be forced to raise the siege of Valenciennes in order to rescue this more valuable post. And could he by

any means hold Walcheren, he might thus prevent the expected invasion from Spain.

Meanwhile Brederode was openly talking of presenting a fresh petition to the duchess, at the head of four hundred men. When Margaret heard of it, she declared that if he came to Brussels in that style, the gates should be shut in his face. However, he forwarded the petition in a letter, and got a very tart reply, broadly hinting that he would do well to go home and mind his own business. Whereupon, that undaunted personage coolly remained where he was, and went on with his secret enlistments. During the early part of March, several boat-loads of his men were cruising about Flushing ; but as they failed to get a foothold in any port, they concluded to sail up the Scheld. Having landed not far from Antwerp, they intrenched themselves near a little village called Ostrawell. Marnix of Thoulouse, the younger brother of Saint Aldegonde, was the commander of this force. Brederode himself had gone to the northern provinces, to raise more troops, and was already boasting, according to his habit,

that he and Thoulouse should soon raise the siege of Valenciennes.

The duchess began to be really afraid they would. The Seignior de Beauvoir, commander of Margaret's own body-guard, went with eight hundred chosen men to attack Thoulouse in his intrenchments. He conducted the enterprise with so much secrecy and skill that the insurgent force was completely surprised and destroyed. Their noble young leader himself was literally cut to pieces. The battle was in full sight of Antwerp, whose walls and roofs were that morning thronged with spectators who felt the most intense interest in the result. Multitudes of Calvinists — for to this sect belonged the greater part of the forty thousand Protestants in Antwerp — looked down upon the fatal field where their brethren were being cut to pieces, or driven into the Scheld. A few hundreds had taken refuge in a farm-house, but De Beauvoir had it set on fire, and they were all either burned alive, or shot in trying to escape. The spectators on the ramparts of Antwerp became too much excited to refrain any longer,

and snatching whatever weapons they could find, they rushed to the nearest gate, eager to throw themselves into the fight.

The tumult in the city was fearful. Thousands of frenzied enthusiasts had crowded about the locked gate, demanding that it should be instantly opened to let them go forth. Then William of Orange appeared before them, mounted, but almost alone. Calmly facing the furious mob that howled and raged around him and spared not to threaten his life, he told them, kindly but firmly, that they could not be permitted thus to rush into inevitable destruction. The battle was already lost; the victorious enemy was quitting the field; and the appearance of such an ill-armed and disorderly multitude would only furnish material for a fresh massacre, without in the least retrieving the fortunes of the day. Most of the crowd were prevailed upon to retire. Five hundred, however, continued to insist on going out, and these, having been warned that their blood would be upon their own heads, were suffered to pass the gate.

But their sallying forth proved the signal of death to the three hundred prisoners who alone survived from the army of Thoulouse. Lest they should be rescued, De Beauvoir had them all shot in cold blood, and then advanced toward Antwerp. The five hundred Calvinists were forced to retreat within the walls, after which the victorious commander departed, carrying with him the banners of the unfortunate Marnix de Thoulouse.

But a conflagration once fairly kindled is not easily extinguished. Antwerp was in a perfect blaze of excitement. Many of the Protestants were fain to demand a bloody retribution for the slaughter of that morning. Within two or three hours, thousands of armed Calvinists had assembled upon the Mere. This was a spacious and magnificent thoroughfare in the heart of the city, more resembling an oblong market-place than a street. They proceeded to barricade every approach, and to plant at the head of every street artillery, which they had seized from the city arsenal. There was fierce talk of pillaging the Catholic dwellings and church-

es, if anything still remained in the latter, after the image-breaking of the previous August. Who could tell what a mob so strong and so furious might not attempt?

The prince ordered out the city guards to protect the town-house and the magistracy, and summoned the senators and other officials to meet him in the council-room. Meanwhile he went once more, at the peril of his life, before the angry mob, and made them appoint deputies to treat with the proper authorities at the town-hall. By his skillful hand an agreement was quickly drawn up, which was signed by the representatives of both parties. However, when the articles were submitted to the assembly at the Mere, they refused to ratify what their deputies had done. They were not content that the keys of the city should remain in the hands of Orange and Hoogstraaten, as had been stipulated, and declared that they would blow the Hotel de Ville into the air unless the keys were given up to them.

At length, by a sort of compromise, a temporary truce was agreed upon. The authorities

promised that Protestant burghers, as well as Catholics, should be employed to guard the city ; and the fifteen thousand mutineers remained encamped where they were, without proceeding to any acts of violence. But it was a fearful night to the defenseless citizens, who could hear ever and anon shouts of “ Long live the beggars ! ” from the armed mob on the Mere.

Yet morning came without any outbreak having occurred. At the same time, there seemed almost no possibility that the tumult would subside without bloodshed. The city guardsmen, and the Catholic burghers who had volunteered, were encamped on the square before the city hall. So passed another day and night of dreadful apprehension. The prince and the magistrates labored incessantly to avert the threatened catastrophe. After much consultation, a new series of articles was drawn up, to which the deputies of the Calvinists agreed, but as it was already near night, it was not laid before the great body of the mutineers until the next morning. There was some doubt

whether or not this second treaty would be peaceably accepted by them, but the authorities had resolved to enforce it, at all hazards.

During the succeeding night, the prince prevailed upon the Lutherans — the sect to which he himself then belonged — to make common cause with the authorities in maintaining law and order. The Calvinists, although opposed no less to the Lutheran than to the Catholic doctrine, had already tried to frighten them into joining their party, by threatening to plunder their houses if they would not. But the influence of the prince outweighed these menaces. Before morning, the Lutherans had collected a little army of their own, near Saint Michael's cloister, on the river-side.

So the 15th of March dawned on three distinct armies, embracing some forty or fifty thousand men, all encamped within the walls of Antwerp. The Calvinists burned to repay the wealthy Catholics for the oppression they had long endured at their hands. The Lutherans, no less wealthy, and fearful of being plundered, regarded the Calvinists as robbers

and murderers. A bloody battle that day in the streets of Antwerp, seemed inevitable ; and however it might turn, it would leave desolation in its track. The opulent city would be abandoned to plunder and outrage, fire and sword, whoever might win the day.

Early in the morning, the articles of the new capitulation were read to the Catholic forces on the square, and to the Lutherans at Saint Michael's. Both parties hailed them with hearty cheers. It remained to present them to the Calvinists.

“ At two o'clock,” says Motley, “ William of Orange, attended by his colleague, Hoogstraaten, together with a committee of the municipal authorities, and followed by a hundred troopers, rode to the Mere. They wore red scarfs over their armor, as symbols by which all those who had united to put down the insurrection were distinguished. The fifteen thousand Calvinists, fierce and disorderly as ever, maintained a threatening aspect. Nevertheless, the prince was allowed to ride into the midst of the square. The articles were then read aloud by his com-

mand, after which, with great composure, he made a few observations. He pointed out that the arrangement offered them was founded upon the September concessions; that the right of worship was conceded; that the foreign garrison was forbidden; and that nothing further could be justly demanded or honorably admitted. He told them that a struggle upon their part would be hopeless, for the Catholics and Lutherans, who were all agreed as to the justice of the treaty, outnumbered them by nearly two to one. He therefore most earnestly and affectionately adjured them to testify their acceptance of the peace offered by repeating the words with which he should conclude. Then, with a firm voice, the prince exclaimed, ‘God save the King! . . . . The crowd of Calvinists hesitated an instant, and then, unable to resist the tranquil influence, convinced by his reasonable language, they raised one tremendous shout of *Vive le Roi!*’

Antwerp was saved. By three o'clock in the afternoon the city was entirely quiet. Not a single person had been injured during those

three terrible days. But for the courage and prudence of William the Silent, millions of money and multitudes of human lives must have been sacrificed. Yet history records that his signal services at this perilous moment were not appreciated by the regent. In her view it was a flagrant crime to have granted the right of worship to Calvinists and Lutherans, and the prince got no thanks for what she was pleased to term his “novel and exorbitant capitulation.”

There was no longer any hope for beleaguered Valenciennes. The hapless city was abandoned to its fate. After the Ostrawell massacre, the regent had sent word to the citizens that provided they would now open their gates to her troops, and submit to the absolute suppression of all religions save that of Rome, the past should be forgiven. Those who chose rather to go to some foreign land should be allowed fourteen days to prepare for emigration. The regent's envoys on this occasion were Count Egmont and the Duke of Aerschot. But they could not persuade Valenciennes to submit to the terms

proposed. Nearly all the inhabitants had embraced the reformed faith ; and it seemed too much for the multitude to be thus forced either from their religion or their native land. Egmont was extremely angry at the refusal ; and as the king had consented that an assault should be made, the cannonading began at once.

Hitherto, the people of Valenciennes had endured the siege with great heroism. But when they found themselves cut off from all hope of relief, when their dwellings began to crumble and totter before the merciless cannonade, their hearts suddenly failed them. Sometimes a mere casual coincidence, or other insignificant event, has proved the signal of irretrievable panic and defeat. It was thus in the present instance. Very ominously, as they thought, the batteries of Noircarmes played first upon the “White Tower,” whose ancient walls they regarded with a superstitious reverence, on account of a certain stanza inscribed upon them ages before. It was in French, of course ; but has been translated as follows : —

“ When every man receives his own,  
And justice reigns for strong and weak,  
Perfect shall be this tower of stone,  
And—all the dumb will learn to speak.”

Whether they inferred that the destruction of the old tower was death to their hopes that ever justice would reign for strong and weak, we do not know; but it is related that their hearts died within them at the opening of the cannonade. As if to deepen their depression, too, the music which the chimes were playing, as usual, from all the church belfries, happened on that morning to be the mournful strains of the twenty-second psalm, “ My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?” Before long, the great tower of Saint Nicholas was in ruins; public edifices and private dwellings were tottering to their fall; and still Noircarmes was pouring upon them incessant volleys of shot and shells. Within a day and a half, the despairing city surrendered at discretion.

Noircarmes had given his promise that the lives and property of the citizens should be respected. But when once within the gates, he

did not greatly concern himself about keeping his word. His troops were quartered upon private families, where they plundered and murdered with little restraint. The wealthiest citizens were arrested at once ; and a vast amount of property was confiscated for the benefit of Noircarmes and the rest of the “ Seven Sleepers,” who were wide-awake now. The city was forced to surrender all its ancient privileges and immunities, and to pay a heavy fine for the expenses of the siege. The two principal Huguenot divines, La Grange and De Bray, were publicly executed ; and more than thirty other leaders of the Protestant sects were put to death. Hundreds of citizens were strangled or beheaded. The Calvinists seem to have been either burned alive or hung. “ For two whole years,” says a Catholic historian residing in Valenciennes at the time, from whose manuscript Motley often quotes, “ there was scarcely a week in which several citizens were not executed, and often a great number were despatched at a time. All this gave so much

alarm to the good and innocent, that many quitted the city as fast as they could."

Not long afterwards, Noircarmes wrote to Cardinal Granvelle that the capture of Valenciennes had worked a miracle. "The other cities," he exultingly adds, "all come forth to meet me, putting the rope around their own necks." People used to say that the keys of Valenciennes had unlocked the gates of all the rest. Even Antwerp, lately so turbulent, was cowed into submission, and as soon as Orange had departed, little more than a month after the fierce tumult just described, it meekly accepted a garrison under Count Mansfield.

But might was not destined to triumph over right for ever.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*DEPARTURE OF ORANGE AND COMING OF ALVA.*

WILLIAM the Silent had long been deeply pondering his personal relations to his adopted country, and to the Spanish king who was its hereditary sovereign. He had never forgotten the plot revealed to him so many years before by Henry II. of France, in the wood of Vincennes. The sudden death of that monarch, as well as various other circumstances, had hitherto prevented its accomplishment, as they were destined still to do, for several years to come; but he was sure the infernal design had never been renounced. Sooner or later, if France and Spain could have their way, every Protestant head was doomed to fall. For a time, indeed, the Low Countries had been free from foreign troops; but they were to be so no more. The

regent already had her hireling garrisons in the chief Netherland cities, and Alva's army of invasion was mustering even now beyond the Pyrenees. The crisis was approaching. One must shortly decide whether to be a slave or a rebel, for such was the concise alternative.

On the 3d of October, 1566, an interview between Orange, Egmont, Horn, Hoogstraaten, and Louis of Nassau, had taken place, by previous appointment, at Dendermonde, seventeen miles from Brussels. The object seems to have been to discuss the condition of the country, and if possible to agree upon some course of action. The Prince of Orange had already confided to Egmont and Horn his willingness to undertake preparations against the invasion of a Spanish army, provided he were sure of their co-operation, and of the approval of the estates-general.

Egmont, however, opposed this scheme, and professed himself unable to think so ill of the king as such a step would imply. The flatteries heaped upon him during his visit to Spain had not yet been forgotten. Furthermore, the

count had a large family, and should he involve himself in any disastrous attempt at revolution, they must suffer by it. Could he have foreseen that his loyalty itself would shortly bring him to the scaffold, and his children to beggary, he might have acted differently. At this Dendermonde conference he was warned. An intercepted letter, purporting to be from the Spanish envoy in Paris to Margaret of Parma, was read to the company. It alluded to Orange, Egmont, and Horn as men whom the king of Spain intended to use for his own purposes, and then to destroy. They were to be flattered and caressed without limit, so long as they could be of service, and then to be put out of the way. Egmont refused to believe the letter genuine; and when he afterward showed it to the duchess herself, she roundly declared it a forgery. Yet her assertion was not always the end of all doubt. Egmont himself once remarked of Margaret, "In fine, she is a woman, educated in Rome. There is no faith to be given to her."

The Dendermonde conference broke up with-

out coming to any definite resolve. Egmont was unwilling to attempt military resistance; and the other seigniors were not prepared, as yet, to go on without him. So, after conversing for an hour or two, and dining together, the five nobles mounted their horses, and departed each his own way. The prince was obliged to visit the provinces of his government, and did not return to Antwerp till February, 1567, shortly before the events related in the preceding chapter. His services on that memorable occasion were among the last he was to render to the king. Already he had offered his resignation of all his offices, rather than take a certain new oath of allegiance, by which he was required to pledge himself “to obey the orders of government, everywhere and against every person, without limit or restriction.” Most of the great lords, including Egmont, had taken this oath, it was true. But Orange had steadily refused. It was enough that he had kept inviolate the oath of allegiance which he had taken long before. There was no need of any new one. Nor

would he bind his conscience by a pledge of blind obedience to any mortal man.

The regent was unwilling to accept his resignation, and did her best to make him retract it. Early in April, after Antwerp had been quieted, and while Valenciennes was still besieged, the prince met Mansfield and Egmont at Willebrock, a place midway between Antwerp and Brussels. It was the last time the two friends, so long and closely associated in public life, ever met on earth. Each had chosen his course for the future. Henceforth they were to walk in ever diverging paths. In vain Egmont argued that there was no occasion to take up arms against the king. In vain Orange warned his friend not to trust to the royal flatteries, which would prove his destruction. Neither could move the other. William was on the eve of departing to Germany, and foreseeing that this separation would be final, he threw his arms around Egmont for a last embrace. Tears started to the eyes of both, for however unlike in their aims and motives, they had loved each other long and well. Then the last words were

spoken, and the stately nobles went forth, to meet no more.

A few days afterward, the prince wrote to Philip, again resigning all his offices, and stating that he was about to quit the Low Countries for Germany. He added, however, that he should always hold himself and his property at the king's disposal, in whatever might be for *the true service of his majesty*.

On the 11th of April, he left Antwerp. Two days later, he wrote farewell letters from Breda to his friends Egmont and Horn, saying that his conscience would not suffer him to take the required oath, neither was he willing to behold the ruin of his adopted country, and therefore he was about to leave it for the present. Exile was easier to be endured than slavery.

Indeed, the prince was well aware that to remain would shortly cost him his life. He was already destined by the king to the same fate which actually overtook Egmont and Horn in the course of the following year. A secret espionage had made him acquainted with the private schemes of the crafty king. Philip

always locked up his papers very carefully, and kept the key in his own pocket; yet unseen hands were wont to open the cabinet, and transmit copies of the most private documents to the Prince of Orange. Very soon after William had reached Germany, he thus ascertained that the Duke of Alva had instructions "to arrest the prince as soon as he could lay hands upon him, and not to let his trial last more than twenty-four hours." But happily he was out of Alva's reach.

On the 22d of April, he left Breda for Dillenburg in Nassau, the seat of his ancestors and the place of his own birth. Now that the prince had quitted the Netherlands, it seemed as if nobody was left. There was a great vacancy in the land whence he had departed. There was the gloom of an approaching reign of terror too, for Alva was close at hand.

At this period, Egmont was entirely confident of his position in the good graces of his sovereign. Both the king and the regent had been lavish of praises and thanks for his late services. On the 26th of March, the king had

written to him in the most affectionate terms, although his death-warrant had already been signed by that same royal hand. "I am pleased, my cousin," said Philip, "that you have taken the new oath; not that I considered it at all necessary as regards yourself, but for the example which you have thus given to others, and which I hope they will all follow. I have received not less pleasure in hearing of the excellent manner in which you are doing your duty, the assistance you are rendering, and the offers which you are making to my sister, for which I thank you, and request you to continue in the same course." Similar flatteries had on various occasions been addressed to the Prince of Orange; but happily he knew just what they were worth.

As for Count Horn, he had betaken himself, in a sullen, gloomy, misanthropic mood, to his solitary mansion at Weert. He had spent his private fortune in Philip's service, and had never received any salary or other compensation for all his labors and sacrifices. He had been abundantly abused and slandered, when he was

honestly doing his best ; and it was not strange that he was now out of humor with the king, the regent, and all the rest of the world. It would have been well for him had he never been beguiled from that lonely retreat, to fall into Alva's snares.

This Duke of Alva, at whose terrible name men's hearts failed them for fear, was descended from an illustrious Spanish house, bearing the family name of Toledo. From his childhood he was taught to love war, and to hate all heretics and infidels. When only sixteen years of age, in his first battle, he distinguished himself by his dashing valor. He had scarcely reached manhood when he went, at the emperor's side, to fight the Turks, and won a high place in the imperial favor by his brilliant exploits.

We find a romantic little anecdote of this portion of his career, which sets the youthful soldier in a much more agreeable light than does any subsequent passage of his life. Having obtained leave of absence for two or three weeks, during the campaign in Hungary, he galloped off to Spain, to see the young bride

he had left behind when he went to the war, and was back at his post again within *seventeen days*. Considering that he must have ridden at least fifteen hundred miles, this certainly was a substantial tribute to the charms of the fair duchess. But the softer traits of his ardent nature were soon obliterated in the stern routine of military life.

The young duke became the greatest general in Europe. At that period, war was considered the most important of all arts, the profoundest of all sciences, and Alva was its most accomplished professor. Nobody could excel him in besieging cities or avoiding battles, still less in bold fighting when battles were inevitable. However, he was no statesman, as his administration of Netherland affairs was destined abundantly to show. As a man, he was insatiably greedy for wealth, as well as crafty, ferocious, and vindictive beyond what is often possible to mankind. His manners were haughty and despotic; his person tall and erect, but lank and sallow. Such was Ferdinand Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, when, in his six-

tieth year, he became captain-general of the Netherlands.

His army consisted of only about ten thousand men, but they were well-trained veterans, and had been equipped in a style so superior that the privates might have been taken for captains. Early in May, 1567, the troops embarked at Cartagena, on the south-eastern coast of Spain, and proceeded thence to Genoa. After reassembling at the foot of the Alps, they were to cross Mount Cenis, and make their way through Savoy, Burgundy, and Lorraine, to the Netherlands.

It was a very difficult and dangerous march, often leading them through narrow defiles where a small force might easily have intercepted and destroyed them. However, being kept under very strict discipline, they were suffered to proceed unmolested, though closely watched, at the distance of a few miles, by a French army of observation, which kept pace with them like their shadow. They passed within six leagues of Geneva, the stronghold of Calvinism. The pope had intimated that if

they could make it convenient to destroy that obnoxious city by the way, he should be greatly obliged. But, however much he might have enjoyed it, Alva thought best to confine himself to the enterprise on which he had been sent. The Swiss had a force of six thousand men on the watch, but there was no fighting. The three divisions of the Spanish army followed each other at the interval of one day's march, so that the second encamped each night on the spot occupied by the first the night previous.

By the middle of August, they reached Thionville, on the extreme southern border of the Netherlands, unharmed and in perfect order.

The regent was by no means pleased with Alva's mission to the Netherlands. She was perfectly aware that however it might be nominally, she would be virtually superseded. Notwithstanding, she despatched Berlaymont and Noircarmes to Thionville, to greet him in her name. Some of the Netherland cities also, with anxious and trembling haste, sent deputations thither, to convey empty assurances of

welcome. As the duke approached Brussels, several days later, Count Egmont, accompanied by other noblemen, rode out to meet him, with a present of two beautiful horses. His reception by the duke was somewhat cool at first, yet the doomed nobleman suspected nothing. Indeed, Alva soon became sufficiently cordial in appearance. The future executioner and his victim rode into Brussels side by side.

Margaret had had a great mind not to see the new captain-general at all. But inasmuch as the duke had expressed himself in his recent letters with extreme politeness and submission, she had finally concluded to receive him. She stood motionless in the center of the apartment, as stiff and stately as possible; and the interview was a very awkward and uncomfortable affair. The duke, though outwardly deferential, was secretly indignant at the frigid and haughty air of her highness, and doubtless resolved that the proud woman should yet show him a different face from the one she wore that day.

The king had sent by Alva circular letters

to all the cities, enjoining obedience to the new captain-general until he himself should arrive, which would be very soon. Meanwhile, they were expected to accept their garrisons with meekness, and to provide duly for the maintenance of the Spanish troops, whose active service, he trusted, would not be required. The soldiers were accordingly distributed through the principal cities, and the municipal authorities were coolly directed to resign their keys to Alva.

Two or three items of business had been specially designated by the king for Alva's earliest attention. In the first place, every person who had been prominent in the anti-inquisition movement, or had in any manner opposed the government, was to be put to death. Furthermore, the inquisition was to be reorganized, and the edicts republished, in order that proceedings against heresy might be resumed with more vigor than ever.

A good deal of work was thus summarily laid before the energetic captain-general. It had been expressly specified, as the most im-

portant thing of all, that the great seigniors, about whom Granvelle and Margaret had made so many secret complaints, should be arrested at once. Berghen and Montigny, being in Spain, were already in the king's power. It was in order to allay any possible suspicion, that Philip had written so flatteringily to Egmont and others of the doomed nobles. The Prince of Orange had not been premature in effecting his own escape. The gentlemen of the league were also to be indicted for high treason without delay, notwithstanding the pardon heretofore promised.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### *THE SEIGNIORS ARRESTED.*

IT was thin little more than a fortnight after the duke reached Brussels, he had sprung his trap upon such of the great seigniors as were not beyond his reach. Yet in writing to the king he apologized that these important captures had been delayed so long. The only reason, he said, was, that it seemed desirable to seize all the illustrious victims at once, lest otherwise some should escape.

It is interesting to observe how neatly the business was managed. As for Count Egmont, he was already in Brussels, and it was only necessary to treat him with such flattering confidence as to prevent his heeding any warning to escape. To an expert in dissimulation, like Alva, this was very easy, especially when backed by the affectionate letters of the king.

But Count Horn still remained gloomily at Weert. Both Alva and his son, Don Ferdinand, had written to him in the most cordial terms while they were still upon the march, more than a month before. The honest though somewhat peevish nobleman had replied that he was deeply sensible of their kindness, but must beg to be excused for the present from coming to Brussels in person. His private secretary, Alonzo de la Loo, would explain his reasons more fully.

The duke was extremely polite to Count Horn's secretary, and professed himself infinitely pained that the admiral's distinguished services had not yet been suitably rewarded by the king, who was indeed sometimes rather tardy in expressing his gratitude to his faithful officers. Yet he might depend that the royal generosity would not always slumber. Meanwhile, could the duke but see the excellent admiral, he could tell him things which would convince him that he had not been forgotten by his friends. It was also quietly hinted by the duke's secretary to La Loo that it would

not be strange if Count Horn should find himself appointed governor of Milan or viceroy of Naples, some fine morning, and in either of those lucrative posts he would quickly retrieve his embarrassed affairs.

The faithful Alonzo was highly delighted by all these tokens of good-will to his master. Having been told that the duke felt really hurt because many of the chief nobles, and especially his excellent friend Count Horn, had failed to visit him on his arrival, the honest secretary went straight back to Weert, to urge the admiral to come to Brussels at once. Egmont likewise added his own entreaties, an act which, however well-meant, he remembered with bitter regret on the fatal day when both the two nobles went to the scaffold. Horn was reassured by all these smooth words. It was not long before he came with unsuspecting cheerfulness to the very spot where the snare was spread for his unwary feet.

Alva well knew there would be no use in trying to allure the Prince of Orange from his German castle. Nevertheless, he sent an invi-

tation to Count Hoogstraaten, and that young nobleman set out for Brussels. But at Cologne he had the good fortune to wound his hand with a pistol, and was thus detained long enough to save him from losing his head.

On the 9th of September all was ready. In order to accomplish the arrests in a quiet and genteel manner, the duke's son, Don Ferdinando, grand prior of the Knights of Saint John, gave a splendid dinner, to which he invited Egmont and Horn, as well as numerous other nobles. The duke himself did not come, but he sent his own band to play during the banquet. While the party were at table, there came a message from Alva, desiring the gentlemen, after finishing their repast, to call on him at the *Maison de Jassey*, that he might have their advice respecting the citadel he was about to build at Antwerp.

Only the night previous, Egmont had received a mysterious warning from an unknown Spanish officer, who came secretly to his house to beg him to escape before the morrow. And now his host, Don Ferdinando himself, by

whose side he was sitting at table, whispered in his ear, "Leave this place, Signor Count, instantly; take the fleetest horse in your stables, and escape without a moment's delay." These ominous words disturbed him so much that he rose from table, resolved to take the advice. But Noircarmes followed him, to ask what was the matter, and on learning what the grand prior had said, coolly dissuaded him from heed-ing the mysterious warning, lest his flight should appear like a confession of guilt.

Noircarmes probably knew what he was about when he gave such counsel. Perhaps he afterwards had great satisfaction in remember-ing that but for him Alva's exquisitely ar-ranged plot would have fallen through. There is no doubt that, like Alva, he was entirely ca-pable of betraying a friend with a kiss. Eg-mont returned to the table, and at four o'clock, when dinner was over, he accompanied the other nobles to the duke's quarters at the Jas-sey House.

Here a large parchment containing the plan for the proposed citadel was spread before them

for examination. The engineers were present, also, to furnish the necessary explanations. While they were earnestly discussing the plan, as they sat around the table, word came to the duke that Egmont's private secretary, Bakkerzeel,—the same who had been so diligent in hanging heretics not long before,—and the secretary of Count Horn, had both been successfully apprehended, and their papers secured. The rich burgomaster of Antwerp, also, Anthony Van Straalen, had been arrested that same afternoon, while riding in his own carriage from Antwerp to Brussels. The duke was overjoyed. But, as it was necessary to conceal his feelings, he excused himself from the company, on pretense of a sudden indisposition.

The debate over the plan of the citadel continued until after dark. When the council broke up, Egmont was requested to remain for a moment, when the captain of the guard proceeded to arrest him. Surprised in spite of repeated warnings, he could not refrain from remarking bitterly, as he gave up his sword, that

at least it had done the king good service in other days.

Meanwhile Horn had likewise been arrested in another part of the mansion. Two upper chambers had been arranged for the temporary reception of the two prisoners. Here they were separately confined. The windows were well barricaded, the shutters closed, and the walls appropriately hung in black. Day and night candles were kept burning in these sepulchral cells, as if to make the darkness visible. Each prisoner was served by Spaniards, always in the most profound silence, and watched incessantly by Spanish guards. After two dreary weeks, they were conveyed, under a strong escort, to the castle of Ghent.

The duke was exultant over that afternoon's work. The details of the plot had been executed in the neatest possible manner, and he took immense satisfaction in dwelling upon all the particulars in a letter to the king that very evening. Nevertheless, the regent was highly indignant, not because the arrests had been made, but because they had been made with-

out leave from her. Alva excused it, on the ground that he wished to spare her the odium of having any share in the affair, but he was not able to soothe her wounded pride. She felt herself abused by Alva's presence in the Netherlands, and very soon requested the king to release her from the regency. She declared that she meant, until his reply should arrive, to spend her time in journeying and hunting, leaving public affairs to take care of themselves.

The king was delighted when he received news that Egmont and Horn were safely caged at last. Cardinal Granvelle, however, who from a distance was watching the progress of affairs, declared that if Alva had not taken the Prince of Orange he had taken nobody. Our old acquaintance, Peter Titelmann, also, held much the same view of the matter. "Have they also taken Wise William?" he eagerly inquired, on hearing of the capture of Egmont and Horn. "Then will our joy be but brief," he replied, when told that "Wise William" was still at large. "Woe unto us for the wrath to come from Germany!"

On that triumphant evening of September 9th, while Alva was writing of his recent exploits, he laid before his royal master an outline of a new tribunal which he was going to set up, for the specific purpose of trying crimes committed during the late tumults. He proposed to call it the Council of Troubles. But it soon got the more appropriate name of the Council of Blood, under which it will be known as long as human history endures.

The problem in hand was, how to despatch everybody whom it was desirable to get rid of, in the speediest possible way. It was plain that the ordinary tribunals would never suffice.

The multitude of supposed culprits was so immense that a great many of them would inevitably have time to live their lives out, and go down to their graves in peace, before their cases could possibly be reached, at the slow rate of the regular courts. Some labor-saving machinery must be devised, by which justice might be administered at wholesale. To be sure, the inquisition was very well in its way, so far as freedom from legal hampers was con-

cerned, and could do a pretty fair business in its own department. But these were supposed to be offenders against the government rather than the church ; they were to be arraigned for high treason, not heresy. Something like a political inquisition was wanted, therefore, and this Alva proceeded very cleverly to construct.

Considering the vast amount of work it did, the new machine was surprisingly simple. There were nominally twelve councilors, but ten of them were mere ciphers, without power to vote. The two significant figures standing at the head were Juan de Vargas and Del Rio, lawyers who had accompanied the duke from Spain, and were eminently fitted to do his bloody work. Yet even they could not pronounce a final sentence. The duke had reserved that power to himself, being aware, as he expressed it, that “the men of law only condemn for crimes *which are proved*,” a principle by which he, of course, could not be expected to abide.

President Viglius had aided Alva in selecting the men who were to assist in condemning for

crimes which were *not proved*. He had performed the task with great judgment. Noir-carmes and Berlaymont had justly been thought worthy of places at the board. But even they were only empowered to examine the evidence collected for them by a host of commissioners sent throughout the country for that purpose. Cartloads of depositions were daily brought to the duke, who turned them over to the inferior councilors for inspection. Yet a single document frequently embraced in one compendious statement the case of twenty or a hundred men, who were generally all disposed of by the same sentence, and executed almost as if they had but one neck. The work went on with astonishing despatch, of course, and yet it was not soon finished.

One would suppose that the labor of examining such heaps of papers must have been immense. But there was one circumstance which afforded infinite relief to the burdened councilors. No matter how voluminous and conflicting the testimony in any given case, they always knew how to decide. However long and

crooked the road, it was sure to come out all right, at the place of execution. If the councilors had been so stupid as to reach any other terminus, they were sent back, with a reprimand, to try it over again. A sentence of death was never wrong. Nothing else was ever right. This principle once established, the task became delightfully easy and simple. What possible use could there be in wading through such masses of evidence, when one knew beforehand precisely what it would all amount to? The parties accused were of course guilty; it only remained to report that So-and-so, be it one man or a hundred, was recommended to be hung or burned. Vargas and Del Rio would naturally approve the verdict, and the duke would order execution to be done within forty-eight hours.

It is related that Councilor Hessels, one of the Netherland members, used to sit dozing at the council-board, while case after case was being despatched. When wakened, that he might give his opinion, he would rub his eyes and exclaim with great fervor, "To the gallows with

him ! to the gallows with him ! ” comfortably sure that, whoever might be the culprit, the customary sentence could never come amiss. One day it was found that a person whose case had just come up for trial, by some slight inadvertence, had been executed already. “ Never mind ! ” said Vargas, laughing at the joke ; “ if he happened to die innocent, so much the better for him when he has his trial in the other world ! ”

The multitudinous victims of the Blood Council might well think of that. Evidently, innocence was not of the smallest account in Alva’s horrid tribunal. In framing his new court, the duke had defined treason, in eighteen articles, so comprehensive that very few persons could fancy themselves safe from being convicted of that crime. It was pronounced treason to have had any share in petitions against the new bishoprics, the edicts, or the inquisition ; to have tolerated the reformed preaching anywhere or at any time ; to have failed to oppose the field-preaching, the image-breaking, the “ request ; ” to have asserted

that the king could not rightfully deprive the provinces of their chartered liberties, or that this present tribunal was bound to regard any laws or charters whatever.

If this were treason, doubtless nearly everybody in the Low Countries had committed it, and upon that supposition the Blood Council appeared to proceed. For example, it is related that Peter De Witt of Amsterdam was beheaded for having prevailed upon a rioter *not to fire* upon a magistrate. The fact of his possessing influence over a rebel was taken as evidence that he was a leader among them! It is not unlikely, however, that his real offense was wealth. There was no immunity for a man known to be guilty of a hundred thousand florins. Nothing more fatal could be committed. To have money which might be confiscated was enough to seal any man's doom. Alva had promised that from confiscations there should flow to Spain a steady annual income of half a million ducats, or, as he had poetically expressed it, "a golden river a yard deep." Lest emigration should divert into for-

eign channels any more of the Netherland wealth,—for a hundred thousand persons had already departed to other lands,—it was forbidden to leave the country at all, without special permission, to ask for which was about as much as one's life was worth.

The new tribunal carried on its bloody business with astonishing activity. Its first session was on the 20th of September, less than a month after Alva's arrival in the Netherlands. Before the next Christmas, eighteen hundred persons had suffered death by its decrees, and yet its terrible energy did not abate. For example, on the 4th of January, 1568, eighty-four persons from the city of Valenciennes were condemned in one lot; at another time, ninety-five individuals from various parts of Flanders; again, forty-six citizens of Malines; and so on. On the evening of Shrove-tide, a favorite holiday, five hundred persons were carried off to prison at once, though many intended victims had been warned in time to escape. "The whole country," says Motley, "became a charnel-house, the death-bell tolled hourly in every vil-

lage, not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relations, while the survivors stalked listlessly about, the ghosts of their former selves, among the wrecks of their former homes. . . . The scaffolds, the gallows, the funeral piles, which had been sufficient in former times, furnished now an entirely inadequate machinery for the incessant executions. Columns and stakes in every street, the door-posts of private houses, the fences in the fields, were laden with human carcasses, strangled, burned, beheaded. The orchards in the country bore on many a tree the hideous fruit of human bodies." But all these were only the beginnings of sorrows.

## CHAPTER XV.

### *THE NATION'S DEATH-WARRANT.*

**T**OWARD the close of 1567, Margaret of Parma was at last relieved from her post as regent of the Netherlands, and Alva was commissioned to fill the vacant chair, with the title of governor-general. One would suppose Margaret's administration had been sufficiently severe, but, in comparison with Alva's, it was mildness itself. The king, in releasing his sister from the anxious and laborious office she had held for nine years, paid her many handsome compliments, in order to soothe the irritation she manifested at being virtually superseded. A pension of fourteen thousand ducats a year for life, which was settled on her by Philip, together with a parting present of fifty thousand florins from the estates of Brabant and Flanders, was still more

consoling. The duchess was handsomely escorted to the frontier, on her return to Parma, and settled down at home to enjoy herself. Margaret was a woman who in our day would be reckoned among the “strong-minded.” But we can not help fancying that when she heard of the horrors perpetrated in the Netherlands in subsequent years, she must have congratulated herself that she was no longer responsible for what was going on there.

The Duke of Alva had early assigned to several of the inferior members of his Blood Council the congenial task of finding evidence against William of Orange, his brother Louis of Nassau, and several other great lords, whose death-warrants he had brought with him in a state of convenient readiness for immediate use, having been already signed in blank by the royal hand. The commissioners had applied themselves to the work, and upon the 19th of January, 1568, the prince, Count Louis, Hoogstraaten, and others, were publicly summoned, in the governor-general’s name, to present themselves before the Blood Council

within thrice fourteen days from that date. Should they fail to appear, they were to suffer perpetual banishment, and confiscation of their estates.

Of course they did not come. The prince replied by letter that he did not acknowledge the authority of that court. In fact, it had none, other than that of might over right. It had never received letters-patent or charter from the king, the governor-general, the estates of the realm, or any other source whatever. Alva had simply resolved on having an irresponsible court to do his butcheries for him, and had instituted it accordingly. The prince was a Knight of the Golden Fleece, and, as such, could be only tried by his brethren of that illustrious order, when duly summoned by the king as head of the chapter, and six of his fellow-knights. He was also a member of the Germanic Empire. As such, he would cheerfully answer to the emperor and the other princes, but never to the Council of Blood.

Hitherto the prince had maintained an atti-

tude of dignified respect toward the king, carefully avoiding any direct hostility. But he now had occasion to defend his personal rights, as well as those of the oppressed nation. At the time of his departure for Germany, in April, 1567, he had left behind his eldest son, Count de Buren, a boy of twelve or thirteen years old, who was studying at the university of Louvain. Alva bethought him that he could lay hands upon this child, if not upon the prince himself. Philip gave his consent to the kidnapping, and it was speedily accomplished.

One day in February, 1568, there came to the university a party of military gentlemen, with the Seignior de Chassy at their head, who desired to see the young Count de Buren and his tutor. A very smoothly-worded letter was then delivered to the boy, informing him that he was regarded with great interest by the king, who was desirous to have him educated for his especial service. His majesty had therefore sent the Seignior de Chassy to make to him a communication of great importance.

Of course all this was very delightful, and

the boy count was doubtless wide awake to hear what the Seignior de Chassy had to tell him. When he found that the king wished him to come to Spain, to be educated under his own supervision, he was very ready to say he would go. Only a day or two was allowed before starting, during which the little count was every moment watched by the attendants, though he was not aware of it. Two valets, two pages, a cook, and a keeper of accounts, were permitted to accompany him, besides his tutor. Thus attended, and escorted by the retinue of De Chassy, the boy set out for Antwerp, where they contrived to divert him with various entertainments until he was fairly on the way to Spain.

The affair had been so artfully managed that the boy went to his long exile as if to a pleasure excursion. He supposed he was to be a guest of the king, not a prisoner. Yet it was really nothing less than a case of kidnapping. Philip wanted to hold the heir of Orange as a hostage for the prince's obedience, especially as he could thus insure the training up of the

boy in the Romish faith. It is sad to know that the son of such a father, when he returned after twenty years to his native land, was much more a Spaniard than a Netherlander. The prince was robbed of his son more completely than he could have been by death itself.

During the whole winter, the Blood Council was hard at work. Certain magistrates of Antwerp — which city was now kept in wholesome subjection by the duke's new citadel — did venture to beg mercy for several eminent persons then in prison. The duke grew fearfully enraged at the first suggestion of such a thing, and explicitly told them that unless they were careful how they behaved, he would hang every man in Antwerp, as a warning to the rest of the nation. His majesty would rather the whole land were an uninhabited wilderness than that a single heretic should be left in it.

It seemed not wholly improbable that the country might actually be depopulated, at the rate at which executions were then proceeding. Yet this consummation, so devoutly longed for by Philip and Alva, was still much too remote

to satisfy their ardent desires. Could the ceremony of indictments and prosecutions be entirely dispensed with, much time would be saved. And here the inquisition of Madrid came to the king's aid. The problem had been laid before that body, together with information from the Netherland inquisitors, and from his majesty himself, respecting the state of spiritual and temporal affairs in that unhappy country. After due consideration, the Spanish inquisitors pronounced that "all who had been guilty of heresy, apostasy, or sedition, and all who, though professing themselves good Catholics, had offered no resistance to these, were, with the exception of a few persons specified, thereby convicted of treason in the highest degree."

Accordingly, on the 16th of February, 1568, the Holy Office published a decree by which *all the inhabitants of the Netherlands were condemned to death!* Everybody was presumed to be guilty of either heresy or treason, or both. A few individuals mentioned by name were alone excepted from the universal doom.

This summary death-warrant of a whole nation seems to have exactly met Philip's views. It was just the thing. Three millions of people were sentenced to death in three lines: what could be more satisfactory? The king accordingly issued a decree confirming the sentence of the Holy Office, and ordering it to take effect immediately. It brings to mind those words of sacred history,—“The letters were sent by posts into all the king's provinces, to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish, all, . . . both young and old, little children and women, . . . . and to take the spoil of them for a prey.” But there was no royal Esther at the court of the Spanish Ahasuerus to intercede for her doomed people.

Invaluable as the Council of Blood had been, its services seemed almost superfluous now. There was no longer any occasion for even mock-trials, since everybody was under sentence of death already. It only remained to hang, bury alive, behead, or burn whomsoever they pleased, at their earliest convenience. Since it was desirable to make sure of the

wealthy victims first, however, Alva's trained hounds were still kept on the track, for they were even keener to scent gold than blood. The work they performed was marvelous. In writing to Philip one day, the duke incidentally mentioned that they had on hand eight hundred persons who were to be executed as soon as "holy week" was over. To prevent the victims from uttering disloyal or heterodox sentiments on the way to execution,—which certainly would be rather natural,—they had invented an ingenious mode of insuring silence. The tongue of each prisoner was tightly screwed into a ring made for the purpose, and then seared with a hot iron. This caused so much swelling that it was impossible to remove the ring, and of course a speech was out of the question.

A strange feeling comes over one, in reading the annals of this reign of terror, to find that there was no wild uprising against tyranny like this, no sudden outburst of irrepressible fury against the murderous hands that were clutching at the nation's heart. "Thank God, all is

tranquil in the Netherlands!" Alva used piously to exclaim, after the falling of some new blow. They had taken it very quietly when Egmont and Horn were arrested; the Blood Council had raised no tumult; even the universal death-warrant had been received in dumb despair. But to us, this very tranquillity is awful. We can not help shuddering at the preternatural stillness. It is like nothing else but death. The whole land is one vast tomb.

Yet buried Liberty was to have a resurrection. There was one whom Heaven had sent to roll away the stone from the door of the sepulcher, and already he was at hand.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### *EXECUTION OF EGMONT AND HORN.*

WILLIAM of Orange had refused to appear at the summons of the Blood Council, and that body had proceeded to pass judgment against him in default. From his German retreat he now published a bold and eloquent defense, in reply to the act of condemnation. He briefly rehearsed his private wrongs, refuted false accusations, and declared that the edicts, the inquisition, and the persecutions had caused the disturbances of the last two years. In vindication of his course he appealed to the judgment of the world, and publicly declared himself the champion of his oppressed people..

Having thus thrown down the gauntlet, the prince set about raising funds and troops. Many of the Protestant princes of Germany

gave him their countenance ; some of the opulent Netherland cities, aided by wealthy refugees in England, raised a hundred thousand crowns, and he himself furnished fifty thousand florins, though he was obliged to sacrifice his splendid plate, jewels, and tapestry for that purpose. It will be remembered that his extensive possessions in the Low Countries had been confiscated. Other members of the Nassau family contributed liberally ; and preparations for war were rapidly urged on.

The principal campaign of the spring of 1568 was in Friesland, under the direction of the gallant Count Louis. He entered that province in the latter part of April, with a small body of troops, and many of the peasants rallied around his standard. A month later was fought the bloody battle of Heiliger Lee, or *Holy Lion*,—so named from a neighboring convent,—where Count Louis with his raw recruits defeated a force of two or three thousand well-trained Spanish soldiers. Their leader—Count Aremburg, stadholder of Friesland—fought hand to hand with the brave Adolphus of Nassau, a

younger brother of William and Louis; and both were ultimately slain. It was worth something to have found out that veteran Spaniards really could be conquered by Netherland rustics. Yet it proved a barren victory. Louis had not means to follow up the advantage he had gained, and so it was quickly lost.

The duke had been perfectly sure that he should hear of the total defeat of the insurgents in Friesland. When he learned that, on the contrary, his own troops had been defeated, he was exceedingly mortified and enraged. He instantly decided to take the field in person. But before he could leave Brussels, several important matters required his attention, so that his departure was delayed for some time.

On the 28th of May, he published an edict of banishment and confiscation of estates against William of Orange, Louis of Nassau, and others. This seems to have been little else than a formal reiteration of what the Blood Council had already done. He also had the Culemburg mansion leveled to the ground. Upon its ruins he set up a pillar to commemorate the

fact that within those now prostrate walls had originated the accursed “league.”

But more serious business than this was to be done. On the first day of June, eighteen prisoners of distinction were publicly executed, upon the Horse Market, in Brussels. The scaffold was directly opposite the windows of that “cruel animal, Noircarmes,” as Hoogstraaten denominated him, and he, together with the rest of the Blood Council, was looking on. The next day, Villars—the leader of an attempted insurrection in another part of the country about the same time with Count Louis’s movement in Friesland—was put to death, together with three others. But these were only the preliminaries to a more imposing tragedy of the scaffold.

The proceedings against Egmont and Horn had been entrusted to Vargas and Del Rio. Two months after their removal from Brussels to their solitary cells in the castle of Ghent, these functionaries paid them a visit, as if to see what information could be got out of them. Alone and unassisted by counsel, each prisoner

was questioned and cross-questioned by the two Spanish lawyers, for some four days. Their private papers, as well as their respective secretaries, were in Alva's hands, and Bakkerzeel had been repeatedly put upon the rack, in order to extort from him something against Egmont.

Then came another blank interval of two months, before the imprisoned nobles were so much as informed of what they were accused. At last, there was sent to each a copy of the charges filed against him by the procurator-general. These documents were of portentous length. Horn's offenses were enumerated under sixty-three heads, and Egmont's were set forth in ninety. Each prisoner was required to furnish a written reply within five days, unaided by an advocate or any other person whatever.

After this had been done, a pretense was made of allowing them counsel, and commissioners to procure any testimony desired. It was only a mockery, for Vargas and Del Rio took care to close the case before there was time to present a single deposition in behalf of the pris-

oners, nor were they permitted to know what evidence there was against them. On the first day of June, the immense mass of papers relating to the two cases was laid before the duke for final decision. Three days afterward, he announced that he had duly examined the testimony, and had found the prisoners guilty. Their execution was appointed to take place on the following day. Alva was in great haste to set off for Friesland, but he thought it indispensable to make a wholesome example of the two seigniors before his departure, especially as they might otherwise escape.

The Emperor of Germany, the Elector Palatine, who was brother of the Countess Egmont, as well as many other princes, had not disdained to intercede with the king of Spain for the lives of Egmont and Horn. They protested against such a violation of the statutes of the Order of the Golden Fleece, to which both the doomed nobles belonged, and by which they had a right to be tried. They urged that Horn was also a count of the empire, and had justly demanded to be judged by

his peers, the electors and princes of Germany. They represented that Egmont, as a citizen and noble of Brabant, was entitled to the privileges of its cherished constitution. But these august intercessions were all unheeded. Philip had determined that whether innocent or guilty, whether by fair means or foul, the two seigniors should die.

On the 3d of June, Egmont and Horn were brought from Ghent to Brussels, under a strong escort. It was important that no time should be lost in sending for them after sentence should have been pronounced. They were separately lodged in a certain mansion on the great square, opposite the splendid Hotel de Ville, or Town House. This building, then the "Brood-huis," is now called the "Maison du Roi."

It was on the following day that Alva pronounced their doom. That afternoon, he sent for the Bishop of Ypres. It was already night-fall when the prelate reached the palace. He was exceedingly shocked and distressed when the duke informed him that Egmont and Horn

were to be executed the next morning, and that it was to be his dreadful task to inform the prisoners of their approaching fate, and prepare their souls for death. The bishop fell on his knees before the governor-general, to beg at least a brief respite for the condemned nobles, but Alva roughly answered that he wanted none of his advice. The criminals were to die on the morrow, and he had only to go and prepare them for the event.

The appalling rumor was not long in coming to the ears of the unhappy countess of Egmont. She could not believe it, yet she hastened to throw herself at the feet of the cruel man who held her husband's fate in his hands, and beg for mercy. The duke coolly assured the agonized wife that her husband would without fail be released on the morrow!

Egmont was sleeping profoundly—for it was near midnight—when the bishop entered his chamber. The very apartment is still pointed out in the *Maison du Roi*. The prelate was too much agitated to speak, but he put into the count's hands a copy of the death-sen-

tence. Egmont read it to the end, though overwhelmed with astonishment at this sudden termination of a prosecution so lingering. When convinced that there was no hope of reprieve, he addressed himself to the work of preparation for his approaching doom. Having never wavered in his fidelity to the church of Rome, he confessed to the bishop, and received the sacrament, according to custom. At times the remembrance of his beloved and desolate family overpowered him. Again, the cruelty and injustice of his sentence roused his indignation, for he was conscious that he had always been loyal to his sovereign. Finally, becoming somewhat composed, he sat down and wrote, in French, the following letter to the king :—

“ SIRE,—I have learned this evening the sentence which your majesty has been pleased to pronounce upon me. Although I have never had a thought, and believe myself never to have done a deed, which could tend to the prejudice of your majesty’s person or service, or to the detriment of our ancient and Cath-

olic religion, nevertheless I take patience to bear that which it has pleased the good God to send. If during these troubles in the Netherlands I have done or permitted aught which has had a different appearance, it has been with the true and good intent to serve God and your majesty, and the necessity of the times. Therefore I pray your majesty to forgive me, and to have compassion on my poor wife, my children, and my servants, having regard to my past services. In which hope I now commend myself to the mercy of God.

“From Brussels,—

“*Ready to die,* this 5th June, 1568.

“Your majesty’s very humble and loyal vassal  
and servant,

“LAMORAL D’EGMONT.”

We know but little of the manner in which Count Horn passed this last night of his life. It is recorded that he was attended by the curate of La Chapelle. One historian represents him as receiving the sudden tidings of his condemnation with composure; while another

says his indignation was vehement and passionate, in view of the injustice with which he had been treated.

The short summer night was soon ended, and the sun rose on the condemned nobles for the last time. The execution was to take place in the great square, where in happier days had been held many a gay tournament, and Egmont himself had been the hero of the festive games. Alva meant that the spectacle should be profoundly impressive, and had arranged all its details with an eye to dramatic effect. During the night, workmen had been busy in erecting a stage for the intended tragedy, in the very center of the spacious square. Three thousand Spanish troops, in battle array, surrounded the fatal spot. The scaffold was heavily draped with black, hanging like a funeral pall almost to the ground. It was furnished with a small table, also covered with black, upon which was placed a silver crucifix, for the benefit of the prisoners in their last moments. There were two velvet cushions, on which they were to kneel to receive the fatal stroke. Two iron

spikes were fixed to the corners of the scaffold, on which were to be exposed the severed and gory heads. For the present the executioner was concealed beneath the drapery of the scaffold; while the provost-marshal sat on horseback, his red wand of office in his hand, presiding over the scene.

At eleven o'clock, while all the bells were solemnly tolling, Count Egmont came forth to die. He was escorted by Spanish guards, and the Bishop of Ypres walked at his side. It was only a little way from the Brood-huis to the scaffold. Egmont advanced with a firm step, repeating aloud the psalm commencing, "Hear my cry, O God, and give ear unto my prayer!" \*

After mounting the scaffold, he walked back and forth once or twice, exclaiming passionately, "Oh that it had been my happy fate to die in battle, fighting for my country and king!" Then, commanding his emotions, he threw off

\* There is a slight discrepancy here between Motley and Prescott. Both name the *fifty-first* psalm; but it is the *sixty-first* from which Motley quotes several verses, commencing as above; and he alludes particularly to its containing a prayer for the king.—See Dutch Republic, Vol. II. p. 205.

his crimson damask robe and embroidered mantle of black, together with the insignia of the Golden Fleece, and knelt down to pray. Having kissed the crucifix handed him by the bishop, and received his blessing, he took off his plumed hat, knelt again on the cushion, and drew a little cap over his face. Folding his hands reverently, he cried aloud, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit!" Then the executioner suddenly appeared, and with a single stroke of the sword severed his head from his body.

A shudder ran through the vast multitude that witnessed the scene. Even the Spanish soldiers wept. It was rumored that tears fell from the cruel eyes of Alva himself, as he looked on from a neighboring window.

The ghastly corpse was quickly concealed by a dark covering; and presently Admiral Horn was seen calmly advancing through the crowd, his bald head uncovered, and his attire perfectly plain. He said a few kind words to the people, and requested them to pray for the repose of his soul. Having been assisted by the

bishop in performing his devotions, he covered his face, and repeating the same Latin invocation used by Egmont, “*In manus tuas, Domine,*” etc., he submitted to the fatal blow.

In all that weeping and indignant throng, doubtless there were few individuals who had not witnessed public executions many a time. It had long been an every-day spectacle to see men strangled, beheaded, or burned. Yet notwithstanding this inevitable familiarity with such scenes, the populace was profoundly moved by the deaths of Egmont and Horn. Both were of imposing presence and exalted rank; both had long been prominent in public affairs. Egmont, particularly, attracted the people by his winning and gracious manner, though he was far enough from the heroic self-devotion that alone could have made him the champion of the oppressed. It was with unaffected grief, as well as horror, that they gazed on that fatal scene. They knew it would not be the fault of the king or the governor-general if their well-beloved Prince of Orange did not meet a like doom.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### *THE DUKE'S NORTHERN CAMPAIGN.*

HE duke urged on the preparations for his northern campaign as rapidly as possible ; but it was not until near the middle of July that all was ready, and he himself had reached the seat of war. His force consisted of about fifteen thousand regular troops, together with a large number of new recruits.

Six weeks had passed since the battle of Heiliger Lee ; but the insurgents had been able to effect nothing further. Count Louis had no money, and money was the only thing his German hirelings considered worth fighting for. The peasantry that had rallied around his standard, too, though they were doubtless patriotic, must needs have something to live on. Thus the whole army was on the point of a

mutiny, for want of pay; and it had been as much as their gallant young general could do to keep them together at all.

The duke ascertained that the whole insurgent force was entrenched a little way from Groningen. On making a reconnaissance in person, he perceived that Louis held a very strong position. His front was protected both by the river, and by a deep trench beyond it. There were, it was true, two wooden bridges by which the river might be crossed, provided the rebels did not set them on fire, which they were evidently prepared to do at any moment.

The duke ordered one or two small detachments to skirmish with the enemy, and if possible to draw them out. Louis felt doubtful how his unpaid and mutinous troops would conduct themselves, and therefore was not anxious to engage. But toward evening, the Spaniards provoked a body of the enemy into a brisk little fight, and presently drove them back across the river in a great panic. The fugitives did not forget to set fire to the bridges, however, by means of a great store of pine

torches prepared for the purpose, and thus gained a little time for themselves. Still the panic instantly spread throughout the entire army, and they hurriedly retreated, hotly pursued by the foe. Three hundred of Count Louis's men perished that evening, and Alva did not expect ever to get sight of the routed army again.

The fugitives were flying toward the river Ems, which separates the provinces from Germany. Five days later, Alva reached Reyden, a village upon the Netherland side of the river, where a bridge invited the passage of the fugitives into the German territory. But he did not find them here. Louis had gone to Jemmingen, a few miles below, and had taken up a position where his men must either conquer or die.

The Ems is here so deep and wide as to be more like a tide-inlet than an ordinary river. The point referred to is only a few miles from the Dollart,—a great circular bay formed by a terrific inundation three hundred years before, --into which the river empties. There is a

narrow peninsula lying between the Ems and the Dollart, and in a corner of this Louis had taken his stand. The Spanish army lay before his camp, and everywhere else it was surrounded by water. Thus there was no possibility of the insurgents running away, however anxious to do so they might be. Upon surveying his enemy's position, Alva was delighted to find him as snugly entrapped as if tied up in the bottom of a sack.

No doubt the duke would have been still further encouraged had he known the present temper of his foes. On that very morning—July 21st—the troops of Louis were in open mutiny, declaring that there was gold in the camp, and that they would have it, or disband at once. The count did his utmost to soothe them, but in vain, for he had no money to give. Finally, wearied beyond endurance by their clamor, he plainly told them that on the spot where they stood they must either defeat the Spaniards, or be put to the sword by their merciless hands. There was no getting away from the stern alternative. Either to fight bravely,

or to be butchered without fighting, was the only possible choice. It would be idle to talk of surrender, for their enemy gave no quarter.

This plain setting forth of the situation was not without effect, and order was partially restored. The country immediately in front of the camp was low and swampy, so that the only approach was by a narrow causeway. By breaking down the dikes and opening the sluices, their position could be rendered inaccessible, and this was now attempted. But the Spaniards were already close at hand. Before the work could be completed, their advance guards came up, and drove back the troops who were destroying the dikes.

Alva was thus perfectly sure of his game. He did not attempt to force a passage into the camp, therefore, but rather to draw his enemy out. The bridge at Reyden was occupied by his troops, as well as every building, of whatever sort, along the road leading thither. Keeping his main force out of sight, he sent forward fifteen hundred musketeers to tempt the rebels out of their intrenchments if possi-

ble. This detachment seemed so insignificant in point of numbers, that, after skirmishing warmly for some hours, Louis's whole army marched forth, expecting to put them to instant flight. But the Spaniards, confiding in the concealed reinforcements which they knew were close at hand, stood the shock without giving way in the least. A sudden panic seized the insurgents when they found their foes so firm, and they ran back in wild confusion. Not a single soldier was left to man the battery commanding the causeway, and Louis, frantic with indignation and despair, fired every gun with his own hand. The next moment the battery was seized by the Spanish vanguard, and turned against the camp. A terrible massacre followed. The insurgents were penned in like sheep in a slaughter-house, and the Spaniards gave no quarter. Seven thousand rebels were butchered or drowned on that day, while, as historians assert, only *seven* Spaniards fell. All the next day, and the next, the slaughter went on, for many fugitives had gained an island in the river, or had con-

cealed themselves in swamps and thickets. A Spanish eye-witness remarks with great satisfaction that there was "not a soldier, nor even a lad, who wished to share in the victory, but could find somebody to wound, to kill, to burn, or to drown."

When all was lost, Count Louis himself threw off his garments, and plunging into the broad and rapid Ems, swam safely across. There was yet much for him to do and to suffer in his country's cause, before he should lay down his life on the bloody field of Mookerheyde.

On their way back to Groningen, whither the Spaniards returned after having exterminated the patriot army, they committed all possible outrages, without restraint. All the sky was red with the glare of burning dwellings. Even Alva was indignant at the behavior of his troops, and actually hanged a few of the most eminent ruffians among them, by way of satisfying his own injured dignity.

At Utrecht, on his return, he was met by his son Don Frederic, with heavy reinforce-

ments. A grand review of the whole army was now held, which was found to number thirty thousand infantry, and seven thousand horse.

Thus strong and victorious, the governor-general proceeded to cut off the head of an old lady in Utrecht, the Vrow Van Diemen by name. She was, to be sure, an excellent Catholic, but a year or two before, her son-in-law, dwelling under her roof, had given shelter for a night to a heretic preacher. The Vrow Van Diemen herself had nothing to do with the matter, but unhappily she was rich, and that was just as bad. They were obliged to place the feeble old lady in a chair upon the scaffold, for she was eighty-four years of age. She coolly observed that she saw through the motives of those who were about to put her to death. They wanted her money, that was all.

"I hope your sword is of the sharpest," she remarked to the headsman, "for my old neck is very tough." And thus the venerable and courageous lady met her doom.

The duke returned to Brussels in great

glory, having shed more blood than he could have dared to hope. Finding that the accustomed daily executions had unhappily been suffered to languish while he was absent, he took up the matter with fresh zeal. It was no time to pause in the hanging, burning, and beheading while so many opulent persons were still alive. The distinguished burgomaster of Antwerp, Antony Van Straalen, was now brought to the scaffold. Van Straalen had rendered such eminent services to the government in former times, especially by furnishing funds for the brilliant campaign in Picardy,—which prepared the way for the treaty of Cateau-Cambresis,—that even the Blood Council had not the face to condemn their victim without recommending him to mercy. But it was of no avail. Bakkerzeel and La Loo, as well as another person of rank, were executed at the same time. All the four had suffered so extremely upon the rack that it was necessary to carry them to the scaffold, and fasten them into chairs, in order that the headsman might do his bloody office. As the burgomaster yielded

his neck to the fatal stroke, he murmured aloud, "For faithful service, evil recompense!"

The executions went on by scores and hundreds. Among the rest, the same provost-marshal of Brabant who had officiated at the execution of Egmont and Horn, and who had long been so viciously alert in arresting victims on every side, now figured on that very scaffold himself. Alva took a fancy to hang this diligent functionary for malpractice, as was asserted by a label fastened to the breast of the luckless "Red-Rod" when he swung upon the gallows. He was accused of having put to death many persons without a warrant, and, worse still, of having been bribed to let other victims escape.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### *ORANGE FOILED.*

**B**EFORE commencing hostilities, the Prince of Orange had planned four distinct expeditions, by which the deliverance of the Netherlands should be attempted. Of these, three had already come to a disastrous end. About the time when Count Louis invaded Friesland, a small force under De Villars had entered the provinces near Maestricht. It had been almost immediately routed and destroyed, and its leader had perished on the scaffold. The remaining expedition, consisting of twenty-five hundred men, under De Cocqueville, had been cut to pieces in Picardy, three days before the terrible defeat of Jemmingen.

The movement which the prince was to command in person had not yet been undertaken.

Under these disheartening circumstances, his German friends declared that he ought not to attempt it. "The emperor," said they, "has written a letter to the most Catholic king of Spain, touching his policy in the Netherlands, and his treatment of yourself. You have only to be quiet until we see what his majesty will do about it. Provided you are only peaceable, and don't involve all the rest of us in your quarrel, things may yet come out all right."

The prince, however, was not sanguine in regard to the success of the emperor's mediation. He knew just about what might be expected from Philip. First, there would doubtless be an ample period of procrastination, then an artful and unsatisfactory reply, and nothing more. Meanwhile the martyrdoms and confiscations in the Netherlands would go on as usual, so long as people and money remained. As for himself, he could not shut his ears and harden his heart against the cry of a nation in its agony. True, the cause was desperate, but so much the more did he feel himself bound not to abandon it. Thousands and

thousands of souls rested their only earthly hope on him, and he could not leave them to despair. He would do and dare everything, might he thus become their deliverer.

But there was now in the heart of William the Silent a motive deeper and stronger than even patriotism. Of late, he had learned to look on this mortal life with other eyes than when his years glided by like a brilliant and never-ending tournament. Then, this transient existence was all. How to crowd it with the utmost of pleasure and honor and power, was the only problem. Now, he looked upon it as only the vestibule of the great eternity to come; "the power of an endless life" had absorbed his soul. He was no longer a gay grandee, nor merely a devoted patriot, but a deeply religious man. Henceforth his life was pervaded with a profound sense of duty to Him by whom he had been so richly endowed, and a firm and peaceful trust in the divine guidance and support.

During the last year of his stay in the Netherlands he had identified himself with the Protestants in a degree, though he did not publicly

join that communion until a later period. Doubtless his early education in the Lutheran doctrine had something to do with this change of views, as well as his alliance by marriage with certain Protestant princes of Germany. While in retirement at Dillenburg, he had devoted himself to the study of the Reformed faith, and had adopted it for himself. From this time, he manifested a profound and practical reliance upon God in all the chances and changes of this mortal life. But he had no disposition to persecute those of a different religion. He had risen so far above the men of his time as to comprehend the possibility of tolerating those whose creed differs from our own. In prospect of hostilities, he wrote, "Should we obtain power over any city or cities, let the communities of papists be as much respected and protected as possible. Let them be overcome not by violence, but with gentle-mindedness and virtuous treatment."

He wrote to his brother Louis in the kindest and most sympathizing terms in regard to the recent disaster of Jemmingen, though it was in

a great degree the consequence of disregarding his advice. "Nevertheless," he added in conclusion, "since thus it has pleased God, we must have patience, and not lose courage, conforming ourselves to his divine will, as for my part I have determined to do in everything which may happen, still proceeding onward in our work with his almighty aid."

Writing to his wife he says, "I go to-morrow, but when I shall return, I can not tell you with certainty. I have resolved to place myself in the hands of the Almighty, that he may guide me whither it is his good pleasure that I should go. I see well enough that I am destined to pass this life in misery and labor, with which I am well content, since it thus pleases the Omnipotent, for I know that I have merited still greater chastisement. I only implore him graciously to send me strength to endure with patience."

In May of this year, the emperor Maximilian had formally required the Prince of Orange, as a member of the German empire, to desist from all warlike enterprises and purposes

against Spain. His imperial majesty did not care to become entangled in the Netherland troubles, as he feared he should if he lent any countenance to the military movements of the prince. And this formal prohibition was evidently intended as a public washing of his hands of all participation in the affair.

William of Orange was prepared to act on his own responsibility, however, and therefore paid little regard to the imperial mandate. Two or three months afterward, he published a respectful but earnest reply to the emperor's letter. He took the ground that the blame of all the cruelty and misgovernment in the provinces, from the first, had belonged to the cardinal, and to the Duke of Alva, rather than to the king. Philip had been misinformed and misled by his ministers. It was against the governor-general and the Spanish soldiery that he was about to take up arms, not against the sovereign.

In a document entitled the "Justification against the false blame of his calumniators, by the Prince of Orange," he thus proclaimed his

inotives and his aims to the world. "We are unable, by reason of our loyal service due to his majesty, and of our true compassion for his faithful lieges, to look with tranquillity any longer at such murders, robberies, outrages, and agony. We are, moreover, certain that his majesty has been badly informed upon Netherland matters. We take up arms, therefore, to oppose the violent tyranny of the Spaniards, by the help of the merciful God, who is the enemy of all blood-thirstiness. Cheerfully inclined to wager our life and all our worldly wealth on the cause, we have now, God be thanked, an excellent army of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, raised all at our own expense. We summon all loyal subjects of the Netherlands to come and help us. Let them take to heart the uttermost need of the country, the danger of perpetual slavery for themselves and their children, and of the entire overthrow of the evangelical religion."

In answer to such appeals, there were abundant promises of money from wealthy merchants and nobles of the Low Countries. The

money itself, however, came but scantily to hand. Exiles who had lost nearly everything contributed out of their penury, but the rich did not generally cast into the treasury of their abundance. Yet the prince was not the man to fold his arms and coldly say, "If others will not do their part, I will do nothing." In the latter part of September, he mustered his army in the province of Treves. It amounted to nearly thirty thousand men, including eight or nine thousand cavalry. Having crossed the Rhine with his troops, he followed along down its western bank toward Cologne, and then made various movements in the district lying between the Rhine and the Meuse, as if he had not fully decided what to do next. Before his real intention was suspected, he astonished all Europe by appearing on the other side of the Meuse, with his whole army.

The Meuse was a deep and rapid river, and there was no bridge. Alva, experienced as he was in military affairs, scouted the story that the prince had crossed it. "Is the army of the Prince of Orange a flock of wild geese," he

exclaimed, "that it can fly over rivers like the Meuse?" At Amsterdam an unfortunate burgher was publicly whipped for even repeating so outrageous a piece of fiction. Doubtless he was somewhat consoled for the disgrace when it shortly appeared that the rumor was true.

The prince had availed himself of a moonlight night, and having stationed a large and very compact body of cavalry in the middle of the river to break the force of the current,—as Julius Cæsar before him had been wont to do,—had safely forded it with his infantry just below. Though the water was lower than usual, it was still up to the necks of the soldiers, so that the passage was considered a most daring and brilliant feat. It added no small eclat to the commencement of his campaign, and he advanced toward the enemy with flying colors.

Alva's army lay near the city of Maestricht. It consisted of fifteen or sixteen thousand foot, and five or six thousand horse. The prince was very desirous that the duke should give him battle, and therefore stationed himself only three

or four miles from Alva's camp. But the duke had made up his mind not to do anything of the sort. Delay, alone, must speedily melt away the limited resources of his foe, and considering his recent exploits in Friesland, the duke felt that he could well afford to refuse battle. It was already October. He had only to watch, harass, and baffle his enemy, until winter should force him to abandon the campaign.

Again and again the prince offered battle, but Alva steadily refused. Twenty-nine times during the campaign did Orange change his position, but wherever he turned, the duke foiled every attempt to force him to fight. The inhabitants were in such mortal terror of Alva that they dared not raise a finger to help the prince. Not a city opened its gates to the deliverer. Little forage could be obtained; the German hirelings were clamorous for either plunder or pay, but only fruitless skirmishes were possible.

On one occasion, a rear-guard of three thousand men, whom Orange had left to protect the

passage of the army across a river, was suddenly surrounded and cut to pieces by a detachment under Don Frederic. Excited by this success, the young officer sent an importunate message, begging his father to advance with the rest of the army and finish all the rebels at once. But Alva angrily refused, and swore by the head of the king that if another such message were sent, it should prove the death-warrant of the bearer. This was the only considerable fight during the whole campaign. It cost the insurgents about three thousand lives, besides that of the gallant Hoogstraaten. Only a few days before, as he was sitting at supper with Louis of Nassau, he pretended to believe that there was no need of the late retreat in Friesland. "We have now been many days in the Netherlands," said he, "and yet we have seen nothing of the enemy but their backs." Louis was naturally somewhat annoyed by this playful teasing, and replied rather crustily, "When the duke does break loose, I warrant you will see their faces soon enough, and remember them for the rest of your days."

Since the prince could effect nothing in the Netherlands under existing circumstances, the Huguenot officers desired him to lead his troops into France, and aid the struggling Protestants in that country. But his German hirelings had no fancy for going further, and demanded to be conducted home again. They were accordingly disbanded at Strasburg. The prince was obliged even to pawn his camp equipage, plate, and furniture toward making up arrears of pay ; he gave his sacred promise hereafter to pay the full amount due. A band of twelve hundred horse decided to follow the prince to France, whither he went early the next spring, accompanied by Louis and their younger brother. Henry, then a college-boy of eighteen.

Alva went back to Brussels triumphantly, and celebrated his own achievements with gay festivals, in which the people doubtless had little heart to join. But whether cordially or otherwise, they were forced to put on smiling faces and holiday attire, while the church bells, that of late had been almost always tolling,

now rang their merriest peals over the governor-general's triumph.

To the mind of the duke, however, these transient demonstrations seemed entirely inadequate for the occasion, and he set about preparing a lasting memorial of his glorious deeds. He ordered a colossal statue of himself to be fashioned out of the cannon captured at Jemmingen, and modestly inscribed it as follows:—

“To Ferdinand Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, Governor of the Netherlands under Philip the Second, for extinguished sedition, chastised rebellion, restored religion, secured justice, established peace,—to the king's most faithful minister this monument is erected.”

Unfortunately for his hopes, this monument came to an untimely end before many years had passed.

Of late, many princes of the German empire had been urging the emperor to use his influence with the king of Spain in behalf of the Netherlands. They insisted that these provinces, being included in a “circle” of the empire, —that of Burgundy,—were clearly entitled to

all the toleration granted by the religious peace of 1555, under which Upper Germany had ever since been free from persecution of any sort. The emperor Maximilian was naturally of a kind and benignant temper; he assured the princes that he had considered the matter, and was about to send his brother, the archduke Charles, on a special mission to "his beloved cousin and brother-in-law," Philip of Spain.

Late in the autumn, the archduke went to Madrid, and had his first audience in the month of December, 1568. The emperor had instructed him to speak with earnestness and decision in his name, as well as in the names of the princes of the empire. He was to urge the right of the Netherlands to religious toleration, so far as it was enjoyed in the rest of the empire, to demand that the provinces should be governed with less severity, and to insist on the recall of the foreign troops. He was also to remonstrate especially against the ill-treatment of the Prince of Orange.

The king replied haughtily to the imperial envoy, that he had a right to manage his own

affairs, without being called to account by his neighbors. As to the idea of religious toleration, it was useless to speak of it. He should not yield so much as a hair's breadth, though the heavens were to fall. He had commissioned the Duke of Alva because it suited him to do so; he had sent the Spanish troops because they were needed to deal with his rebels; and he should keep that army where it was. The Prince of Orange had been at the bottom of all the mischief from first to last, and he should never pardon him, though the whole empire should go down on its knees to implore it.

This reply, in substance, was given January 20th, 1569. Three days afterward the archduke made a spirited rejoinder, insisting on his former positions. There is no knowing how the matter might have ended, but for an unexpected event which the emperor had not heard of when the archduke set out for Spain. The king had recently become a widower for the third time, by the death of his queen, Isabella of France. The emperor had in his large

family several marriageable daughters. No sooner had the news reached Vienna than the emperor instructed his envoy to offer Philip the hand of the archduchess Anne.

This young princess had once been promised to Philip's son, Don Carlos, whose mysterious death, in the preceding year, has been so generally attributed to the king's own hand. More recently there had been talk of marrying her to the king of France; but all other schemes were now dropped to snatch this chance of making her queen of Spain and the Indies. True, she was Philip's own niece, her mother, the empress Mary, being the daughter of Charles V. But this relationship seems to have been considered a very trifling objection in those days, shocking as such a marriage would be to us. The emperor hastened to smooth over the almost menacing language of his late communication by assuring the king that no offense was meant, and that he should be satisfied with his majesty's response, whatever it might be.

Accordingly the archduke Charles left Mad-

rid in March, well pleased that he had been successful in negotiating this eminently desirable match between uncle and niece, and that the king had made him a present of one hundred thousand crowns, though he had gained nothing for the suffering Netherlands, where during all this time scaffolds and stakes were as much in demand as ever.



## CHAPTER XIX.

*THE DUKE TRIES FINANCIERING.*

**E**ARLY in the same year, it happened that an officer of justice was following hard on the track of a poor Anabaptist, named Dirk Willemzoon, who, after being condemned to die for his religion, had somehow escaped. In the desperate race the hunted heretic had crossed a frozen lake, where at every step the ice threatened to give way under his flying feet. But he had just gained the bank, when the officer at his heels suddenly found himself sinking, and cried out for help. Poor Willemzoon was too much of a Christian to let his enemy perish before his eyes, and so, at the risk of his own life, he came back across the trembling and treacherous ice, and saved the officer. One would say that an act so noble should have gained his pardon, and had he

been a common criminal no doubt it might. But heresy was an offense for which nothing could atone. The rescued officer was forced again to arrest his magnanimous deliverer, who was burned alive in the following May. Four eminent clergymen of blameless life were about the same time executed with great solemnity at the Hague for favoring the new doctrines. These are but specimens of what was constantly going on.

A zeal like Alva's seemed to merit some special reward from Rome itself. Accordingly the pope sent the faithful governor-general a present of a jeweled hat and sword, together with a letter from his own hand, desiring him to "remember when he put the hat upon his head that he was guarded with it as with a helmet of righteousness, and with the shield of God's help, indicating the heavenly crown which was ready for all princes who supported the Holy Church and the Roman Catholic faith."

Apparently the duke was thus stimulated to fresh exertions. Orders were now issued to

the municipal authorities throughout the land to have every new-born infant baptized into the Romish faith within twenty-four hours. It was also enjoined that every dying person should receive the last sacraments, on pain of having his corpse dragged to the place of execution, and his estate confiscated. In short, nobody might presume either to enter or to depart this life without the seal of the Church of Rome.

Though the hostility to Alva's administration was general as well as intense, it had not hitherto been absolutely universal. It is true, the greater part of the Netherland population was Protestant in faith, and not a few of those who were sincere Romanists had suffered confiscation or death, in spite of their orthodoxy. Still, there were many who thus far contrived to escape martyrdom, and did not aspire to that now commonplace distinction. Provided they might keep their heads and estates, they would content themselves with whatever religion and government they might be allowed to have. But even these comfortable, easy,

tempered folks were roused up at last. It happened thus:—

The duke had not been completely satisfied with the proceeds of confiscations, large as they were. He had sometimes complained that even the incomparable Council of Blood did not pay. A good deal of the plunder inevitably stuck to the fingers of the functionaries employed in gathering it up. That promised river of gold which was to have enriched barren Spain, instead of gushing out "a yard deep" from its perennial fountain in the Netherlands, had proved only a miserable and insignificant rill, which threatened to dry up entirely.

It was painful to think what would become of Spain in that case. Though Philip was master of half the world, he used to be sorely puzzled as to "how to make the two ends meet." It is amusing to read over a memorandum\* still extant in his own peculiarly awkward handwriting, wherein his financial perplexities are ruefully set forth. He was making a rough es-

\* Quoted by Motley.

timate of probable expenses and income for the two years 1560 and 1561. Some ten million nine hundred and ninety thousand ducats were likely to be required, while he could count upon an income of only about one million three hundred and thirty thousand. "Thus," concluded the king, "there are nine million less three thousand ducats which I may look for in the sky, or try to raise by inventions already exhausted."

The case looked rather doleful, to be sure, especially as the deficit was greater by six hundred and sixty-three thousand than the royal blunderer had reckoned it, which may be seen by any schoolboy who will take the trouble to perform this little example in subtraction. Considering that Philip possessed all the New World and half of Europe, one would say his estates were very badly managed, to yield only so paltry a revenue. Indeed, the political economy of despots in general appears strongly to resemble the short-sighted avarice of that woman in the fable, who killed her hen that daily laid a golden egg, hoping thus to get all

the gold in a lump. Precisely this experiment had been going on in the Netherlands, and Alva was greatly astonished, like the woman aforesaid, that its results should prove so meager.

Yet, nothing daunted by his ill-success, the duke had now contrived a fresh plea for raising money. It was beautifully simple, like many other great theories and principles, but if there was any truth in figures, it must yield regularly at least two millions a year, besides paying all the expenses of the provincial government. It was merely direct taxation, according to the following method.

First of all, taxes must hereafter be imposed arbitrarily by the crown, not, as of old, by the estates themselves. To be sure, the provinces had a very stiff and absurd prejudice in favor of the latter method, but of course all that must be done away. The taxation was to be according to the following scale, viz. : —

First, *one per cent.* upon all property, of whatever description, to be paid immediately. This was not to be repeated, unless Alve

should find it convenient to exact it a second time.

Secondly, *five per cent.* upon every transfer of real estate. This was to be perpetual.

Thirdly, *ten per cent.* upon every article of merchandise or personal property, to be paid *every time it should be sold.* This last tax was also to be perpetual.

No sooner were these decrees laid before the estates convened for that purpose in Brussels, March 20th, 1569, than there went up a universal cry of consternation and despair. Catholic and Protestant saw themselves alike involved in one indiscriminate ruin. Clearly, it was all over with money-making in the Netherlands. Possibly the tax of the hundredth penny might be endured for once, heavy as it would be. But to be forced to hand over to government the twentieth part of the price of a lot of land, or a dwelling, every time it should be sold, was altogether outrageous and intolerable. As to paying the tenth penny upon all articles of traffic whatever, nobody could find words to express what they felt. It would amount to an

endless though piecemeal confiscation. Who could calculate how many times over, in the course of a single year, an article might be taxed to its full value? Who could afford to buy or sell at all?

The deputies went home to their respective constituencies and told their story. It stirred up an excitement more universal, if not more violent, than all which had gone before, for people who were not very tender in the conscience nevertheless had sufficient sensibility in the region of the pocket. The Netherlands had indeed become well inured to many forms of oppression before this time. For more than a year, the entire nation had been under sentence of death, and, as Motley says, was well aware that "its universal neck might at any moment be laid upon the block without ceremony." People had dwelt under the shadow of the gibbet, or within the lurid glare of martyr-fires, so long that such almost seemed the normal mode of existence. But this was a new terror, and it fell upon everybody. Petitions, remonstrances, and memorials poured in upon

the duke in overwhelming numbers. Even the usually pliant and obsequious Viglius was bold to speak out now. He told the duke plainly that such a system could never be enforced. But none the less did Alva adhere to his darling project.

The estates yielded so far as to promise the hundredth penny for once. And at the end of the three months, the various provincial assemblies had been so much worried and bullied by the governor-general that they gave a provisional consent, though under protest, to the imposition of the tenth and twentieth penny, not expecting, however, that the conditions would ever be fulfilled.

But the city and province of Utrecht would not yield a hair's breadth. They promised to pay a handsome amount instead of the odious assessment, but to the tax itself they would never submit. In order to bring them to terms, Alva quartered a regiment of Spanish troops upon the city. It was expected that their insufferable insults and outrages would soon convince the Utrecht people that it would

be better to pay the tax than to endure the soldiers. However, they held out so stoutly that the city and province were at the end of the year pronounced guilty of high treason, deprived of all charters and privileges, all public and private property, real or personal, and, in short, everything. In July, 1570, the sentence took effect, and Utrecht was outlawed and beggared. As a last appeal, it sent envoys to the king. He refused their petition, but graciously forbore to take off their heads, which was more than could have been expected. Spain was a country from whose bourn few Netherland travelers returned in those days.

Notwithstanding the fate of Utrecht, the other provinces were not long in withdrawing their reluctant and provisional consent to the permanent tax. Alva threatened savagely, but at last matters were compromised by an agreement that the provinces should pay two millions a year for the next two years, instead. So, until near the close of this interval, the matter was suffered to rest.

About this time, the king concluded to try

the effect of an amnesty, for so many people had now been put to death, so many estates confiscated, that the thing seemed to be growing somewhat of an old story. Toward the close of 1569, therefore, he sent to Alva four different forms of pardon, out of which he was to select the one most approved. The duke considered the matter at his leisure. After six or eight months had elapsed, the long-anticipated amnesty was solemnly proclaimed at Antwerp.

It was the 14th of July, 1570. An immense display was made on the occasion, considering what a trifling amount of mercy was to be exhibited. There was first a splendid procession, and a sermon in the cathedral, which occupied the forenoon. After dinner came the great proclamation itself. The duke sat in magnificent state, upon a spacious platform covered with scarlet and gold. At his feet stood two very beautiful women attired as if for an allegorical tableau, who were understood to represent righteousness and peace. These sometimes conflicting attributes were of course supposed

to be harmoniously united in the present amnesty. A great number of military officers and soldiers lined the staircase and platform. All Antwerp thronged around, waiting breathlessly to hear its pardon, which was read by a civil officer standing between two heralds. It soon appeared that in order to obtain the royal clemency, one must be reconciled to the Romish Church. This was the thing of all others which most of the offenders would never do. Furthermore, there were so many exceptions that nearly everybody was excluded, unless, indeed, such would of their own accord come and confess their crime, within six months, when they might hope to have their case considered.

On the whole, there was great parade and little pardon. Innocent individuals might be forgiven, provided the pope should approve. The guilty might deliver themselves up without delay, and the Blood Council would see about them. This prospect was not sufficiently flattering to allure the wandering sheep back to the fold. The green pastures of Rome were

hard by its reeking slaughter-house ; its shepherds had blood upon their hands. And so the strayed lambs were afraid to come back at their call.

Even Viglius was dissatisfied with the amnesty, though he himself was supposed to be one of the just persons who need no repentance. "Certainly," wrote he to his confidential friend Hopper, "a more benignant measure was to be expected from so merciful a prince. After four years have passed, to reserve for punishment and for execution all those who during the tumult did not, through weakness of mind, render as much service to government as brave men might have offered, is altogether unexampled."

Philip had expected great things from the effect of the amnesty on the popular mind. But the infinitesimal amount of mercy which he had condescended to offer was utterly inadequate to efface the bitterness of infinite outrages and wrongs. So the measure amounted to nothing at all.

Just about this time, the benign monarch of

Spain arranged a clever little tragedy, which was secretly performed in the prison of Simancas. The central figure of the bloody drama was Baron Montigny; the other principal personages were the executioner, priest, physician, guards, etc. We have not space to rehearse the several acts in full. They were elaborately prepared by the royal author, even to the minutest details, and were so faithfully performed that he was delighted with his own ingenuity. Some three years before, the other of the two envoys, Marquis Berghen, had been so fortunate as to die of a fever, and the king now caused the public to be informed that the Seignior Montigny had departed this life in the same manner. The royal lie was generally believed for nearly three centuries, but recent explorations in the Spanish archives have exhumed the entire tragedy, duly set forth in the king's own handwriting. In a secret letter relating to Alva the history of this dark deed, the king remarked with great complacency that not a person in Spain doubted that Montigny had died of a fever. He piously added that accord-

ing to the accounts given of the baron's last moments, it might be hoped that God would have mercy on his soul.

Late in the autumn of 1570, the Netherlands were visited with the most destructive inundation they had ever known. There had been a violent north-west wind for weeks, by which the waters of the North Sea had been driven shoreward, until at last the dikes gave way and the ocean poured in upon the land. Many cities were well-nigh buried in the waves. All Friesland was converted into a raging sea, for the time, in which dwellings, animals, and human beings, both the living and the dead, were engulfed together. Here and there some tower or tree-top rose above the angry flood,—the precarious refuge to which clung many a despairing wretch who had lost everything but life. As the flood commenced on the day of All Saints, the Spaniards declared it was the judgment of Heaven on heretics. It was estimated that one hundred thousand persons perished.

## CHAPTER XX.

### *THE "SPECTACLES" STOLEN.*

**H**E Prince of Orange was now again in Germany. Circumstances had called him back from France, in the autumn of 1569 ; and in the disguise of a peasant, with only five attendants, he had accomplished the dangerous journey.

Count Louis had remained under the banners of Coligny. The next year, when that great Huguenot leader lay seemingly at the point of death, all to whom the cause was dear thought of the young Count of Nassau as his fitting successor. But the admiral recovered ; and the Huguenots were beguiled into a hollow and treacherous peace, which was to prepare the way for the long-intended massacre. The French monarch even pretended that he was going to embrace the cause of the Netherland

people against Alva, and held long consultations with Coligny on the best plan for invading the Low Countries. Not only the sanguine Louis of Nassau, but even the sagacious admiral himself, was deceived.

Meanwhile, from his asylum in Germany, the prince was intently watching the course of affairs in the provinces. His secret correspondent, Paul Buys, pensionary of Leyden, used to inform him of all that was going on; and through his agency the prince frequently exchanged letters with leading personages all over the country. They had devised various means of concealing the true nature of their correspondence from any chance reader; for in those days it was always to be taken into the account that one's letters were likely to be intercepted. The duke of Alva was invariably mentioned as "Master Powels van Alblas," Orange himself was called "Martin Willemzoon," the queen of England they designated as "Henry Philipzoon," the king of Denmark as "Peter Petersen." Instead of mentioning any particular month of the year by name, they called it after

some sign of the zodiac. Thus they contrived to mystify their letters, so that, to any one not in the secret, they must have seemed perfect nonsense.

Before going to France, the prince had commissioned some privateers to cruise against Spanish merchant-ships. Admiral Coligny had subsequently given him many useful suggestions as to the best mode of conducting privateer warfare ; and on returning, the prince issued very strict orders about discipline to his several commanders. This was the beginning of what was destined to become a famous navy.

For the present, Orange was personally in a reduced and forlorn condition, like the cause to which he had devoted his all. His Dutch estates had been confiscated, his private effects had been sacrificed to defray the charges of his fruitless campaign, and he was still deeply involved. To his enemies, at least, he seemed only the wasted shadow of the stately grandee who had once lived almost like a king. He was an exile and an outlaw. Instead of having a splendid retinue of nobles, he had scarcely

menial servants to attend him. From one of his private letters Motley quotes a passage showing his straitened circumstances. "Send by the bearer," he wrote, "the little hackney given me by the admiral; send also my two pairs of trunk-hose,—one pair is at the tailor's to be mended, the other pair you will please order to be taken from the things which I wore lately at Dillenburg. They lie on the table with my accouterments. If the little hackney be not in condition, please send the gray horse with the cropped ears and tail."

Amid the most depressing circumstances, however, the prince was uniformly serene and hopeful, for his trust was in God. With quiet perseverance he continued, during those two gloomy years, to send agents to every quarter where there was any prospect of obtaining aid. Little by little, funds were coming in, and though his envoys to Sweden and Denmark received no encouragement, he was not prevented from despatching them to the various courts of Germany on the same errand.

Early in the year 1571, the duke's favorite

scheme of taxation was agitated again. The two years during which the commutation was to be accepted would close with the month of August. What should be done next?

"Why, of course you are hereafter to pay the tenth and twentieth pence, just as you agreed to do," pronounced the duke.

"Not at all, your excellency," replied the people. "That is precisely what we then refused to promise, and do refuse still. We are not niggardly, but we will never submit to be saddled with a permanent tax like that. When the king needs money, let him present his request to the estates of the realm, as our constitutions require, and as his majesty's predecessors have always done."

The Dutch would not give way, neither would the duke. They persisted in repudiating his abominable tax, and he proceeded, on July 31st, 1571, to ordain that it should be at once enforced. The collision was tremendous. The whole nation rose like one man, to protest against such tyranny. People felt tolerably sure that the measure was the governor-

general's, rather than the king's. Even in Madrid many severe remarks had been made about it, which, of course, had been reported in the Netherlands. Viglius himself, though he had never before been supposed to have any "back-bone" at all, now stood stiff and stanch on the popular side. He had the shrewdness to discern that the wind was about to change, and shaped his course accordingly.

About this time Alva was officially informed that in compliance with his repeated request to be relieved, the Duke of Medina Coeli had been appointed governor in his stead. But as his successor could not immediately enter upon his duties, Alva was desired to continue his valuable services still. The duke's position of late had been far from agreeable. His present policy was unsustained by a single person of influence, he was hated with almost superhuman energy by the whole population, and even the king was growing cool toward him. It was but natural that he should be anxious to retire.

The several provinces sent envoys to confer with the king personally in regard to the tax.

Of course this was done without the duke's leave. His majesty reprimanded the envoys for having ventured to come thus, and caused them to understand that he was displeased with their remonstrances. Yet they were assured that the king would consider the subject. Meanwhile, he did not decide that the tenth penny must be paid, neither did he say it need not be. So the general posture of affairs remained unchanged.

In fact, the uproar was so formidable that Alva soon remitted the tax upon four very important articles of traffic, viz., grain, meat, wine, and beer. It was also removed from raw material used in manufactures. Yet, since the tax was obviously no less unconstitutional than before, the provinces persisted in refusing to pay a stiver of it. Rather than submit to the imposition, they would sell no goods at all.

So the people coolly shut up their shops altogether. "The brewers refused to brew," says an historian of that day, "the bakers to bake, the tapsters to tap." Business was at a dead lock. Every branch of industry was paralysed.

Immense numbers of persons thus thrown out of employment were forced to beg.

Alva was beside himself with rage at the obstinacy of the Dutch shop-keepers and merchants. He resolved that a few of these stiff-necked tradesmen in Brussels should at least be compelled to furnish a wholesome example to the rest. So one evening in the beginning of April, 1572, he privately summoned Master Carl, the public executioner. "Make ready this very night," said the wrathful duke, "eighteen ropes, and as many ladders twelve feet in length. To-morrow morning I will have you hang up a dozen or two of these obstinate butchers and bakers in their own shop-doors." Then he sent Don Frederic to wake up President Viglius, that he might make out the warrants for these *impromptu* executions. But while these fatal preparations were in progress, there came news which put a stop to the governor-general's highly original measures for reviving business. The rebels had captured Brill.

Some three years before, the Duke of Alva

had fallen into a furious quarrel with the Queen of England. It must be confessed that Elizabeth had given provocation sufficient to stir up a meeker nature than his. By chance certain Spanish merchantmen, having on board eight hundred thousand dollars for the payment of Philip's Netherland army, were chased by some French privateers, and found shelter in an English port. They were afraid to put to sea again, because they knew the privateers were lying in wait to pounce upon them, so they had their case represented to the queen. Her majesty promised to attend to it, and forthwith laid hands upon the specie in their charge, which she coolly appropriated to her own benefit. To the Spanish ambassador residing at her court she explained this proceeding in two separate ways, either of which he might accept, according to his own taste. In the first place, she had taken the money in charge, to be kept safe for her royal brother of Spain. Secondly, the treasure was not Philip's at all, but belonged to certain Genoese merchants, who had loaned it to her.

Alva, being particularly in need of funds, was ready to burst with rage when he heard the story. By way of retaliation, he commanded to arrest every English subject in the Netherlands, and to confiscate all English property there. But two could play at this game, and Elizabeth at once ordered that all Netherlanders in her realms should be treated in the same way. Of course the commerce of both countries suffered immensely while the long quarrel was going on.

In fact, Elizabeth had more reason to be on bad terms with Philip than she was aware of at that time. It appears that her royal brother-in-law cherished the design of seizing and putting her to death, in order to place Mary of Scotland upon the throne, and restore England to the Church of Rome. The pope pronounced it a holy undertaking, and gave it his heartiest benedictions. One assassin after another was hired and sent over to do the deed, but in vain. The conspiracy was detected, but Philip's share in the plot remained a secret.

In the beginning of 1572, matters were be-

ginning to look like an amicable adjustment of this quarrel between Elizabeth and Alva. The English government was urged to withhold supplies from the Netherland privateers that often visited its ports. Admiral de la Marck, with twenty vessels, was at this very time lying upon the southern coast of England. Accordingly, near the close of March, Elizabeth forbade her subjects to supply the rovers of de la Marck with bread, meat, or beer. Of course, nothing remained but for the privateers to set sail for some more hospitable shore. Being very hungry, their first thought was to get something to eat. They steered for the coast of North Holland, meaning merely to make a sudden foray, supply themselves with provisions, and be off. But the wind prevented their reaching their intended port, and so, about two o'clock in the afternoon of April 1st, 1572, the fleet appeared at the entrance of the Meuse, before the town of Brill, now called Briel.

Brill did not know what to make of its unexpected visitors. The squadron numbered twenty-four sail. The vessels looked neither

like Spanish ships nor like traders. Peter Koppelstock, a ferryman accustomed to ply between Brill and a town on the opposite shore, gave it as his opinion that the strangers were the famous "beggars" of the sea. Everybody stood aghast at that terrible name, but Peter Koppelstock declared that he was going to find out who they were, anyhow. So, rowing boldly out to the fleet, which had now dropped anchor, he hailed one of the vessels.

This vessel happened to be under the command of William de Blois, Seignior of Treslong, whose father had once been the governor of Brill, and who knew Koppelstock very well. As the men were on the point of starvation, it was necessary to get speedy supplies, in some way. Treslong now persuaded Admiral de la Marck to send a message demanding the surrender of the city of Brill. Accordingly the ferryman, who secretly favored the patriot cause, rowed back to the shore, pushed through the crowd of agitated spectators at the landing, and made his way directly to the town-house, where he delivered his message to the assem-

bled magistrates. He contrived to convey the impression that the rebel cruisers numbered about ten times as many as they really did; and though the city was well fortified, the idea of resistance was instantly dropped. Some proposed to negotiate, others advised to fly. Finally, having sent two deputies to arrange matters with the bold invaders, the burghers meanwhile gathered up their valuables, and departed. De la Marck had given them two hours to consider whether or not they would surrender to him as admiral of the prince. When the time was up, these "beggars of the sea" appeared before the walls, but they found nobody to reply to their summons. A few of the lower class remained in the city, but they were incompetent either to surrender or defend it. Treslong led one division of the little force against the southern gate, and presently effected an entrance. The other party, led by the admiral, set fire to the northern gate, and the timbers having been partially burned, they battered it down with the end of an old mast. The siege lasted scarcely an hour; before the

sun went down, Brill was in the hands of the patriots.

The “ beggars ” behaved with much moderation, in this first conquest on shore. No citizen was harmed that day, though thirteen ecclesiastics were imprisoned, and finally executed, by order of the savage admiral. The hungry officers and men quartered themselves in the deserted mansions of the rich burghers, where they probably did not spare either larders or wine-cellars. They afterwards indulged their hatred of the Romish religion by sacking the churches. Treslong carried off the golden chalices of the sacrament, to use for drinking-cups in his cabin. Another captain, named Adam van Haren, paraded his vessel’s deck arrayed in one of the magnificent chasubles which the priests used to wear at high mass.

When the news reached Brussels, Alva was perfectly furious. It had never occurred to him that the rovers whom, at his own request, the Queen of England had so obligingly expelled from her ports, could possibly perpetrate such a piece of mischief as this. It was necessary

to lay aside the eighteen ropes and ladders which Master Carl was preparing, as well as the death-warrants which President Viglius was reluctantly making out. It would never do to let the rebels hold Brill, and Count Bossu, stadt-holder of Holland and Zealand, was instantly sent off to recover it.

Very naturally, the people of Brussels regarded this capture as the best piece of news that had reached their ears for a long time, and they took care that the duke should not soon hear the last of it. The word "Brill," as it happened, was the same as the Flemish name for *spectacles*. A caricature was soon flying all over the city, in which de la Marck was represented as adroitly stealing the duke's spectacles from his very nose, while Alva was exclaiming with affected indifference, as he often did when secretly chagrined,— "It is nothing! it is nothing!" Moreover, as the capture had taken place on the first day of April, they made up and repeated a provoking couplet to this effect:—

"On April Fool's day  
Duke Alva's spectacles were stolen away."

Little as he anticipated it, the governor-general was destined never to get back his stolen spectacles. Count Bossu took ten companies of soldiers from Utrecht, and four days after the capture,—on Easter Sunday, April 6th,—he summoned Brill to surrender. The patriots hesitated to sally forth against the Spaniards, for their own force numbered only two or three hundred men. But they called in the ocean to their rescue. In the city there was a carpenter whose heart had long been with the patriot cause, and he found a rare chance to serve it now. Boldly plunging into the river, ax in hand, he swam to the Niewland sluice. Only a few strokes of the hatchet from his stalwart arm were needed to hack open the gate, and the water poured in upon the land to such a depth that the city could not be approached on the northern side at all. The Spaniards then made their way along the top of the Niewland dike to the southern gate, but here they received so warm a salute from the artillery that they began to wish themselves somewhere else. At the same moment, they discovered that Tres-

long had contrived to set some of the ships on fire, and cut the rest adrift, and also that the sea was already overflowing the dike,—their only foot-hold. In the headlong panic that followed, many slipped from the narrow causeway and perished in the waves, but the greater part of the force managed to escape by means of a few vessels not yet out of reach. So ended this attempt to recover Brill. No sooner was the danger past than the admiral mustered the citizens, many of whom had already returned, and made them swear allegiance to the Prince of Orange, as *stadholder for his majesty*,—an office which William had filled for many years before going to Germany, as the reader will doubtless remember.

The prince had long wished to get possession of some seaport as a basis of operations, and Brill was well suited to his purpose. But he doubted whether de la Marck would be able to hold it, with the slender resources at his command. Indeed, the admiral would never have thought of seizing, and much less of retaining

the town, but for the influence of Treslong. As it turned out, however, the Spaniards never recovered Brill again, and its capture ushered in a long train of successes to the patriot cause.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### *SUNSHINE AND STORM.*

**F**LUSHING, a very important town on the Isle of Walcheren, having heard what Brill had done, at once took courage to drive out the small Spanish garrison quartered there. As it happened, however, the troops had but just been expelled from the gates, when some Spanish ships arrived in the harbor, bringing a large reinforcement, in order to finish the fortress which Alva had commenced in Flushing some time before. By way of intimating the present temper of the people toward their foreign visitors, a poor simple, half-drunken fellow was permitted to fire off two pieces of artillery at the Spanish vessels. The new-comers, altogether confounded at the unexpected position of affairs, in sudden panic stood away toward Middelburg,

and soon disappeared. The city at once sent envoys to the Prince of Orange, and in the mean time obtained a small number of men from de la Marck to form a garrison. Half the isle of Walcheren soon renounced Alva's authority. Next, Enkhuyzen, the chief arsenal of the Netherlands and the key of Zuyder Zee, went over to the party of Orange. Almost simultaneously nearly all the chief cities of Holland and Zealand threw off the yoke, and many towns of Gelderland and Friesland, as well as other provinces, soon followed their example in vowing allegiance to the prince and accepting garrisons from him. The new magistrates were required to swear fidelity to the king of Spain, and to the Prince of Orange, as stadholder for his majesty; for William now resumed, upon his own responsibility, the office he had formerly held. They were further to vow hostility to the duke, the "tenth penny," and the inquisition, "to support every man's freedom and the welfare of the country, to protect widows, orphans, and miserable persons, and to maintain justice and truth."

Thus the rebellion was against Alva, rather than Philip. The blame of the misery under which the land groaned was laid chiefly at the door of the governor-general, where in truth much of it belonged. Let the king but have the provinces governed according to their ancient constitutions, which at his accession he had solemnly sworn to maintain, and the people would ask no more. As yet, it was not revolution they wanted, but reform.

The prince himself was still in Germany, raising troops and funds. He now sent Diedrich Sonoy to Enkhuyzen, as his lieutenant-governor for North Holland. His written instructions were “to see that the word of God was preached, *without, however, suffering any hindrance to the Roman Church in the exercise of its religion*; to restore fugitives and the banished for conscience’ sake, and to require of all magistrates and officers of guilds and brotherhoods an oath of fidelity.” In the formula of that oath, drawn up by the prince himself, intolerance was again expressly prohibited. “Like-

wise shall those of ‘the religion’ offer no let or hindrance to the Roman churches.”

Near the end of May, 1572, the gallant Louis of Nassau by a sudden and brilliant stratagem captured Mons. This was the capital of Hainault, and was situated near the frontier of France. Not only its location, but also its strong defenses, and its great wealth, rendered it a very important post.

The tidings reached Alva in the midst of thickening disasters at the north, and for the time he was almost frantic with wrath. As sailed in so many quarters at once, he hardly knew which way to turn. But it was clear that, come what would, Mons must not be abandoned, and so Don Frederic was at once despatched thither to lay siege to it.

Though Count Louis had abundance of courage, he had not a force sufficient to sustain a long siege. But the prince had now hired twenty thousand German soldiers for three months, and was on his way to the relief of his gallant brother. The king of France, moreover, had promised to do his utmost to aid

the Netherlands against Spain, so that there seemed much hope of success.

Toward the middle of June, the Duke of Medina Coeli arrived with a large fleet. The new-comers knew nothing of the recent events, until the cruisers captured a few of their smaller vessels. The new governor-general himself barely escaped being made prisoner; while a large fleet from Lisbon, entering the Scheldt just in the wake of the other, fell into the hands of the patriots of Flushing. This was a valuable prize, for, to say nothing of the rich cargo, there were on board five hundred thousand crowns in gold, besides a thousand Spanish soldiers, and a quantity of ammunition.

This capture was extremely vexatious to Alva, who was in desperate need both of money and men. He was at length compelled to give up trying to enforce his odious "tenth penny" tax, and in summoning a meeting of the estates-general, to be held at the Hague on the 15th of July, he stated that he was about to

propose, as a permanent arrangement, to take two millions a year instead of it.

However, it was now too late for such a compromise. The estates would have nothing more to do with the detested tyrant. They assembled on the day appointed, but it was in response to another call than his. William of Orange had convened them at Dort.<sup>1</sup> He sent Saint Aldegonde to the meeting, as his personal representative. The prince's policy was heartily adopted, and measures were at once taken to raise funds for sustaining the war against Alva. There was great enthusiasm among the people, and at present the skies looked bright for the patriot cause.

Yet the clouds were even then about to "return after the rain." The latter half of this year, whose spring had given such promise of reviving liberty, was dark indeed.

While the prince was advancing from Germany to the relief of Mons, a Huguenot force was also on the way thither from France. The two armies were to effect a junction before attempting to raise the siege. Unfortunately,

Genlis, the French commander, was hasty and over-confident, and this led to the destruction of his army and his own capture, when he had arrived within a few miles of Mons. More than a year afterward, Alva—imitating the method of Philip with Montigny—caused him to be secretly strangled in the castle of Antwerp, and reported that he had died a natural death.

The misfortune of Genlis, however, did not bring Count Louis to despair, for his brother of Orange was advancing to his relief, and the French king had promised to send an army under Admiral Coligny. But while William was delayed for want of funds to pay his troops, there came news of the terrible massacre of Saint Bartholomew. The stupendous crime plotted so long ago had been perpetrated at last. It had been done in frenzied haste, and without the co-operation of Spain, of course, and so the slaughter was not the universal extinction of Protestantism which had been originally designed. Yet not less than twenty-five thousand — some historians reckon the num-

ber much higher — of French Protestants had been butchered in cold blood by the royal command. Among them had perished the brave Coligny, and the other Huguenot chiefs.

The prince felt the awful stroke to his inmost soul. It was as if he had been felled to the earth "with the blow of a sledge-hammer," to quote his own words. There could no longer be any hope of aid from France ; Mons. must doubtless fall, and the campaign would end in gloom only the deeper from the contrast to its bright beginning. Yet Orange pursued his way, resolved if possible to provoke the Spaniards to a pitched battle, since their entrenchments were too strong to be forced, and Mons could not be succored so long as Alva kept his present position. But the duke refused battle as steadily as in the campaign four years before. There was, however, a night attack upon the prince's camp, in which some hundreds of men were slain, and he himself was only saved from capture by the watchfulness of a little spaniel in his tent.

At last his hireling soldiers absolutely re-

fused to remain another day where they were, and Orange was forced to retreat, not without danger to his person from his mutinous troops, whom he could only pay in the pledges given by various cities of Holland. Count Louis lay sick of a raging fever, within the walls, and Mons finally surrendered. The officers and troops were suffered to depart, and safety of life and property was promised to the citizens. But the cruel Noircarmes, the "butcher of Valenciennes," now undertook to settle matters in Mons, and, true to his nature, he set up a court after the pattern of the Blood Council, under whose decrees as many as ten or twenty persons, oftentimes, were hanged, beheaded, or burned in a single day. For nearly a whole year this bloody work went on. The proceeds of the heavy confiscations generally found their way to the pocket of Noircarmes himself.

The beautiful city of Mechlin had not long before accepted a garrison from the Prince of Orange, and as a punishment, Alva now gave it up to be sacked by his troops. They had been clamoring for pay, of late, but plunder

would serve equally well. The sack continued for three entire days. The brutal soldiery spared neither friend nor foe. Both Papists and Protestants were plundered and massacred with indiscriminating fury. The very churches and convents fared no better than at Antwerp in the days of image-breaking. Even the image of the virgin herself was stripped, the splendid robes of the priests, the sacramental cups, and whatever should have been sacred in their eyes, were profaned and rifled by these Roman Catholic soldiers. Consecrated gold and jewels were as good as any other to fill their pockets. No outrage was too atrocious for them to commit. It was an ultra-Catholic, named Jean Richardot, who related many of the horrible details to the state council. "I could say more," he remarked in concluding, "but my hair stands on end at the bare recollection of what I then beheld."

Don Frederic now proceeded to reduce those cities of the eastern and northern provinces which had lately embraced the patriot cause. Most of them yielded without a struggle. Zut-

phen attempted to resist, and was accordingly visited with a doom like that of Mechlin. "Burn every house to the ground, and leave not a single man alive!" ordered the angry duke, and Don Frederic executed the command almost to the letter. To butcher so many people was found somewhat laborious, and so certain wholesale modes of execution were contrived. Sometimes the victims were stripped of all clothing and turned out into the open fields to freeze to death. A great number could thus be despatched very conveniently in a single winter's night. One time they tied five hundred burghers in pairs, back to back, and threw them into the river like so many dogs. A few persons who had by some means escaped were recaptured. These were hung upon the gallows by the feet, to perish in agonies more lingering than even those of crucifixion. For days none dared approach the desolated city to learn its fate. "A wail of agony was heard above Zutphen last Sunday," wrote Count Nieuwenar to Count Louis, "a sound as of

a mighty massacre, but we know not what has taken place."

On the coast of the Zuyder Zee there was a little city called Naarden, which held for the prince. Its garrison and fortifications were very weak, but there were stout hearts within those feeble walls, and they boldly refused Don Frederic's summons to surrender. But afterwards, finding it impossible to get any aid from Sonoy, they were forced to think of submission. Julian Romero, a distinguished Spanish officer, was sent thither with five or six hundred men, and on receiving the keys of the city, solemnly pledged his word that the lives and property of the citizens should be respected. The soldiers were hospitably received to the private dwellings, and every matron prepared a sumptuous repast for her military guests. But no sooner had they risen from the bountiful tables of the Naarden burghers than they addressed themselves to the work of butchering their hosts in cold blood. Five hundred of the chief citizens had been assembled in a public hall as if to receive some communication from

Romero. These were all massacred on the spot. Then the building was set on fire, and the dead and dying were consumed together in the flames. Sometimes, by way of variety, the soldiers chopped their victims in pieces with axes, or tossed them upon their lances, or opened their veins and drank their blood. One eminent person saw his only son killed and the heart literally torn from his bosom, after which, with a cruel forbearance, the murderers spared the wretched father's life. When every conceivable cruelty and outrage had been perpetrated, Don Frederic crowned all by forbidding that the dead should have so much as a grave. Three weeks the heaps of mangled corpses lay festering in the streets, until at length there came orders to destroy the last vestige of the ruined city from off the face of the earth. Alva was proud and happy to report to the king that Don Frederic's troops "had cut the throats of the burghers and all the garrison, and that they had not left a mother's son alive."

After the Prince of Orange had been forced

to abandon the hope of relieving Mons, he had betaken himself, with the seventy horsemen who alone remained, to the province of Holland. Its people were true to him and to liberty still. In this hour of darkness and defeat he had returned to them, “resolved there to make his grave.”\* A consultation had been held with the estates, convened by his request at Harlem,—the heroic city whose day of anguish and of glory was now so nigh,—after which, establishing himself in the southern part of Holland, while Sonoy remained in the northern, he awaited what well might prove the final struggle of liberty with her mortal foe.

\* “*Ayant délibéré de faire illecq ma sépulture.*”—Quoted by Motley from a letter to Count John.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### *FALL OF HARLEM.*

**H**E victorious Spaniards whose weapons were still reeking from the recent massacres were now about to invest Harlem.

Count Bossu had taken the trouble to assure the obstinate Hollanders, in Alva's name, that those butcheries were perpetrated deliberately and on principle. A like doom awaited all the rebellious. But the menace overshot the mark. From the fate of Naarden it was plain that to submit was only to be led like sheep to the slaughter, and it could be no worse to resist. Being doomed in either case, they chose to die fighting. The hour was now at hand, and they gathered strength to face it, even from their very despair.

To capture Harlem would be to cut the province in twain, and thus render it impossible

for the rebels on either side to aid those on the other. It lay on the isthmus between the Zuyder Zee and the German Ocean, at a point where it is scarcely five English miles in breadth from shore to shore. Immediately west of the city there was a strip of rich meadow land, protected from the North Sea by dikes. On the east and south lay the Harlem Lake ;\* while on the north, separated from it only by a narrow thread of land, extended the waters of the Y, an inlet of the Zuyder Zee. A causeway or dike, running eastward along this slender isthmus between Harlem Lake and the Y Zee, connected the city with Amsterdam, ten miles distant. Half-way between the two were sluice-gates in the dike, by means of which the waters of the lake could be let into the estuary, and the country be submerged.

The base of the present military operations was to be Amsterdam, which Alva still held. Harlem was invested by Don Frederic, with

\* This body of water, which was about fifteen feet in depth and contained some seventy square miles, has in later times been drained, and converted into excellent pasture land.

thirty thousand men, early in December, 1572. Though it was one of the chief cities of the Netherlands in size and beauty, it was but poorly fortified. The walls were far from being strong, and their great extent only made it the more difficult to defend them with a small force. The garrison was considerably reinforced during the early part of the siege, under cover of a dense frozen fog which overhung the lake; but it never exceeded three thousand fighting men and one thousand pioneers. There was a little corps of fighting women, which, though numbering only three hundred, did a good deal of service during the long siege, both within and without the walls. These Amazons were all women of unblemished character, and their leader was a widow lady of distinguished family, named Kenau Hasselaer. They fought with swords, muskets, and daggers, and their desperate valor must have stimulated their brothers and husbands to the utmost.

Within a very few days after the city was invested, the prince gathered three or four thousand men at Leyden, fifteen miles to the

south, and sent them toward Harlem, under the command of our old friend de la Marck. On the way, and during a violent snow-storm, they were attacked by a strong Spanish force. They fought bravely, but were routed at last, one thousand of their number having been slain, and many made prisoners. The latter were carried off and hung upon gibbets erected for the purpose in full view of Harlem. One of the prisoners was a gallant officer named Baptist van Trier, for whose ransom de la Marck offered nineteen Spanish captives and two thousand crowns. Upon this intimation of the value of their prisoner to the rebels, the Spaniards proceeded to hang Van Trier upon the gallows by one leg until he was dead. De la Marck retaliated by gibbeting his nineteen Spaniards forthwith. This was a fitting prelude to the unspeakable horrors of the siege thus opened.

Meanwhile the friends of Harlem had done their best to aid it, by introducing provisions, ammunition, and other supplies, under cover of the wintry fog. These were generally

brought on sledges across the frozen lake, the command of which Harlem yet held. Near Amsterdam, there was considerable fighting upon skates, around some vessels temporarily frozen in. The Hollanders were very adroit in skating, which was altogether new to their enemies. However, Alva ordered seven thousand pairs of these novel appendages, and his men soon learned to use them.

Don Frederic had no idea that Harlem could hold out more than a week. Having placed his batteries, on the 18th of December he commenced a furious cannonade against the gate of the Cross, the gate of Saint John, and that portion of the wall connecting the two. About seven hundred shots were daily discharged. In the course of three days, the ancient and feeble walls were not a little shattered; but men, women, and children were working night and day to repair the gaps as fast as they were made. Masses of stone, bags of sand, heaps of earth, were thrown into every breach, and, much to the horror of the besiegers, even statues of

saints stripped from the churches. At length Don Frederic ordered a general assault.

Julian Romero headed a large storming-party, who advanced gallantly to the battered walls, expecting nothing else than to carry them at once. But Harlem was not to be so easily won. Before its frail battlements many thousands of Spaniards were yet to find a grave. At the signal for the assault, the church-bells instantly pealed a loud alarm, and all Harlem rushed to the walls. The Spaniards were encountered with missiles they had never dreamed of before. The burghers, in their desperation, had mustered weapons far more formidable than swords and fire-arms. As the storming-party strove to scale the ramparts, now manned by the entire population, great stones, live coals, and boiling oil were hurled down upon them. Hoops smeared with pitch and then set on fire were skillfully tossed, all blazing, upon their necks. Scorched and blinded by these flaming circlets, incessantly pelted with every possible missile that could wound or crush or burn, the assaulting party was finally forced to give way. Ro-

mero himself had lost an eye, and three or four hundred of his men lay dead in the breach, while scarcely half a dozen citizens had fallen. Don Frederic now perceived that the work before him was not simply a massacre. The city must first be captured. The gate of the Cross was fortified by a ravelin, and this he now proceeded to undermine.

A second effort was made to throw into the city reinforcements and supplies ; but the little army lost its way in the dense fog, and was destroyed by the Spaniards. Among the prisoners was De Koning, the second in command. The victors barbarously cut off his head and threw it to the besieged with this label attached : "This is the head of Captain De Koning, who is on his way with reinforcements for the good city of Harlem." The citizens were provoked to a retort more barbarous still ; for they, too, had taken prisoners in the frequent skirmishes outside the walls. A barrel was shortly thrown over into the enemy's camp, containing the heads of eleven Spaniards. It was labeled as follows :—

“Deliver these ten heads to Duke Alva, in payment of his tenth-penny tax, with one additional head for interest.”

The prince was constantly doing his utmost in behalf of the beleaguered city. From time to time the citizens received cheering messages, written on very small bits of paper, and brought by carrier-pigeons. On the 28th of January, 1573, a considerable supply of powder, and also of bread, was sent upon sledges across the lake, escorted by four hundred veteran soldiers. Meanwhile Don Frederic was busy in undermining the ravelin, while the citizens, aware of his subterranean approaches, were countermining in their turn. Many a deadly conflict occurred in those dim, underground passages, Spaniard and Netherlander grappling each other where there was scarcely room to wield a dagger. Sometimes, burrowing underneath the subterranean works of their foes, the citizens prepared secret magazines, whose sudden explosion destroyed hundreds at once.

Still the besiegers were making progress, and it became plain that in time the ravelin must

fall. The citizens had been building, by night, a half-moon of solid masonry just inside the gate that was threatened. Dark and cold as were those long winter nights, even feeble women and young children used to share the toil of constructing this new defense. It was finished just in time.

On the 31st of January, Don Frederic ordered a midnight assault. The cannonading had lately been resumed ; the walls were somewhat shattered ; and the gate of Saint John was partially destroyed. Don Frederic was confident of carrying the city, and expecting there would be a great panic among the people, he ordered the entire army under arms to seize the fugitives. But the fierce and unexpected onset was unflinchingly sustained by the forty or fifty sentinels upon the walls, until the citizens were roused by the alarm-bells. There was the same desperate warfare as before. Fire-brands, melted pitch, clubs, and stones were poured in deadly profusion upon the assailants. The late dawn of the winter morning found the struggle still going on.

Then the Spanish trumpets sounded a general assault. There was a tremendous rush, and the ravelin was carried at last. At that moment the besiegers first discovered a new fortification within, all bristling with cannon, which opened a deadly fire. In the same breath, the very ravelin for which they had struggled so long blew up with a tremendous explosion, filling the air with fragments of human bodies. There was no possibility of making head against resistance like this. The trumpets sounded a retreat, and the enemy withdrew.

It was now resolved to reduce the city by famine. Already its provisions were beginning to fail, so that every inhabitant was put upon a strict daily allowance of food. It was not likely that further supplies could be introduced, and, however stout-hearted, the citizens must yield to famine at last.

But the long sharp winter had made havoc among the Spaniards too. Severe hardships and scanty rations produced much sickness in camp, and the soldiers perished by thousands. Don

Frederic was even disposed to abandon the siege, and sent to ask his father's permission to withdraw, since Harlem was likely to cost more than it would be worth. The duke returned a sufficiently explicit reply. "Tell Don Frederic," said he, "that if he gives up that siege he is no son of mine. Should he fall, I will take his place myself, and when I too have perished, the duchess, my wife, shall come from Spain to carry it through."

So Don Frederic dutifully resumed the task. The Harlem burghers fought as if they positively enjoyed it. They even courted death with a desperate ardor, for to fall in battle seemed far less dreadful than to see nothing but starvation before them, to close the long vista of horrors. One day a party sallied forth under cover of a dense fog, and undertook to spike the guns of the chief battery before the very eyes of their foes. Every man of them soon lay dead on the spot, with hammer and spike still grasped in his stiffened hands. Don Frederic himself asserted that the best troops

in the world could do no more than did the plain burghers of Harlem.

In the spring, when the ice broke up, it was a great question who should hold Harlem Lake. So long as the prince could retain possession of it, there would be a possibility of supplies sometimes reaching the city, which otherwise must speedily fall. Or could the patriots by some means cut asunder the dike eastward of Amsterdam, over which came all its supplies; the duke's city might be starved in its turn. Alva was excessively uneasy lest this should be accomplished. "Since I came into the world," wrote he, "I have never been in such anxiety. If they should succeed in cutting off the communication along the dikes, we should have to raise the siege of Harlem, to surrender, hands crossed, or to starve."

It was not the fault of Orange that this was not effected. He sent Sonoy, with such volunteers as he could raise, to attack the Diemerdyk. The weak force was overpowered by superior numbers, in the temporary absence of its commander; but not until a brave fellow, called

John Haring, of Horn, had done a deed that deserves to be long remembered. There are a number of small lakes scattered through this low, swampy country, and one of them, called the Diemer Lake, approached so close to the Y that the dike alone separated the two bodies of water. At a certain point, where there was scarcely room for two persons to pass each other on the top of the dike, stout-hearted John Haring took his stand. With his single sword and shield he kept at bay a thousand Spaniards long enough for his own men to have rallied to his support, had not the day been already lost. As it was, after maintaining his ground upon the narrow and slippery causeway until the last of his fellow-soldiers had escaped, he plunged into the sea, and swam off unharmed. Horatius Cocles himself could not have done better than did this gallant Dutchman.

One day toward the end of March, the citizens sallied forth, one thousand strong, drove in the enemy's pickets, burned three hundred tents, seized seven cannon, nine standards, and many wagon-loads of provisions. Having killed

eight hundred of the enemy with almost no loss on their own side, after their return they indulged in a practical taunt aimed at their discomfited foe. Upon the ramparts, in full view of the enemy, they constructed a huge mound of earth in the form of a grave, and planted on its top the trophies of their foray, together with a banner inscribed, "*Harlem is the graveyard of the Spaniards.*"

So they themselves felt it to be. Thousands had already perished before its walls. "It is a war such as never before was seen or heard of in any land on earth," wrote Alva to the king. "Never was a place defended with such skill and bravery as Harlem." Don Frederic had of late been largely reinforced. His fleet, and that of the prince, made Harlem Lake alive with ships. There was continual skirmishing on the water, until, on the 28th of May, a decisive engagement took place, which made the Spaniards masters of the whole lake.

And now at length brave Harlem began to despair. Relief seemed impossible. Famine was at the very door. For a long time they had

lived on short allowance,—only one pound of bread daily for each man, and half a pound for each woman. But now there was no bread at all, no wholesome human food of any kind. They ate linseed and rapeseed at first; then cats, dogs, rats, and mice, so long as there were any of these unclean animals to be found. After that, they used to boil horse-hides and ox-hides; they devoured shoe-leather; they were fain to fill themselves with weeds and nettles from the graveyards. Day by day, people who looked like living skeletons while feebly moving about the streets would quietly sink down on the pavements and die, and nobody was shocked or surprised. The wonder was that any of them were still alive.

In this lingering agony the month of June wore away. Orange was still doing his utmost to bring relief, but he could not accomplish the impossible. On the first day of July the burghers sent deputies to confer with Don Frederic; but he would not hear of any compromise. Two days afterwards he cannonaded the town with tremendous energy, throwing in more than

one thousand balls. The wretched inhabitants wrote a letter *in blood* to their faithful prince, to tell him that they were at the last gasp, and raised a black flag on the tower of the cathedral in token of utter despair.. Yet a carrier-dove brought them a letter from Orange, begging them to hold out but two days longer. Four or five thousand burghers of Delft had volunteered to march to their relief, with four hundred wagon-loads of provisions. Unhappily, the carrier-doves bearing letters explaining the plan more fully were shot on the way by the Spaniards, and so Don Frederic was on the alert to intercept the promised relief. The expedition was totally defeated, with a heavy loss of life.

There was no more to be done. The heroic city must fall. The Harlem people had been looking death in the face for many months, yet a shuddering horror seized every heart when it was known that even Orange had given up all hope of saving them. And now the awful moment was close at hand when those miserable thousands must perish before each other's

eyes. They knew only too well what had been done at Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naarden. Fathers and mothers looked upon their helpless children, and thought what it would be to see the baby tossed to and fro upon Spanish pikes, or the heart torn from their boy's living breast before their very eyes. Wives and husbands, sisters and brothers, clung to each other with despairing grasp. Who could tell what extremity of torture and outrage each had yet to endure?

At first the men resolved to sally forth in a compact body, and die fighting. Perhaps some pity might be shown to the women and children, the sick and the aged ones, who would be left behind. But this plan was given up, for the mention of it caused such cries and entreaties from the helpless that it was impossible to abandon them. Then they determined to go all together to meet their death, the feeble being surrounded by the strong.

The besiegers found out these desperate schemes, and set themselves to prevent their execution. They had no mind to miss the long-

anticipated massacre. Unless the citizens were somehow cajoled into a speedy surrender, they might even burn up their city and themselves together. Accordingly Don Frederic caused a letter to be sent to the magistrates in the name of Count Overstein, commander of his German forces, solemnly promising forgiveness upon submission. So the wretched city surrendered at discretion on the 12th of July, 1573.

Don Frederic then proceeded to dispense the promised mercy, as follows. First, all the officers of the garrison were taken to head-quarters, and on the same day they were beheaded. The massacre proper began the next morning. Only about eighteen hundred of the garrison survived, and these, except six hundred Germans, were at once butchered. Five executioners, with their assistants, were kept hard at work for several days to dispatch the principal burghers. When they were worn out with their protracted labors, the last three hundred of the victims were tied in pairs, back to back, and drowned in Harlem Lake.

Twenty-three hundred persons were executed, according to Alva's own figures, and he thought himself astonishingly gracious in stopping there. Since the reduction of Harlem, weak as were its defenses, had cost seven months' time and twelve thousand Spanish lives, it was rather alarming to calculate what it would take to subdue the rest of the province.

There was great exultation in Spain over the fall of Harlem. Yet the Prince of Orange remained, as he was wont, "calm amid raging waves." "I had hoped to send you better news," he wrote to Count Louis; "nevertheless, since it has otherwise pleased the good God, we must conform ourselves to his divine will. I take the same God to witness that I have done everything, according to my means, which was possible, to succor the city." A short time afterwards, he announced the recent capture of the castle of Rammekeus, by the Zealanders. "I hope," added he, cheerfully, "that this will reduce the pride of our enemies, who, since the surrender of Harlem,

have thought that they were about to swallow us alive. I assure myself, however, that they will find a very different piece of work from the one which they expect."



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### *ALKMAAR SAVED.*

HE prediction of William was happily verified in the very next siege.

Alkmaar was a little city in the northern part of North Holland, and not far from the ancient castle and abbey of Egmont. About the time of the fall of Harlem, it was summoned to surrender, but boldly refused. Accordingly, as soon as the Spaniards had finished the massacre then on hand, and had recovered from the mutinous fit in which they usually indulged themselves after a victory, they proceeded to invest Alkmaar.

Before the close of August, the city was so closely beleaguered that, as Alva expressed it, not so much as a sparrow could make its way through the lines. Outside the walls lay an army of sixteen thousand veteran soldiers.

Within, there was a garrison of *eight hundred*, together with about thirteen hundred burghers capable of bearing arms. Thus the odds against Alkmaar were practically more than eight to one.

The duke felt that his mercy had been thrown away upon Harlem. He could not forgive himself for having lavished so much goodness on that ungrateful city. Considering that he had put to death only twenty-three hundred persons at the time of the surrender, and a few burghers afterward, he thought Harlem ought to have given him its whole heart. "If I take Alkmaar," he wrathfully declared, "I am resolved not to leave a single creature alive; the knife shall be put to every throat. Since the example of Harlem has proved of no use, perhaps an *example of cruelty* will bring the other cities to their senses."

So Alkmaar knew what to expect. Its friends outside were intensely anxious. Sonoy was lieutenant-governor in North Holland; but he, no less than everybody else, looked to the prince. The fate of Harlem had greatly de-

pressed the patriots, and they wondered how Orange could continue so calm and hopeful. "If your princely grace have made a contract for assistance with any powerful potentate," wrote Sonoy shortly before Alkmaar was invested, "it is of the highest importance that it should be known to all the cities, in order to put an end to the emigration, and console the people in their affliction."

The prince replied from Dort, under date of August 9th, 1573. "You ask," wrote he, with a serenity truly sublime, "if I have entered into a firm treaty with any great king or potentate, to which I answer, that before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces, I had entered *into a close alliance with the King of kings*; and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in him shall be saved by his almighty hand. The God of armies will raise up armies for us, to do battle with our enemies and his own." Then he stated his plans for resisting the enemy, and encouraged his lieutenant and people to hold out bravely, come what might.

There was only one way by which the citizens of Alkmaar could hope to make their enemies raise the siege. If they could open the great sluice-gates of the Zyp, and break down a few dikes, the surrounding country would soon be laid under water, and the invaders forced to withdraw. At this season of the year, while the crops were yet unharvested, an inundation would of course occasion an immense amount of damage. Yet, hoping that in so critical a moment the people would consent to the measure, letters were written to the prince on the subject, as well as to other leading persons. It was a matter of life and death, however, for any one to attempt passing the enemy's lines, and the citizens either had no carrier-doves, or feared to trust their missives to these unconscious messengers. At last a brave carpenter named Peter van der Mey offered to go, and hiding the letters in a hollow walking-stick, he set out on his perilous errand.

Don Frederic was diligently cannonading the city, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of September 18th, he ordered assaults to be made

simultaneously at two opposite points. The storming parties charged with tremendous shouts, sure of carrying the city at once. The choice regiments leading them had lately come from Lombardy, and were not acquainted with the Dutch mode of repelling assaults, else they would have been less confident.

Alkmaar mustered every living man upon her walls. As at Harlem, they encountered the assailants with all sorts of missiles that came to hand. They poured down boiling water, unslackled lime, melted lead, blazing pitch and oil, in addition to bullets and cannon-balls. Tarred and flaming hoops were dexterously tossed around the necks of the soldiers as they struggled to scale the wall. No sooner did a Spaniard set foot upon the ramparts than he was thrust through by some bold burgher, and hurled headlong into the moat. The women and children continually moved amid the flying balls, supplying the men with ammunition, and whatever else could aid in the desperate strife. Three times the charge was renewed, each successive onset being more furious than

the last, and as often was it repulsed by the plain citizens of Alkmaar. After four hours' fighting, darkness forced the Spaniards to retreat. They left at least one thousand men dead before the walls, while only thirteen citizens and twenty-four of the garrison had fallen.

The next day, after throwing in some hundred shots, Don Frederic again ordered an assault. But his troops felt that they had done enough at that kind of fighting. It was not to their taste to be scalded and burnt. Besides, they had been seized with a superstitious fear of the bold heretics, whom the powers of darkness had evidently undertaken to defend. In vain the trumpets sounded the attack; the troops would not advance, even though a few of the soldiers were actually run through the body by their own officers for the refusal. It was thus settled that Alkmaar could not be carried by storm.

The carpenter with his walking-stick reached the prince in safety, and it was ordered that the country should be inundated, if Alkmaar could not otherwise be saved. The great sluices were

opened, and a number of the dikes were pierced. The prince wrote to the citizens that should the time arrive when they could no longer hold out, they had only to kindle four beacon-fires in certain places within the city, as a signal. The two great dikes which alone remained in that case would immediately be broken through, and the Spaniards must either decamp or be drowned where they were.

But Peter van der Mey had a very dangerous time in returning to the city, and though he escaped with his life, he lost the precious walking-stick, with the letters inside. However, this proved rather a fortunate circumstance. The Spaniards, having thus found out that they were sure to be swept into the sea if they remained where they then were, concluded to be moving. On the 8th of October they raised the siege, and brave little Alkmaar was saved.

Within three days afterwards, the patriots also gained a victory over the fleet of Admiral Bossu, on the Zuyder Zee. The Spanish vessels, numbering about thirty sail, were lying near Horn and Enkhuyzen. Most of these

were larger and more heavily armed than those of the patriot fleet, which numbered but twenty-five in all. On the afternoon of October 11th, the Dutch found a favorable opportunity to attack their foes at close quarters, and after a short general engagement, the Spanish fleet was routed and five vessels taken.

Admiral Bossu, being himself a Hollander, though not at this time a patriot by any means, scorned to flee before his victorious countrymen. His ship, a very large vessel named "The Inquisition," was grappled by four of the smaller Dutch ships, at the same time. One of these was soon forced to give way, but the other three fastened themselves inextricably to the sides and prow of their foe. All night long the fierce action raged, while all the four vessels drifted together before wind and tide. In the gray of dawn, gallant John Haring of Horn, the hero of the Diemerdyk, contrived to clamber on board the Inquisition and haul down her flag. The next moment a bullet pierced him, and he expired on the spot. The ships all grounded in the course of the morning, but now

the Hollanders were perpetually receiving fresh supplies of men and ammunition from the neighboring shore, while the Admiral was separated from all his own fleet, and many of his men had already fallen. At eleven o'clock in the morning of October 12th, Bossu surrendered. With three hundred of his men, he was carried into Holland, and was himself long imprisoned at Horn. He subsequently transferred himself to the opposite party, and died a patriot, sincerely lamented by the Prince of Orange.

It will be remembered that before the Bartholomew massacre, Louis of Nassau had been secretly negotiating with the French court, and Charles IX. had promised to help the Netherlanders in their conflict with Spain. Of course, a deed of such unspeakable atrocity had extinguished all hope of aid to Protestants from the "Most Christian" monarch by whose command it had been perpetrated. Of late, however, Charles had discovered his mistake,— we will not say his guilt, for his nature was not very sensitive to purely moral considerations. In-

stead of glorying in the crime, as at first, he now began to offer explanations, apologies, regrets. It was an unpremeditated act, the unhappy result of a moment of alarm, and it was bitterly deplored. We shall soon see how sincere was this professed repentance.

However, the prince consented to listen to the explanations volunteered by Charles, and endeavored to secure some real advantage to the Protestant cause from the monarch's pretended remorse. Louis of Nassau accordingly resumed negotiations with Schonberg, the French agent in Germany. Provided the King of France would give religious liberty to his own subjects, and would either fight for the Netherlands or furnish annual subsidies, the prince would engage that Holland and Zealand should be placed under the protection of his majesty, and that all conquests in the other provinces should become incorporated with the French dominions. There should, however, be perfect religious freedom for all creeds, and strict fidelity to the ancient charters of rights. Either the prince, or the estates of Holland and

Zealand, should afterwards repay the money advanced by Charles. The only thing the prince stipulated for himself was permission to raise troops in France.

It is interesting to notice how the real aims of the various negotiators are unconsciously betrayed. Charles IX. had just then a private “ax to grind,”—indeed, more than one,—and he needed the help of the house of Nassau. The crown of Poland was seeking a head to wear it at that time, and Charles’s brother, then Duke of Anjou, was sure it would be a perfect fit for his own. As that throne was elective, the influence of the Prince of Orange and his brothers would be worth a great deal to the fortunate candidate who might secure their good offices. Furthermore, the Emperor Maximilian might die some day, and in that case Charles meant to obtain the crown of the empire for himself, and the Nassaus could help him there also. It would be worth while to tolerate heresy, even, for the sake of such a prize.

Even Philip of Spain seems to have taken

precisely the same view. He secretly promised the princes of Germany, that, provided they would elect him to the imperial throne, he would withdraw his troops from the Netherlands, would tolerate the reformed religion agreeably to the treaty of Passau, would restore the Prince of Orange and "all his accomplices" to their former rank and estates, and would make every part of the empire, the Low Countries included, as free, religiously, as Germany itself.

This exhibits the real depth and power of Philip's religious convictions. He had once said he would rather not reign at all than rule over heretics, but it seems that an imperial scepter would have reconciled him even to that.

But the great prize at which Orange was aiming was nobler far than scepters and thrones. It was nothing less than perfect liberty of conscience for every human soul in the land, whether high born or lowly, whether Papist or Protestant. For himself, he had asked nothing save permission to enlist troops for the great

struggle, and to pay them from his own funds, unless they should be maintained by the states.

The prince was endeavoring to obtain aid from England, also, but thus far in vain. In the preceding May, the long quarrel between England and Spain had been settled, or at least smoothed over, and a formal proclamation to that effect had been issued at Brussels. Elizabeth had joined hands with her mortal foes, and turned away her face from her truest friends.

Alva's position in the Netherlands had long been exceedingly unpleasant to himself. The intense hatred with which he was universally regarded made itself felt, even by a heart so callous as his. His pet scheme of taxation had failed, his councilors were on bad terms with him, and his career was visibly tending to an inglorious close. The Duke of Medina Coeli, his expected successor, had reached the provinces in June, 1572, when affairs were in so violent a commotion that he could not well take the helm at once. After remaining some months, in a position very disagreeable to him-

self as well as to Alva, he had left the country in disgust and returned to Spain. Alva consequently retained the government until the arrival of Requesens, in November, 1573.

Alva's departure was signalized by one or two characteristic acts which formed an appropriate close to his career. One was his finally absconding from Amsterdam by night, in order to avoid paying his debts. The other was the execution of a nobleman named Uitenhoove,—said to have been concerned in the capture of Brill,—amid the most lingering tortures, contrived by Alva himself. He left the Netherlands in December, 1573, never to return. On his homeward journey, he is said to have boasted that eighteen thousand six hundred persons in the Netherlands had been executed by his commands. In the Royal Archives of Brussels there are still to be seen forty-three folio volumes containing the Records of the Council of Blood, not to mention the “ Register of the Condemned and Banished on account of the Troubles in the Low Countries,” which fills three folios more. As Motley remarks, “ The time

is past when it could be said that the cruelty of Alva or the enormities of his administration have been exaggerated by party violence. Upon this subject, human invention is incapable of outstripping the truth."

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### *DEATH OF COUNT LOUIS.*

THE new governor-general was Don Louis de Requesens, Grand Commander of Castile. He had somewhat distinguished himself in the celebrated battle of Lepanto, and had lately been Governor of Milan. He was not a man of extraordinary ability, however, in any respect. Perhaps he was so much the better adapted to Philip's present purpose, on that account. Some personage was wanted whose grave and staid demeanor might enable him to wear the garb of clemency and moderation, for such was the costume in which the king meant to have his new governor-general masquerade. Its exceeding novelty would probably render it more striking than any other could possibly be.

Before his arrival there had been a great

flourish of trumpets about the general amnesty which the new governor was soon to announce. But the prospect ceased to be flattering, when it appeared that, whatever else might be conceded, the king's absolute supremacy, and the total prohibition of all worship except the Roman Catholic, were to be maintained as before. Rather than abandon the very points for which they had been fighting so long, the Dutch were resolved to fight on. Much as they longed for peace, they would not have it at the price of liberty.

The grand commander had found the exchequer of the Netherlands in a totally empty condition, nor was it clear from whence it could be very promptly replenished. The pay of the king's troops was in arrears to the amount of six and a half millions of ducats, and the current expenses of the army were not less than six hundred thousand a month. The estates would not vote supplies, and consequently a pause in military operations appeared inevitable. Requesens wrote to Philip that, in his opinion, the religious question had but little to

do with the troubles, after all. He was confident that the people would gladly return to the bosom of the ancient church, if only assured of a pardon. Of course he was anxious to try the experiment.

However, it was impossible to suspend hostilities just at this moment. The important city of Middelburg, now the only loyal spot in the Isle of Walcheren, had been long besieged by the patriots, and was on the point of falling into their hands. Both the garrison and the citizens were now subsisting on dogs, cats, and other unclean animals, so that it was plain that they must be relieved at once, if ever. Accordingly the grand commander collected two fleets, the one of seventy-five sail, at Bergen-op-Zoom, under Julian Romero, and the other of thirty sail, at Antwerp, under Sancho d'Avila.

The Prince of Orange had a fleet ready to oppose the Spanish armaments, under the command of Admiral Boisot. The Hollanders and Zealanders were essentially amphibious; indeed, they seemed to be more at home on the sea

than on shore, if possible, particularly in fighting. They were fully conscious of being better sailors than their foes, and, shortly before the expected encounter, a brief speech from their beloved prince roused their utmost enthusiasm.

On the 29th of January, 1574, the great naval engagement took place, near Bergen-op-Zoom, under the eye of Requesens himself. After one broadside, the Zealanders, who were wont neither to give nor ask quarter, grappled their foes in a deadly embrace. When fifteen of Romero's ships had been taken and twelve hundred of his men slain, the rest took to flight, and found shelter in Bergen once more. Romero's own ship went aground, and he himself escaped only by springing from a port-hole into the sea. "He landed," says Motley, "at the very feet of the grand commander, who, wet and cold, had been standing all day upon the dike of Schakerloo, in the midst of a pouring rain, only to witness the total defeat of his armada at last. 'I told your excellency,' said Romero, coolly, as he climbed all dripping on the bank, 'that I was a land fighter, and

not a sailor. If you were to give me the command of a hundred fleets, I believe that none of them would fare better than this has done.””

The armament of Sancho d'Avila had been waiting at Flushing, but hearing what had befallen Romero's far stronger fleet, it returned at once to Antwerp. Middelburg was compelled to surrender. Had the prince been so disposed, he might now have revenged the butcheries of Zutphén, Naarden, and Harlem. But on the contrary, he not only granted honorable terms, but had them strictly fulfilled, which last the released Spaniards were not careful to do on their own part.

Count Louis had raised an army in Germany, consisting of six thousand foot and two or three thousand horse, with which he hoped to divert the enemy from the siege of Leyden, which had now been closely invested for several months. It was his design to attack Maestricht. In case that should fail of accomplishing the relief of Leyden, he proposed to advance northward, and having made a junction with whatever forces the prince himself could

muster, to take a stand between Harlem and the besieged city. The Spaniards would thus be obliged either to fight at a disadvantage, or to retreat, for the grand commander would not be able to reinforce them at short notice.

But these plans were fatally disappointed. On the arrival of Louis in the vicinity of Maestricht, which took place near the end of February, he found the ice had begun to break up, so that he could not cross the Meuse. While delayed thus on the eastern bank, the Spaniards mustered in such force as to prevent his carrying out the design of joining his brother, then at Bommel, and on the 14th of April, he was forced to give battle, under very unfavorable circumstances, at Mookerheyde. On that fatal field both army and leader perished. It is related that when Count Louis saw that the battle was lost, he gathered a little band of cavaliers for a last and desperate charge upon the victorious foe. With his young brother Henry by his side, he plunged into the thickest of the fight, and they were seen no more. It

was impossible even to identify their remains, among the thousands of stripped and mangled corpses left on that bloody field.

For some time after the result of the battle was known, the fate of Count Louis was in uncertainty. The prince could not believe that his brothers had fallen, and day after day he continued to dispatch letters and to await replies. But even he was forced to give them up at last. In losing Louis it seemed to him as if he had lost his own right arm. Louis was always earnest, fearless, tender, and true. Heart to heart and hand to hand, he had shared with William the burden and heat of the day. In the very noon of his manhood he had now offered up his life on the altar of freedom.

In person Louis of Nassau was less stately and imposing than Orange, yet of martial and noble bearing, and engaging manners. He was ever frank and truthful, whether in public or private acts, even in the days when diplomats declared that the science of ruling was the science of lying. "All who knew him personally loved him," says Motley, "and he was

the idol of his gallant brothers. His mother always addressed him as her dearly beloved, her heart's cherished Louis. ' You must come soon to me,' she wrote in the last year of his life, ' for I have many matters to ask your advice upon, and I thank you beforehand, for you have loved me as your mother all the days of your life, for which may God Almighty have you in his holy keeping.' "

Three princely sons of the Nassau family had now fallen, Adolphus, Henry, and Louis. Costly indeed was the offering that mother had laid upon liberty's holy shrine. In these later days we ourselves have learned what it is to sacrifice our bravest and best on that same altar. And still we echo back the sublime saying of old, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" Nay, we appeal to the sublimer maxim of our Christian faith, "*He laid down his life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.*"

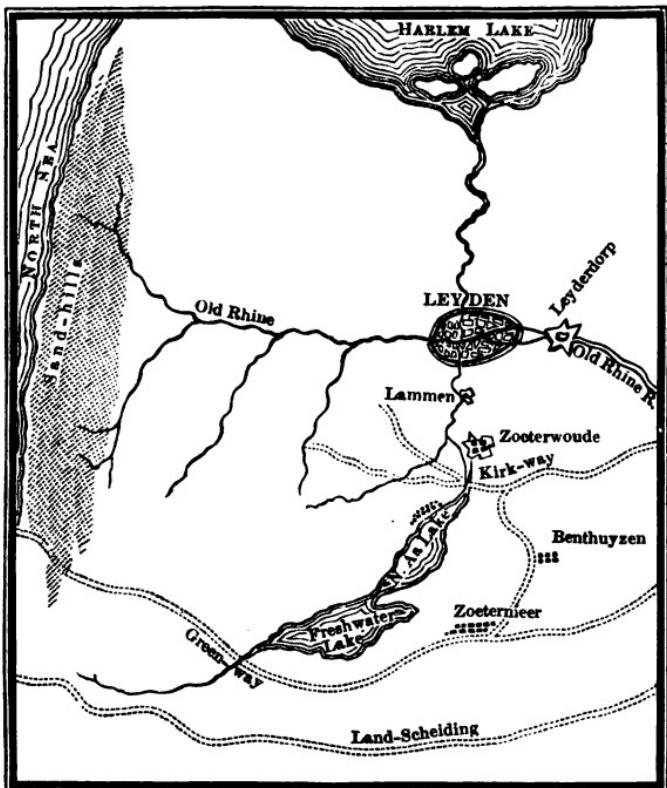
## CHAPTER XXV.

### *SIEGE OF LEYDEN.*

**T**HE Spaniards were now at leisure to resume the siege of Leyden, which had been interrupted in order to repel the late invasion on the German frontier.

As the city was known to be unprovided with supplies adequate for a long siege, and especially since the Spaniards had learned how Hollanders could fight in case of an assault, it had been determined from the first to reduce Leyden simply by famine. A line of forts had been built completely around it, and here the Spaniards sat down to starve the Leydeners out.

This famous city is located in the western part of Holland, upon a narrow and sluggish stream called the Old Rhine. It was in those days one of the most beautiful places in the



THE VICINITY OF LEYDEN.



Netherlands. Broad green meadows surrounded it, dotted all over with pretty villages, gay flower-gardens, and fruitful orchards. Here and there rose the picturesque wind-mills, which in this flat country used to supply the place of water-power. Within the walls were handsome streets and squares, shaded by lime-trees, poplars, and willows. The river served to feed countless canals throughout the city, and these watery thoroughfares were adorned by nearly one hundred and fifty handsome stone bridges. The churches and other public buildings were elegant, and the entire aspect of the city indicated comfort and thrift.

The population amounted to between forty and fifty thousand, but as for soldiers, there were only a small corps of "freebooters," and five companies of burgher guards. The besieging force numbered eight thousand at first, under Valdez, and it was constantly strengthened by new arrivals.

The citizens had been so confident that the Spaniards who had been summoned away to defend Maestricht would find their hands full,

in that quarter, that they had neglected to store provisions for a second siege. Indeed, when, toward the close of May, the army of Valdez returned from its brief campaign against Louis, they found some of their former redoubts still undemolished, as if waiting for them.

Orange resided generally either in Delft or in Rotterdam, during the siege, and was constantly exerting himself to the utmost to save Leyden. He had no means of obtaining another army sufficient to raise the siege, but he hoped to devise some other way of accomplishing it, provided the city could hold out for at least three months. He reminded the inhabitants that it was worth a long and hard struggle on their part, as well as on the part of their friends outside, for it was plain that should Leyden fall, all Holland must share its fate. By his advice, the magistrates took a careful inventory of all provisions and live stock to be found in the city, and having purchased the whole, they dispensed it as prudently as possible. Half a pound of bread, and the same of meat, were

daily allowed to each full-grown man, and proportionably less to the women and children. It was now about the last of June, and it was plain that even thus their scanty store could not hold out long.

The act of amnesty was proclaimed by the grand commander on the 6th of June. The king invited all his rebellious subjects in the Netherlands, except a few individuals who were named, to his paternal arms, and, at the same time, to the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. This was the sole condition of a free pardon. But unfortunately it was the precise thing of all others which the offenders could not do. Whatever had helped to begin the contest, it was now a religious war. Few of the people were Protestants at first, but now in Holland, at least, a Romanist could hardly be found. Rather than go to mass, they would go to the stake. Even had they been inclined to accept the terms proposed, they knew Philip too well to believe his promises would be kept. In fact, only one or two individuals in all the country came forward to receive the royal for-

giveness. One of them was a brewer of Utrecht, and the other the son of a refugee peddler from Leyden.

The only chance of saving the beleaguered city was by breaking the great dikes and inundating the land. Though Leyden was only five miles from the sea, it was necessary, on account of the nature of the coast immediately west of the city, and the occupation of a part of it by the enemy, to make the attempt from the south. There were great sluice-gates at Rotterdam, Delftshaven, and Schiedam, all situated within a very few miles of each other, upon the Meuse, of which the prince still kept the control, though the Spaniards held the coast from a point a little west of Schiedam, round to the Hague. By opening these gates, and piercing the dikes farther east, the water would deluge the low lands lying between Rotterdam and Leyden, a distance of some fifteen miles. The destruction of property must of course be immense, but the eloquent representations of Orange at length gained the consent of the estates, and the task was at once undertaken.

The ladies of Holland even gave their jewels and plate to aid in defraying the expense of this work of desolation, for every one felt that it was "better their land should be drowned than lost."

It was early in August that the dikes were opened, under the personal superintendence of the prince. But it was not until the 21st of August that Leyden received the glad news of what was being done for its relief. For some time previous the people had been subsisting on malt cake, for want of bread, and but little of that now remained. On the arrival of this joyful intelligence, however, they gave vent to their feelings by lively martial music and firing of guns, much to the amazement of the Spaniards, who could not conceive what had made the starving people so merry.

At that very time, Orange was lying ill of a fever at Rotterdam, but he took good care that they should not be informed of it. Even on his sick-bed he was incessantly planning how to effect their relief, and dictating letters to cheer them in their present distress. Meanwhile

about two hundred vessels had been assembled in the vicinity of Rotterdam, under the command of Admiral Boisot. These were all of light draught, each having from ten to eighteen oars, and generally ten pieces of artillery. They were manned by twenty-five hundred veterans, in all, eight hundred of whom were the wild and ferocious Zealanders.

It was already September—the fourth month of the siege—when the flotilla commenced its strange and eventful voyage across the inundated country. It was not difficult to advance as far as the “land-scheiding,” a strong dike only five miles from Leyden. But this barrier was found to be still a foot and a half above water. Furthermore, it was guarded by the enemy. However, the admiral took it by surprise, and successfully defended his position in a subsequent severe engagement, where hundreds of Spaniards fell. Having broken down the dike under the very eyes of the foe, the flotilla sailed through, expecting to find a tolerably clear passage thence to the immediate vicinity of the city. But it appeared that within

the "landscheiding" were other dikes successively inclosing Leyden and its suburbs. Only three-quarters of a mile farther on rose the "Green-way." This also having been seized and broken through, the admiral attempted to enter a large mere, called "Freshwater Lake," which lay directly in his way. But the water was here so shallow that his fleet could not approach the lake except through a canal, which was strongly guarded by the enemy. After a desperate engagement, he was forced to give up the hope of entering the lake at present.

The fleet lay there for some days, unable to stir, until a strong north-west wind raised the water once more. By making a wide circuit, Boisot managed to get beyond a third dike which connected two of the suburban villages. The Spaniards occupying these, panic-stricken, retreated to a village still nearer the city, called North Aa. But the water became more shallow as it spread itself over a wider territory, the wind, too, was unfavorable, and the fleet here got aground once more. The "Kirk-way," which was the only remaining barrier of

importance, had been demolished, but the water was only nine inches deep, while the vessels required eighteen or twenty. And so long as the vanes still pointed east, there was no hope that it would rise.

All through September, while the fleet was thus slowly forcing its way to their relief, the people of Leyden were starving. The word is short and easy to speak, but the process,—how long and terrible to endure! There had been no bread in the city for a great while, there was no malt cake, nor even any horse-flesh, now. Dogs, cats, and rats were eagerly devoured by the skeleton wretches who were so happy as to get a taste of such dainties. Offal, hides, green leaves stripped from the trees, blades of grass plucked from between paving-stones, were all used for human food, in the vain effort to avert starvation. Pestilence followed hard upon famine, and the twain, in their grim and ghastly might, mowed down the people like grass. In many a house whole families lay dead at once.

There are those among us who will never

forget how hard it was to know that some stalwart young soldier whom they had sent forth in his manly prime to fight for freedom—perhaps a son, a brother, a husband—lay wasting with hunger in some southern prison, never more to see home. How many a wife or mother would fain have perished there in his stead! But tell me what it would be, not yourself alone to suffer, not merely to bear the keener anguish of knowing that a beloved one was pining far away, but to have him perish before your eyes! Suppose it were not merely one, but many, all, that you were forced to look on, while silver-haired and venerable parents, tender little children, and even the baby on your bosom, were starving to death. This was what Leyden endured.

There was in the midst of the city, upon a lofty mound piled by human hands in some long-forgotten age, an ancient tower, whose crumbling battlements, surrounded and overgrown by masses of foliage, commanded a wide view of the level country. To its summit, day after day, the famished and almost despairing

citizens would weakly and wearily climb, that perchance they might catch some glimpses of the long-delayed relief. Why it came not was a mystery; perhaps it would never come. No messenger, save carrier-doves, could pass the enemy's lines to tell them what was being done by their friends outside.

Thus they lay week after week in the very jaws of death. Even at Harlem there had not been that intensity of wretchedness to which Leyden was now reduced. Yet Motley tells us, "they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. . . . .

"'Your menaces move me not,' replied the brave burgomaster; 'my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and

divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive.'

" Wretched and desperate as these starving men were, they could not help applauding the magistrate's courage and resolution. With a wild enthusiasm they mounted the ramparts, and hurled back the taunts of their foes upon their heads. ' Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters,' they cried, ' and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves for ever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children together, in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed.' "

Still the fleet lay stranded at North Aa, the water continued to sink, and even the stout heart of Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. But at length He who rules over wind and wave came in the tempest to their relief. On the night of the 1st and 2nd of October there was a furious gale, first from the north-west, until the waters of the North Sea had been piled, as it were, upon the southern coast of Holland, and then, shifting to the south-west, it blew still more violently, until the ocean had deluged the now undefended coast for miles inland. The vessels soon had more than two feet of water. In the midst of the storm and darkness, the fleet set forth, rowing toward the village of Zoeterwoude. They were challenged by sentinel vessels of the enemy at the outset of this midnight voyage. Cannons flashed and thundered their reply; there followed a short, fierce struggle, and the Spanish ships went down.

On went the flotilla, and soon gained the great mere which they had once tried in vain to enter. The strong forts of Zoeterwoude and

Lammen still lay before them, the one five hundred yards from the city, and the other only two hundred and fifty. In the gray dawn the garrison of Zoeterwoude perceived the fleet actually close at hand, and, giving way to a sudden panic, they fled with the greatest precipitation along a road leading toward the Hague. Their narrow, slippery pathway was every moment becoming more deeply submerged in the rising flood, and hundreds, losing their precarious foothold, sank to rise no more. The wild Zealanders, whose corsair life had taught them neither to give nor take quarter, springing from their boats upon the crumbling dike, or hurling their harpoons with deadly aim, drove their enemies into the deep. Then setting fire to the deserted fort, they pressed on toward Lammen.

Lammen was well garrisoned and fortified. It looked discouragingly strong. Nor was it to be forgotten that Valdez himself was at Leyderdorp, not very far away. Whether the light flotilla could carry the fort by storm was doubtful; it was certain that it would never be

allowed to pass under its guns. Still Boisot determined to make an attack the next morning. Indeed, unless another gale should raise the water so as to admit of making a wide detour and approaching the city from the opposite side, there was no alternative.

The admiral had sent a carrier-dove to the citizens, bearing the good news that Lammen alone kept him from their gates. Wild with mingled hope and anxiety, they resolved that at daybreak they would make a bold sortie to aid the attack on the fort. There was little sleep that night, either within or without the city. The crisis was at hand; the morrow would bring either relief or despair.

In the dead of night, a tremendous crash was heard alike by besiegers and besieged. Each awaited in breathless suspense the fatal onset which they were sure it must portend. But all was still as death; the night was pitch-dark, and no one could solve the mystery. Then a long train of lights silently flitted like a spectral procession across the black waters that now inclosed the city. When morning

came at last, it found the formidable fortress abandoned. Its garrison had fled before the rising waves in sudden panic. Valdez himself had retreated from Leyderdorp at the same moment, little dreaming that a whole side of the city had just been laid bare to their entrance by the falling of a portion of the wall. There was nothing more in Boisot's way, and, with emotions no words can paint, the starving city hailed the long-expected relief.

As the flotilla entered, immense throngs of gaunt and haggard creatures pressed around, their wasted countenances now radiant with joy. The vessels moved on through the canals, throwing bread among the famishing crowds on either side as they passed. At the landing the magistrates received the admiral as their deliverer, and forthwith the entire multitude, with one accord, began to move toward the great church. The admiral led the way, his wild Zealand sailors mingling with soldiers and citizens in a long procession, which, however miscellaneous its arrangement, must have been a most impressive spectacle. The

vast edifice was thronged. The men, women, and children who had for so many weeks been enduring a continual martyrdom now bowed in devout thanksgiving to Him who had sustained and saved them. "After prayers," says Motley, "the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children."

At two o'clock in the afternoon of that memorable 3rd of October, 1574, a note was brought to the Prince of Orange at Delft, as he was sitting in church. It contained the glad tidings that Leyden was saved. At the close of the sermon it was read aloud by the minister, that all might rejoice and give thanks. The next day the prince went himself to congratulate the heroic citizens who had suffered so long and so well. In the mean time a powerful wind from the north-east was rolling back the ocean to its wonted bounds, as if by an omnip-



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LEYDEN AT THE RAISING OF THE SIEGE.

From a Dutch work published in 1725.



otent hand. Within a few days the inundated territory was bare again, and the people began to rebuild the dikes.

Leyden had suffered not for itself alone, but for all Holland. As a memorial of the public gratitude to this heroic city, the university of Leyden, since so celebrated, was immediately founded, endowed, and provided with instructors of eminent learning and piety. In the following February, the new institution was solemnly consecrated by imposing ceremonies, a full account of which our young readers may find at the close of the second volume of Motley's Dutch Republic. Among the rest, there was "an elegant Latin poem," and "an eloquent oration," both of which doubtless had much to say of the heroism which the university was founded to commemorate; but so far as we know, neither production has come down to us.

One is naturally reminded of the words of President Lincoln at Gettysburg:—"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they did here." Though the eloquent speech of the

Reverend Caspar Kolhas has passed into oblivion, the world has not forgotten — it never will forget,—“what they did” at Leyden, three hundred years ago. To the end of time, from this story of high resolve and martyr-like endurance men shall

“Learn how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.”



## CHAPTER XXVI.

### *CAPTURE OF SCHOUWEN.*

ON the summer of 1574, while the siege of Leyden was still going on, the grand commander had privately made some suggestions to the Prince of Orange about peace.

The truth was, that Requesens had no money with which to carry on the war. The re-conquest of the Dutch sand-bars and swamps seemed likely to swallow up the entire revenues of the Spanish dominions. All Mexico and Peru could not furnish enough gold and silver to subdue little Protestant Holland.

Though fifteen of the seventeen Netherland states still professed to consider Requesens their lawful governor, they were not very liberal in providing him with the "sinews of war." In June, 1574, Requesens convoked the estates at Brussels, and offered to abolish the Blood-

Council, provided they would vote him a handsome subsidy. But inasmuch as that institution was well-nigh extinct already, the estates insisted on some more valuable reward than its dead carcass. If his excellency would send away the Spanish troops, for instance, restore public offices to native Netherlanders, and effect other needful reforms, it might be worth while to grant him an appropriation. There was much talking and writing, resolving and remonstrating, for several weeks; but it all ended in smoke.

The grand commander then proceeded to try what virtue there might be in diplomacy. The eminent Saint Aldegonde had fallen into his hands about the time that the rebels captured Count Bossu; but he had not ventured to execute him lest the act should be retaliated upon his admiral. Aware that Saint Aldegonde possessed great influence, he released him on parole, and sent him to Orange, to try what he could accomplish in the line of negotiations. He was, however, strictly forbidden to make the smallest concession on the two great points,—

the king's supremacy, and the religious question. Neither the prince nor the estates of his two provinces would have anything to do with negotiations on such a basis, which to them was no basis at all. They sent back a very blunt statement to that effect, by the envoy, addressing it to the king himself. Saint Aldegonde delivered his unsatisfactory report, and re-entered his prison, where he remained until after the relief of Leyden. Other negotiators tried their hands, informally, at the same unpromising enterprise, before the close of the year, with no better success. Peace was not thus to be obtained.

At an assembly of the estates of Holland, October 20th, 1574, the prince set forth the inconvenience of their present anomalous kind of government. Though he was nominally only stadtholder of Holland and Zealand under the king, additional powers and duties had been thrust upon him by these provinces from time to time, till they had almost forced him into an absolute dictatorship. But observing that of late the cities — which constituted one branch

of the estates — seemed ambitious to get more power into their own hands, the prince now offered to resign all his personal authority, so that the whole management of affairs should rest with the estates.

It was instantly perceived that it would never do to let their pilot leave the helm, in a time like this. Full of confidence in the prince, the estates shortly after offered him "absolute power, authority, and sovereign command," with the title of governor or regent. As formerly, he was to be aided by a council, and was to consult the estates in regard to supplies, taxes, or changes of administration. The prince consented to take the responsible office, and the estates agreed to furnish forty-five thousand florins a month for carrying on the war. In the course of the following summer, articles of union between Holland and Zealand were agreed upon, and the prince undertook the government of the two provinces thus consolidated, in July, 1575.

The same month witnessed the close of the fruitless conferences of Breda. The emperor

Maximilian had once more undertaken the office of mediator. His agent in the matter was William's brother-in-law, Count Schwartzburg, while the Spanish government had sent four plenipotentiaries, and the estates ten commissioners, to confer together on the subject of peace. Accordingly, they had assembled at Breda, and conferred from March till July, without effecting anything whatever. The provinces were fully resolved never to give up the chartered rights and the religious toleration for which they had been contending so long, and Philip was equally determined never to grant either. So matters remained just as they were before.

The third marriage of the prince took place on the 12th of June, 1575. Some time before, the unworthy Anne of Saxony had been divorced for the grossest misconduct. From her childhood she had displayed a most violent temper, and had made herself the town's talk at Brussels, very soon after her marriage, by her insolence toward her husband, her childish quarrels with the Countess Egmont, and her lawless

conduct in general. "I could not do otherwise than bear it with sadness and patience," said the magnanimous Orange, "hoping that with age would come improvement." But as years went by, her temper only grew more violent. She used to drink to intoxication, to swear horribly, to berate her husband for sacrificing his wealth for his country, and to threaten the lives of those about her with pistols and daggers. At last her conduct became not merely scandalous, but notoriously criminal, and she was therefore divorced. During the last years of her life she was a raving lunatic, and was kept in solitary confinement in the palace of her uncle, the Elector Augustus.

The new bride of William the Silent was the Princess Charlotte de Bourbon, daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, one of the fiercest Catholics in France. While still a child, Charlotte had been forced to enter a convent. She was always secretly inclined to the Protestant faith and in 1572, she escaped from her convent and her native country to the court of the Elector Palatine, at Heidelberg. Her father disowned

her, and refused to have anything to do with her from that time. She was a most devoted and affectionate wife to William of Orange, and some who had opposed the match were afterwards free to confess that in the Princess Charlotte he had an inestimable treasure.

As nearly all the islands of the Zealand archipelago were now held by the patriots, Requesens was very anxious to re-capture some seaport among them, for the reception of any naval force which might arrive from Spain. Walcheren was probably out of the question, but the island of Schouwen would serve his purpose extremely well, could it be recovered. The Spaniards still held the island of Tholen, which lay just north of South Beveland, and close to the main land. Requesens determined to make this his base of operations for the capture of Schouwen. Having prepared a large flotilla of boats and other light craft, he came to Tholen in person, to organize the expedition.

But all the bays and straits of the archipelago were swarming with the vessels of the bold Zealanders, who were beyond everything for

marine exploits. It would be no easy task to make the trip to Schouwen in the teeth of such foes. However, while the grand commander was revolving the matter, a few traitorous Zealanders volunteered to show him another mode of getting there. Close to Tholen there lay a little uninhabited islet named Philipsland. There was a narrow flat extending, beneath the water, from thence across to Duiveland, six miles distant, and Duiveland was separated from Schouwen only by a shallow channel two or three miles wide. The water might be waded at low tide, and thus, under cover of night, the troops might succeed in reaching Schouwen, in spite of the swarms of Zealand cruisers, since they could not get near enough to do much harm.

Three years before, an exploit very similar to the one now proposed had been brilliantly accomplished under the command of a gallant old Spanish colonel named Mondragon. In that case, the party had waded, under cover of darkness, from the vicinity of Bergen-op-Zoom to the island of South Beveland, which, by the

only fordable route, was a distance of nearly ten English miles. The present enterprise was to be attempted in the face of alert and desperate foes, however, while the former had only the darkness and the waves to dread. Yet the Spanish veterans hailed the project with enthusiasm.

Half the troops were sent on board the boats, under the command of the experienced Mondragon. The others, together with two hundred pioneers, were to wade through the sea to Duiveland,\* and thence to Schouwen. At midnight, on the 27th of September, they set forth from the shore of Philipsland, each soldier carrying powder and rations in a canvas bag suspended at his neck. Two and two the long procession marched into the black waves, then nearly up to the neck. Each followed closely in the steps of the one before him, for the submerged flat was so narrow that a single slip

\* Duiveland was what is now the eastern end of Schouwen. From comparing maps made at different periods, it would seem that the shallow channel between them, at that day two or three miles wide, and crowded with rushes and briars, has gradually been filled up, so that the two islands are now considered as one.

might plunge one into a fatal abyss. The night was black and tempestuous. The lightning glared fitfully upon that strange and ghostlike train as it marched silently and steadily on, mile after mile, through the sea. Now and then rose a quick, smothered cry, as some hapless soldier missed his footing and went down. On either side, the Zealand cruisers were crowding as near as possible to their pathways, some even running aground in their eagerness to get within easy reach of the Spaniards. But the fitful play of the lightning was not favorable to accurate gunnery, nor did the faint moonlight sometimes gleaming through the drifting clouds serve them much better. Now and then the Spaniards paused for a moment to return the incessant fire of their enemies. Sometimes the Zealanders succeeded in getting near enough to throw their deadly harpoons, or drag down the struggling Spaniards with boat-hooks, or beat out their brains with heavy flails. When they could do nothing else, they poured out all sorts of taunts and mockeries, for could they by any means hinder their enemies till the rising of the

tide, they were sure to be swept away. The pioneers, in fact, were thus overtaken, and most of them were drowned. The rear-guard, having scarcely left Philipsland, were just able to save themselves by turning back. The main body reached Duiveland about daybreak, not, however, without a considerable loss.

There were ten companies of patriot troops in Duiveland, but their commander was slain at the moment the Spaniards arrived, and in a panic they fled. Duiveland was quickly won. It only remained to cross over to Schouwen. The reeds and briers which encumbered the channel made it difficult marching, but they also kept the Zealand vessels at a distance. No sooner had the Spaniards reached Schouwen and fired one volley than the five companies of patriot troops, who were to resist their landing, broke ranks and fled. The rest of the Spanish force came in the flotilla, as soon as a signal apprised them of the success of their comrades.

Colonel Mondragon then besieged Zierickzee, the capital of the island. The siege was protracted, for Mondragon had not means to push

it vigorously. In May, 1576, Orange made a desperate attempt to relieve the place by sea. Mondragon had obstructed the harbor with hulks and chains, as well as a submerged dike of piles and rubbish. Admiral Boisot, the hero of Leyden, drove his ship boldly against the obstructions, but could not break through. His vessel became entangled, and finally grounded. The rest of the fleet had been driven back meantime, and rather than surrender, Boisot and three hundred men threw themselves into the sea. A few escaped, but the gallant admiral at last perished in the waves. Zierickzee was forced to surrender, and was permitted honorable terms. "Had we received the least succor in the world from any side," said the prince, "the poor city should never have fallen. I could get nothing from France or England, with all my efforts. Nevertheless, we do not lose courage, but hope that, although abandoned by all the world, the Lord God will extend his right hand over us."

And now, in truth, the Almighty, in whom was his people's trust, was about to turn to

foolishness the counsel of their enemies. No sooner had the Spaniards gained Zierickzee, than there sprang up a mutiny which was destined speedily to deprive the victors of what had been so dearly won. Some months previous, and while the siege of Zierickzee was still going on, two other events had occurred which were to have a very important bearing on the future course of Netherland affairs. One was the formal renunciation of allegiance to Philip, by the two provinces of Holland and Zealand. The other was the sudden death of Requesens, March 5th, 1576, after an illness of only four days. Of course there was no successor at hand to assume the vacant place of the grand commander, and as the king was not prepared to appoint one upon short notice, matters were left much to themselves for a time, in the course of which many changes occurred in the nominally obedient provinces.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### *THE "ANTWERP FURY."*

THE Spanish troops were very much in the habit of indulging in a mutiny, as soon as a victory had been won. Generally their pay was in arrears, and they took that time to demand it. They used sometimes not merely to demand, but to seize it, in some form. Their mutinies were very systematically conducted. The first thing after the outbreak was to choose from their own number a governor-in-chief, called the Eletto, a sergeant-major, a board of councilors, and various other officers. Though the Eletto was nominally supreme, he was obliged to share his power largely with his council and the other functionaries, who in their turn were closely watched by the common soldiery. The mutiny was not unlike a little republic, existing in defiance of law, to

be sure, yet administered in a most orderly manner. Generally the nearest city was seized, the Eletto established himself in the town-house, the soldiers occupied the private dwellings, and the terrified inhabitants were forced to feed and lodge the invaders like so many princes. Nothing was too extravagant to be demanded, even were it wine for washing the feet of their horses.

Ordinarily the harassed citizens were glad to get rid of their uninvited guests by paying them a large sum of money. Meanwhile the proper government of the city was superseded by these self-appointed rulers. The Eletto used to read, day by day, his latest enactments, from the balcony of the townhouse. If the soldiers approved them they applauded, otherwise they hissed. In case the Eletto did not satisfy his constituents, they summarily removed him and chose another in his stead. These risings were quite too formidable to be quelled, and they were almost never punished. After the mutineers had satiated themselves with riot and

plunder, they usually subsided into obedience, and all went on as before.

In the present instance the mutiny commenced in the usual way. After the fall of Zierickzee, which was toward the end of June, 1575, the troops became clamorous for pay. They had marched through leagues of sea to reach Schouwen at first; they had besieged its capital for eight or nine months; and now that the work was done, they thought the pay ought to be forthcoming. So most of the leading officers went to Brussels to see what could be done for them.

The still unsettled condition of governmental affairs made this particularly difficult. Though it was now three months since the death of Requesens, there had been no successor appointed. The king had merely sent word that the government should be administered in the interim by the council of state, and then his majesty had apparently fallen into a brown study. Month after month went by, but brought no governor-general. If ever in Philip's reign there was a crisis demanding prompt action, it

was this. Yet his deliberations were conducted in so leisurely a manner that one might have fancied he was waiting for the future governor to be born and reared to man's estate.

Day after day passed, and the mutinous troops at Zierickzee grew more and more impatient. Why should they go ragged and hungry, when they might help themselves? Accordingly, having shut up the few remaining officers, and laid hands on whatever plunder they could find in Schouwen, they went off into the province of Brabant. Either they would menace Brussels until the council should be frightened into paying off their long arrears, or else they would seize upon some rich city, with whose plunder they might pay themselves.

For a few days they hovered about the capital. They received deputations from the state council, but openly mocked at all suggestions about the impropriety of their course. They declared that they were bound to have money, either by fair means or foul. All of a sudden, while both Brussels and Mechlin lay trembling for fear of them, the mutineers pounced upon

Alost, a strong and wealthy city in Flanders. Having carried it by storm, and butchered all who dared to resist, they levied contributions not only upon Alost itself, but also upon one hundred neighboring parishes. They numbered two or three thousand, and being thus established in a fortified town, they felt themselves masters of the situation.

Brussels looked for its turn to come next. The burghers rose as one man to defend their homes. On the 26th of July, they forced the state council to declare the mutineers outlawed as traitors. "All men were enjoined to slay one or all of them, wherever found, to refuse them bread, water, and fire, and to assemble at sound of bell in every city, whenever the magistrates should order an assault upon them."

The indignation against the mutineers soon rose to include all Spaniards whatever, whether soldiers or civil officers. Most men wanted the whole army to be outlawed without ceremony, as the speediest way to get rid of them. As if to make a bad matter worse, the Marquis Havré arrived from Madrid, on the last day of July,

bringing word from the king that the council of state was to administer affairs for some time longer. This amounted to decreeing an anarchy. The state council was too weak to stand alone, much less was it able to maintain public tranquillity at such a time as this. People felt that they must take care of themselves.

As a common fear and a common hatred had now united all the Dutch against their foreign oppressors, the latter had likewise become consolidated in their turn. All the Spaniards made common cause. Even those who had at first frowned upon the mutiny now joined hands with the outlawed mutineers. By the beginning of September, the entire Spanish army, from highest to lowest, as well as most of the German troops, had gone into the conspiracy, heart and hand.

A large body of people, consisting of students, burghers, and peasants, promiscuously mingled, and led by country gentlemen, undertook to fight the Spaniards, but they were instantly routed, and two thousand of them put to the sword. Maestricht attempted to expel

its Spanish garrison, but the affair ended in a frightful massacre, on the 20th of October. Antwerp, the great commercial metropolis, the most splendid city of Christendom, now saw that its visitation was at hand.

The garrison of Antwerp was two or three thousand strong, under command of Don Sancho d' Avila. It was posted in the renowned citadel which had been erected by Alva expressly to keep in subjection the turbulent city. Two of its five sides commanded the town, which was thus at the mercy of the garrison, and that garrison was in daily communication with the three thousand mutineers of Alost. Within the walls were some German troops, but they had already been tampered with. Colonel Van Ende, one of their leaders, had secretly promised to desert to the mutineers when the crisis should arrive, though the other, Count Oberstein, proved faithful to his charge.

Antwerp had besought succor from Brussels. On the second of November five or six thousand troops, mostly natives, were sent. After some hesitation on the part of Champagny, the gov-

ernor of the city, who had reason to doubt their steadfastness, they were finally admitted on Saturday morning, the third of November. Their commander, the Marquis de Havré, brought a package of intercepted letters from Don Sancho d' Avila to the mutineers at Alost and elsewhere, from which it appeared that they were all coming forthwith to join the garrison at the citadel. There could not be the shadow of a doubt as to what they designed to do next.

It was resolved at once to construct a bulwark on that side of the city exposed to the castle. There were no miners or pioneers, but an engineer quickly drew the lines, and within an hour ten or twelve thousand citizens of all classes, both men and women, were hard at work to construct a ditch and breastwork from the gate of the Beguins to the street of the Abbey St. Michael. But before night the guns of the castle began to play upon them so fatally that at last neither citizens nor soldiers dared show their heads above the slight rampart. Hastily strengthening the weakest places with boxes and bales of merchandise, upturned carts,

or whatever came to hand, they withdrew, hoping to be able to return and complete the works under cover of the darkness. All the guns they had were planted where they would best tell on the castle, by Champagny himself. But the prospect of sustaining an attack was slight indeed.

At last morning dawned,—the morning of a day never to be forgotten in Antwerp. It was Sunday, the fourth of November, 1576. A dense fog hung low over city and castle, but through temporary rifts in its heavy masses the anxious citizens caught glimpses of troops mustering at the citadel, and the tramp of cavalry was distinctly heard. The forces within the walls were called to arms. Most of the Germans were posted on the various squares, while the newly-arrived Walloons were drawn up on the side opposite the castle. The burghers too were under arms, at the cattle-market and the exchange.

About ten o'clock in the morning, they descried what seemed a moving forest, advancing toward the castle from the south-west. It was

soon evident that the mutineers from Alost had arrived. Each man wore in his helmet a green bough. The castle gates flew open at their approach, and they found a warm welcome from their fellow-conspirators of the garrison. As they had marched twenty-four miles since three o'clock that morning, and much bloody work was awaiting them in the city, Don Sancho ordered a repast to be spread. But the mutineers were too impatient to eat, and only pausing long enough to take a draught of wine, they demanded to be led at once to the assault. "We will sup in Antwerp," said they, "or else in Paradise." The troops under Sancho d' Avila, Romero, Vargas, and Valdez, were no less ardent. Within an hour the entire force sallied forth, leaving scarcely men enough to guard the castle gates.

But impatient as they were to sack Antwerp and cut the throats of its helpless thousands, they did not forget to say their prayers. They went about their hellish work very piously, to appearance. The Eletto of the Alost band carried a banner upon one side of which was em-

blazoned the Saviour on the cross, and upon the other the gentle face of the Virgin Mary. In the counterscarp, the whole five thousand foot-soldiers, all armed to the teeth, devoutly knelt to say a *Pater noster* or an *Ave Maria*, and rose prepared to plunge into atrocities almost worse than infernal.

The Eletto led three thousand of the Spaniards, with firm and rapid step, toward the street of Saint Michael, while, the rest, under Romero, charged upon that of Saint George. The frail barrier gave way in an instant before the terrible onset. The Walloons were seized with an irresistible panic, and turning their backs, they fled in wild confusion. The Eletto had fallen at the instant of mounting the barrier; but his fierce followers pressed on undaunted, and swept like a torrent into the street of Saint Michael. Champagny did everything one man could do to rally the fugitive defenders of the city, but all in vain. Oberstein's Germans were faithful to the last, and died with their faces to the foe. But the treacherous Van Ende and his men joined

Vargas and his cavaliers the moment they appeared, nothing loth to share in the massacre of those they had been sent to defend.

Champagny meanwhile flew hither and thither, making desperate efforts to rally the scattered troops and take a stand against the enemy. He shouted to the burghers to rise and defend their hearthstones, and they fought bravely, as men will fight for their homes and children; but it was only to fall at last. Everywhere was confusion and dismay, panic and slaughter. Every street and alley had its pools of blood, its ghastly heaps of slain.

All through the short November day the battle raged, from one end of the city to the other. On the splendid *Place de Meer*—where a few years before William of Orange had calmed the angry rioters by his majestic presence and his words of wisdom—there was now a deadly strife, and the marble pavement of the magnificent exchange, where five thousand merchants used daily to assemble, streamed with blood. At last the closing scene of the battle was enacted in the *Grande Place*, the irregular square

on which stood the stately Hotel de Ville, or townhouse, and the richly decorated houses of the various guilds. It was a terrible fight. Every building became a fortress ; from every window a deadly fire was poured into the square below. It was not easy to storm those massive palaces ; but combustibles were brought to set them on fire. The Hotel de Ville was soon in a blaze. Many wretched citizens perished within its burning walls. From house to house, from street to street, the fire swept on, until nearly a thousand buildings were in flames. From the rear of the townhouse down to the river side was one immense conflagration.

Just behind the townhouse ran a street called the *Canal au Sucre*. Here, amid the lurid glare which lit up that awful night, the margrave, the burgomaster, senators, burghers, and a few surviving German soldiers, made their last stand. They fought with the desperate courage of men who have no more to lose, save only life. One after another fell those honored heads beneath the swords of Spanish ruffians. Higher and higher were

piled the gory heaps of dead. The heroic margrave, Goswyn Verreyck, was the last to perish. Not until the burgomaster lay dead at his feet, and his valiant comrades had nearly all expired before his eyes, did he yield to his fate. Then the struggle ended. The Spaniards had won their prey ; there was no more need of fighting ; they had only to butcher helpless victims wherever they liked.

Champagny had rested his last hope on the cavalry of the states, and after that had been routed by the Spanish dragoons, he escaped to the fleet of Orange, lying in the Scheld. Havré, too, fled ; but Oberstein, missing his foothold as he tried to spring into a boat, was drowned. The massacre lasted three days, in the course of which eight thousand human beings were murdered. The Spaniards swept through the city, raging and ravening like so many fiends. Blood was sweet to them, but for the moment they craved gold even more. Everything else was postponed till the plunder was secured. It was an easy matter to pillage the warehouses and strong boxes of the mer-

chants, to gather heaps of silks and laces, jewels and gold. But in order to discover the secret hoards of private wealth, the marauders perpetually resorted to some infernal expedient of torture.

The following incident is related by the historian Hoofd. The lady concerned was the grandmother of his own wife. We give the anecdote in the words of Motley.

“A gentlewoman named Fabry, with her aged mother and other females of the family, had taken refuge in the cellar of her mansion. As the day was drawing to a close, a band of plunderers entered, who after ransacking the house descended to the cellarage. Finding the door barred, they forced it open with gunpowder. The mother, who was nearest the entrance, fell dead on the threshold. Stepping across her mangled body, the brigands sprang upon her daughter, loudly demanding the property which they believed to be concealed. They likewise insisted on being informed where the master of the house had taken refuge. Protestations of ignorance as to hidden treas-

ure, or the whereabouts of her husband, who, for aught she knew, was lying dead in the street, were of no avail. To make her more communicative, they hanged her on a beam in the cellar, and after a few moments cut her down before life was extinct. Still receiving no satisfactory reply, where a satisfactory reply was impossible, they hanged her again. Again, after another brief interval, they gave her a second release, and a fresh interrogatory. This barbarity they repeated several times, till they were satisfied that there was nothing to be gained by it, while, on the other hand, they were losing much valuable time. Hoping to be more successful elsewhere, they left her hanging for the last time, and trooped off to fresher fields. Strange to relate, the person thus horribly tortured survived. A servant in her family, married to a Spanish soldier, providentially entered the house in time to rescue her perishing mistress. She was restored to existence, but never to reason. Her brain was hopelessly crazed, and she passed the remainder of her life wandering about her house, or feebly dig-

ging in her garden for the buried treasure which she had been thus fiercely solicited to reveal."

It is related that a beautiful young bride, of an opulent family, was snatched from the wedding banquet at that moment in progress, and having seen her bridegroom, her mother, her guests, and at last her venerable father, slaughtered before her eyes, was carried off to the fortress. Being left alone by her captor, who was plundering still, she tried to hang herself with a massive gold chain which she wore. But he returned at that moment, to secure her costly ornaments. Then causing her to be stripped, and scourged with rods till she was covered with blood, he sent her back thus to the city, where, almost frantic with her misery, she strayed about in the blazing ruins among the heaps of dead, until some soldiers put an end to her life.

There was no possible cruelty or outrage which the soldiers forbore to commit during those three terrible days. They seemed possessed by the very demons of hell. From that day to this, the sack of Antwerp has been significantly

called "The Spanish Fury." Not less than eight thousand persons were put to death: Two thousand five hundred corpses were actually counted in the streets after the massacre ceased; as many more were estimated to have perished in the Scheld; and undoubtedly two or three thousand others were burned or otherwise destroyed. The conflagration consumed property to the value of five or six millions, and as much more was seized by the Spaniards. They robbed foreign residents, and even ecclesiastics of the Roman church, as freely as the Antwerp burghers. They liberated from the city prison, for a sufficient ransom, even robbers and murderers,—sensible, perhaps, that such criminals alone were fit companions for themselves.

Ten years before, the image-breaking at Antwerp had horrified not only Philip, but all the Roman Catholic world. But now that almost as many human beings had been destroyed as there were statues broken then, it was quite another thing. "I wish your majesty much good of this victory," wrote Jerome de Roda to

the most Catholic King of Spain ; “ ’tis a very great one, and the damage to the city is enormous.” Thus, amid mutual congratulations and compliments, the perpetrators of such infernal crimes complacently washed their bloody hands, and said, “ We have done no wickedness.”



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### *THE GHENT PACIFICATION.*

WILLIAM of Orange had been prompt to turn to good account the interim following the death of Requesens. While affairs were thus unsettled, he was earnestly laboring to unite all the provinces against the common foe. For the last few years, Holland and Zealand had borne the brunt of the battle. The other provinces had been sometimes completely overawed by Alva; but these two had never ceased to struggle and to fight. They alone had formally renounced their allegiance to the Spanish crown. The prince was not disposed to urge this step upon any who were not yet prepared to take it; yet he thought it of the utmost importance to have all the provinces go hand in hand as far as they could. To a certain extent, indeed, there was perfect

sympathy between these two states and the other fifteen. In all there was a deeply-rooted attachment to the ancient charters, so trampled upon of late by the government. Few men could be found in the Netherlands who did not long to see the old privileges restored,— who would not risk and suffer much for their sake. There were fewer still who did not abhor the foreign soldiery, by whose aid despotism had been upheld so long.

Yet only Holland and Zealand were wholly devoted to the reformed faith. Though there were many Protestants in the other provinces, there were more Papists, and during the last few years the Roman church had been regaining something of her former power. So many Protestant families had been exterminated or banished during the terrible persecutions, and so strong was the immediate authority and presence of the court and the governor-general in the southern states, that this fact is not very surprising. Nor is the influence of race to be forgotten. In the southern provinces there was a strong predominance of Celtic blood.

The people, by nature ardent and impressible, were keenly susceptible to whatever was grand and imposing in the pompous ritual of Rome. In the northern states, on the other hand,—particularly in Holland and Zealand,—there was more of the German character. The Dutch were less fiery than their southern kinsmen, but more steadfast,—less impulsive, but more thoughtful,—less demonstrative, but more deep. They had not lightly entered the contest, and, once engaged, they were not the men to draw back. Perhaps they discerned, as others did not, that spiritual despotism is the mortal foe of civil liberty. When the conscience tamely wears fetters, it is but natural that the hands should accept them too.

The prince hoped, however, to unite all the provinces on the basis of a large religious toleration, with a representative government under a hereditary chief, as of old. At present, the strongest mutual bond was their common detestation of the foreign soldiery. “Upon this deeply-imbedded, immovable fulcrum of an ancient national hatred,” says Motley, “the

sudden mutiny of the whole Spanish army served as a lever of incalculable power. The prince seized it as from the hand of God. Thus armed, he proposed to himself the task of upturning the mass of oppression under which the old liberties of the country had so long been crushed."

Accordingly, during the eventful summer of 1576, while Philip was leisurely considering upon whom to bestow the vacant office of governor, the prince was eloquently and incessantly urging upon all the provinces the necessity of a close union against their common foe. "Nothing remains to us," said he, "but to discard all jealousy and distrust. Let us, with a firm resolution and a common accord, liberate these lands from the stranger. Hand to hand, let us accomplish a just and general peace. As for myself, I present to you, with very good affection, my person and all which I possess, assuring you that I shall regard all my labors and pains, in times which are past, well bestowed, if God will grant me grace to see the desired end."

Early in the autumn, in consequence of his powerful appeals, most of the provinces sent deputies to confer with those of Holland and Zealand at Ghent. By the middle of October a great number of the delegates were already assembled at the place of meeting. The citadel of Ghent was still occupied by Spanish troops; but the garrison was not large, and the states laid siege to it, with the help of forces sent by Orange. Meanwhile the horrible massacre occurred at Antwerp. It served to hasten the movements of both deputies and besiegers at Ghent. On the 8th of November, while the smoke of ruined Antwerp was still going up to heaven, and her streets still reeked with the blood of her slain, was signed the celebrated treaty called the Pacification of Ghent, by which all the seventeen provinces were united to expel the foreign troops. By a happy coincidence, the castle of Ghent surrendered to the states on that very day.

This treaty was much more than could have been expected, if it was not all that might have been desired. It was much that the fifteen

provinces, of whose population a majority were Catholics, should have joined hands with the two heretic states at all. For those times, it was a great step to recognize "the new religion" as the established creed of a certain portion of the Netherlands, and to promise that it should be silently tolerated in the other states. There was to be no more religious persecution on either side, the edicts and the inquisition were to be suppressed, and the entire nation was to do its utmost to drive the foreign invaders from the soil.

Still another auspicious event occurred in the beginning of November, to increase the satisfaction of patriotic hearts. The island of Schouwen and its capital, so dearly won by the Spaniards not many months before, was recovered by Count Hohenlo, lieutenant-general of the prince. The mutineers had left Zierickzee without any garrison, and the few officers were forced to abandon it, as a matter of course.

The union of the Netherland states against their common foe was not completed a day too soon. Even before the treaty was actually

signed, the new governor-general had entered the provinces. "Five days before the publication of the Ghent treaty," says Motley, "a foreign cavalier, attended by a Moorish slave and six men-at-arms, rode into the streets of Luxembourg. The cavalier was Don Ottavio Gonzaga, brother of the Prince of Melfi. The Moorish slave was Don John of Austria, the son of the emperor, the conqueror of Granada, the hero of Lepanto. The new governor-general had traversed Spain and France in this disguise, with great celerity, and in the romantic manner which belonged to his character. He stood at last on the threshold of the Netherlands, but, with all his speed, he had arrived a few days too late."

Don John of Austria was the illegitimate son of Charles V., by Barbara Blomberg of Ratisbon, a woman of humble rank. The boy had been nurtured in retirement by an officer of the imperial household until his fourteenth year. He was then taken in charge by his half-brother, Philip of Spain, and thenceforth educated with the prince royal — Don Carlos — and the son

of Margaret of Parma. The three princes were of about the same age, and Alexander of Parma, at least, was a boy of much talent. But Don John surpassed both his companions. He grew up to be a marvel of beauty and gracefulness, and his daring agility in all youthful sports and exercises was thought to betoken a brilliant career. It had been designed to make him an ecclesiastic, but the bold, romantic youth had no fancy for holy orders. At the age of eighteen he ran away to Barcelona, intending to join the expedition against Malta. The king forbade the rash adventure, but no longer opposed his choosing the profession of arms. Before he was twenty-three, he had conducted a most brilliant campaign against the insurgent Moors of Granada. He afterwards commanded the allied armies of Venice, Spain, and Rome, in the war against the Turks. He was conspicuous for his desperate valor in the naval battle of Lepanto, and carried away a very large share of the glory of that celebrated victory.

Don John had now reached his thirty-second year. Not content with the fame of former ex-

ploits, his head was uneasy for want of a crown. To win or to found a kingdom was his consuming ambition. Of this he dreamed by night, for this he toiled by day. At present, his eyes were fixed on the throne of England. Perhaps it might be peaceably secured by marrying Queen Elizabeth, who was understood to be still, in a sense, "in the market." Yet since that royal lady was indisputably rather old and ugly, the handsome young cavalier thought it would be better to conquer England by arms, depose Elizabeth, marry the fair imprisoned Queen of Scots, and thus become sovereign of the whole British isle.

With this romantic scheme filling his head, Don John had come to the Netherlands. He had readily accepted the office of governor-general, because he trusted thus to advance his pet enterprise. As there was still something of an army in the Netherlands, he secretly purposed to settle matters there in a trice, no matter how, and then to avail himself of the troops for the conquest of England.

In sending his young brother to the Nether-

lands, Philip had instructed him to bring about a reconciliation, if possible. But he was not in any event to yield an iota of the royal supremacy, nor of the Roman Catholic faith. The king seems to have fancied that merely Don John's wonderful graces of person would somehow charm the rebellious Netherlanders into the most delightful submission. He was destined to find himself signally mistaken.

Having reached Luxemburg, on the southern frontier, Don John dropped the garb of the Moorish slave, removed the swarthy stain which had disguised his fair complexion and bright curling hair, and stood forth, a splendid and fascinating cavalier. "Such were the beauty and vivacity of his eyes," says a writer of that day, "that with a single glance he made all hearts his own." His features were fine, his figure well-proportioned and graceful. His bright luxuriant hair was tossed back from his handsome forehead in a fashion of his own, which became the prevailing mode wherever he went. But gifted and accomplished as he was,

Don John had now undertaken more than he was able to do.

He had come to the Netherlands simply that he might make them a stepping-stone to the throne of England. However winning in outward appearance, he was altogether selfish at heart. His own ambitious schemes absorbed his thoughts. He heartily disliked and despised both the people and the country. In his private letters he declared that he found himself "in a Babylon of disgusts." The people were "scoundrels, drunkards, wine-skins." He was anxious to despatch matters in the speediest manner possible, solely that he might be released from his distasteful mission and left at liberty to pursue the darling scheme of his heart. Thus, having no genuine interest or definite purposes in regard to Netherland affairs,—except to get them off his hands as soon as possible,—his course was ever vacillating and inconsistent. He might flatter to-day, and threaten to-morrow, yet finally yield.

At Luxemburg Don John received the deputies of the states-general, who laid before him

in writing certain demands and concessions. William of Orange had most earnestly warned them not to be cajoled by flatteries, but to insist on their constitutional rights. They accordingly demanded, first of all, the immediate and unconditional departure of the foreign troops. Furthermore, all prisoners were to be released, the recent treaty of Ghent recognized, a general amnesty proclaimed, and the states-general convoked. Finally, Don John must solemnly swear to maintain all the charters and customs of the land. On these conditions, they would accept his authority, would maintain the established church, disband their own foreign troops, and provide his excellency with a body-guard of native Netherlanders.

Don John at first undertook to stand upon his dignity, and was not in haste to concede what had been asked. He was disposed to debate, to quibble, to object. The deputies soon discovered that for some secret reason the governor-general was particularly set upon sending away the troops by sea, if he let them depart at all. They had no idea why it was, but they

instantly resolved to thwart him on that point. It soon appeared that the troops themselves had been tampered with, for the officers were as full of objections to a land journey as was Don John. This made the estates only the more determined that they should go by land, at all hazards. As to the Ghent Pacification, about which Don John had expressed doubts, they consulted the professors of Louvain, the ecclesiastics of the Netherlands, and the state council, all which authorities pronounced that the said treaty contained nothing against the supremacy of the Romish religion, or that of the king. Armed with these weighty, though not to our view very candid decisions, they hoped ultimately to bring Don John to terms.

By way of fortifying the Ghent treaty, another agreement, called the "Union of Brussels," was drawn up early in January, 1577. As this was signed by nearly all the leading individuals in each province, it exhibited very clearly the entire sympathy of the people with the views of their deputies in forming the treaty of Ghent, which they thus bound themselves to

maintain. Its present effect was to unite more closely all true Netherlanders in the work of expelling foreign invaders, and doubtless so imposing a demonstration of popular sentiment had some weight in the mind of Don John himself.

Meanwhile, that dignitary, though not yet received as governor-general, had advanced from Luxemburg to Huy, where he met a fresh embassy from the states. The envoys bluntly put the question whether he would maintain the treaty of Ghent entire, and dismiss his troops, by land, forthwith. Don John's reply was compendiously expressed in twenty-seven articles, which, whatever else they answered, did not answer those questions at all. Being cornered by the persistent deputies, he finally said, No. Upon this, both parties grew wrathful, and blustered loudly at each other, until from words they almost came to blows. But in the course of the night, Don John's anger had time to cool off a little. He began to recede from his defiant attitude of the previous evening. Before the deputies left for Brussels, he had

virtually admitted the Ghent treaty. Not long afterwards, he was still further persuaded — by the envoys of the emperor of Germany, Rudolph II.— to abandon for the time the project nearest his heart, and send away the troops by land.

In February, 1577, accordingly, the memorable treaty called the perpetual edict was signed, by which Don John conceded everything which had been demanded by the estates. On their part, they agreed to receive him as governor-general, as soon as the Spanish, Italian, and Burgundian troops should have left the provinces. They were to take an oath to uphold the Catholic religion, to disband their own troops, and to restore the citadels to his majesty.

For a brief period, the people of most of the Netherland states fancied all their troubles ended. But the perpetual edict was far from contenting the Prince of Orange. He discerned but too clearly the tendency of that agreement. He well knew the bottomless duplicity of the Spanish government. It had ever been more

ready to make promises than scrupulous to keep them. Of late, many letters had been intercepted on their way between Philip and Don John, which furnished abundant reason for doubting the good faith of those eminent personages in the late transaction. Moreover, the perpetual edict could never be accepted by Holland and Zealand, on account of the pledge it required in favor of the Roman Catholic religion. These two Protestant states, therefore, would be once more cut off from the fellowship which the fifteen sister provinces had lately pledged to them at Ghent. Consequently the prince refused to have anything to do with it, in behalf of his own two provinces, unless, indeed, the other fifteen would condition their recognition of Don John as governor-general upon the actual departure of the Spaniards within the stipulated forty days, in default of which they should expel them by arms.

Don John was not a little worried by the present attitude of Orange, and spared no pains to win so influential a personage to his side. He had already learned how boundless was the

authority of "Father William"—as the people affectionately termed him—in Holland and Zealand. He, and he alone, could win back those provinces to their allegiance, if he chose. Don John sent private envoys to confer with him. He wrote himself; he promised everything that could be desired for himself or his house; he left no bribe untried. 'You can not imagine,' said he, "how much it will be in my power to do for you."

But these were not the arguments which could move that lofty soul. No doubt it would have been pleasant to be again surrounded by pomp and splendor, to be high in favor at court. But to William the Silent it seemed a boon far more precious to have his oppressed country set free. The welfare of his people had ever been dearer to him than his own. "I have always put my personal interests under my feet," he said, "and thus am I resolved still to do, so long as life remains."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### *UNEXPECTED MOVEMENTS.*

**D**ON JOHN was now at Louvain, exerting his remarkable powers of fascination to the utmost, in order to win a people whom in his heart he hated and despised. In the latter part of April, the Spanish soldiery departed, according to agreement, and the rejoicing populace fancied themselves at last free. On the first day of May, 1577, Don John made a triumphal entrance into Brussels, amid great pomp and festivity. Three days afterwards, he took the usual oaths of office at the Hotel de Ville, and assumed the position of governor-general.

But the magnificent personage now at the head of the Netherland government was a grievously disappointed man, after all. With the departing banners of the Spanish army had

vaniſhed the deareſt dream of his ambitious heart. The very thing for the ſake of which he had come to the Low Countries was now out of his reach. Without troops, how could he conquer England? "You are aware," wrote his ſecretary, Escovedo,— who ſhared deeply in these romantic aspirations,— to Antonio Perez, "you are aware that *a throne*—a chair with a canopy—is our intention and our appetite, and all the rest is good for nothing. Having failed in our ſcheme, we are desperate and like madmen. All is now wearineſſ and death. . . . Ah, Señor Antonio Perez, what terrible pertinacity have theſe devils shown in making us give up our plot!"

Gladly would Don John have quitted the Netherlands, even before his inauguration, if the king would have allowed him to do ſo. In truth, he was ſorely tempted to renounce his office at all hazards. The position was not ſuited to his taste. He liked to make war out and out, not to fret away his life in political ſquabbles. He felt that ſome woman—for instance his ſister Margaret, the former regent,

or perhaps the duchess of Lorraine — would be better adapted to the place than himself. “There is but one man in the Netherlands,” wrote he to the king, “and he is called the Prince of Orange. The people are fairly bewitched by him; they love him, they fear him, they go to him with all their affairs, and nothing is done but the prince is at the bottom of it.” As for himself, he candidly declared that the people were beginning to abhor him, and that he abhorred them already.

The young governor-general soon began to suspect that a plot was on foot to imprison or assassinate him. He had no positive proofs of such a design; but since he and Escovedo were trying to compass the destruction of the prince, it was but natural that they should be ill at ease. One night, not long after his inauguration, the Viscount de Gand came to the bedside of the governor, and, rousing him from his slumber, he solemnly warned him to leave Brussels at once, or his life was not worth a pin. Accordingly, he removed to Mechlin, only to receive similar warnings there.

It was in this same city of Mechlin that Don John had lately illustrated the manner in which he should observe the Pacification of Ghent. The odious Decrees of Trent had been once more promulgated, and a poor tailor, found guilty of attending a Protestant meeting, was put to death by the orders and in the presence of his excellency himself. This renewal of persecutions did not increase his popularity. Feeling himself in danger where he was, he contrived, about midsummer, to get possession of Namur.

Namur was a very picturesque and opulent city, situated at the confluence of the Sambre with the Meuse, not far from the French frontier. It was an important place, not only on account of its location, but also on account of its famous citadel, which still, as then, crowns an abrupt precipice five hundred feet above the river. Don John had an undoubted right to establish himself in this renowned fortress, as well as in any other within his government. But his distrust of the Netherlanders led him to seize it by a stratagem, the consequence of

which was that they immediately lost whatever confidence in him they had thus far retained. At the same time he undertook to get the Antwerp citadel also into his own hands. In this, however, he signally failed, and the attempt resulted in the expulsion of all the German troops remaining in Antwerp. The fortress was occupied by the patriots, and soon after they leveled that side commanding the city to the ground.

From his fortress of Namur Don John wrote many letters to the estates, in which he made bold to justify his course. But it was now very clear to them that their valiant and accomplished governor was not to be trusted. On the other hand, that personage pronounced the Netherlanders a most perverse and thankless people. Considering all the benefits received from Alva and his Blood Council, considering the recent "Spanish Fury," as well as all the other massacres and sieges with which the country had been favored by Philip during the last ten years, perhaps they were. "Little profit there has been, or is like to be," patheti-

cally remarked Don John in writing to his sister, the empress-dowager, "from all the good which we have done to this bad people."

These bad people, however, had recently shown themselves not incapable of gratitude, after all. Not long before, the Prince of Orange had made a tour through the two provinces which he governed, at the request of the people themselves. Though they could not indulge themselves in any great parade on the occasion, they gave him the more precious homage of devoted hearts. Everybody hailed him with the dear title of "Father William;" they crowded around to catch a glimpse of his beloved face, perchance to hear him speak, or, better still, to press the faithful hand so frankly offered to them all. However it seemed to Don John, the prince did not find his people ungrateful.

Now that the governor-general had shut himself up at Namur, the prince was formally and earnestly invited to visit Brussels. He had not been in that city since his departure to Germany eleven years before, though he had been sol-

emnly summoned thither by the Council of Blood, in its day, and condemned for non-appearance. It was in a different manner that he was coming now. He was not to be accused as a traitor, but hailed as the protector and father of the nation. Even certain of the great nobles, who were not only hostile to the Protestant faith, but also jealous of him personally, had felt constrained to join in the request that the prince would come to Brussels.

William would not promise to do so without first consulting his own two provinces. They were reluctant to have him go, yet did not refuse their consent. Throughout Holland and Zealand, however, public prayers were daily offered for his safe return. On the 17th of September, he was received at Antwerp with the greatest enthusiasm. After a few days, he proceeded thence to Brussels, a large part of whose population came out several miles to meet him. Whoever else might prove false, they knew that he was a true friend.

The estates desired his advice about the negotiations then in progress with their governor-

general at Namur, whose tone had become more amicable of late. But Orange was not the man to prefer an unworthy peace to a righteous war; nor would he give his voice in favor of a treaty that sacrificed civil or religious liberty. It was not long before the quarrel between the states and Don John came to actual hostilities; but in the mean time some other important events occurred, which must now be related.

Before Orange reached Brussels, a clique of Catholic nobles who were jealous of him had secretly invited the Archduke Matthias, the young brother of the Emperor Rudolph, to come to the Netherlands. Matthias was then a mere boy of twenty, mild and good-natured,—which was certainly a consideration to people who had suffered so much from cruel rulers,—but totally destitute of experience, power, or wealth. However, as they only intended him to be a mere figure-head to the ship of state rather than a pilot, an ornamental appendage of the government he was nominally to control, this was no great objection. Orange had not

been consulted about this measure, although he had heard of it before leaving Holland. In truth, the Catholic party intended to insult him by bringing the beardless archduke upon the stage, in order that he might either retire in disgust, or, by opposing the reception of Matthias, provoke the anger of the emperor.

But instead of taking either of the two courses into which his enemies expected to drive him, the prince quietly adopted the scheme as if it had been his own from the first, and went to meet the youthful Matthias at Antwerp at the head of two thousand cavalry and a vast multitude of citizens. Instead of permitting the power of the Catholic faction to be multiplied by the annexation to it of this cipher from the imperial house, he prudently took possession of it himself. Matthias was easy to manage, and under his merely nominal leadership William could carry any given measure just as readily as without it. He had previously been chosen Ruward of Brabant, and retained that office of almost dictatorial power even after the young Matthias had been made,

nominally, the governor-general. In December, 1577, the states declared that Don John was no longer their ruler under the king, inasmuch as he had violated his oaths of office. Matthias was inaugurated with great pomp, at Brussels, on the 18th of January, 1578. The articles previously agreed upon between him and the states, however, had so carefully limited the young man's powers and functions that he had almost nothing to do, except to sign the acts of the estates, which were afterwards also countersigned by the prince. Indeed, people used to speak of Matthias as the prince's clerk.

This unexpected issue of their plot was not very gratifying to the Catholic faction. Queen Elizabeth had lately promised some assistance to the Netherlands; but on learning that the young archduke was to be governor-general, she declared that she would not furnish a penny for their war, unless Orange was at once appointed lieutenant-general for Matthias. This of course was readily done. The romantic youth who had slipped by stealth from his warm bed in Vienna, and run away in his night-gown

to be made governor of the Netherlands, filled his not very responsible position quite harmlessly for two or three years, until he was crowded out to make room for Anjou.

Don John sat looking down from his lofty citadel of Namur upon these insolent proceedings in Brussels, ready to burst with indignation. He haughtily intimated to the emperor that if Matthias really did run away to the Netherlands without leave, as had been represented, his imperial majesty might at least command the boy to come home again. This, however, the emperor did not make haste to do.

Don John was not very sorry to have a good excuse for going to war with the Netherlanders, after all. Both parties collected their forces as rapidly as possible. Troops were sent from abroad, under Alexander of Parma and other experienced officers, to aid the repudiated governor-general, who was already broken in health and spirits by the vexations he had undergone. In a short time both armies were mustered, each numbering about twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse. On the last day of Janu-

ary, 1578, a general engagement took place at Gembloours, not far from Namur. It resulted most disastrously to the army of the states, owing to the unfaithfulness and incompetence of the Catholic nobles in command. They lost about ten thousand men, while the loss of the Spaniards was almost nothing. Don John proceeded to reduce many small cities in that region, illustrating these petty conquests by the usual barbarities as he advanced.

The defeat of Gembloours caused a violent reaction against the Catholic faction. The leading nobles who opposed Orange would have been mobbed but for his generous interposition. In this moment of disaster, nobody dared undertake to thwart measures approved by him. The misfortune happily resulted in temporarily uniting the before discordant parties for the general defense.

The important city of Amsterdam had long been the only one in Holland which did not maintain the authority of the prince, and the Protestant faith. It was not the fault of the people, however. The magistrates were stiff

papists, and were resolved to keep the authority in their own hands. The prince would not resort to force, and so the city had hitherto been in an attitude of hostility toward his government. But early in February, 1578, certain deputies from Utrecht succeeded in arranging terms which Amsterdam accepted. Toleration was now promised to the reformed faith in that city, whose recovery was more than enough to make up for the defeat of Gembloers.

A few months after this, there was a rumor of some Catholic plot on foot in Amsterdam. It seemed likely enough, for the city swarmed with monks and friars, and the magistrates were still papists. A few bold men concerted a plan for deposing the present municipal authorities and ridding the city of the friars. With the help of a trusty band of soldiers, as well as many inhabitants, on the 28th of May they suddenly seized both magistrates and monks, and marched them in a solemn procession down to the water's edge. Here they were ordered on board a vessel which lay waiting for them. The exultant populace swarmed on every side,

as the terrified senators and ecclesiastics were thus led forth. "To the gallows with them! to the gallows, where they have sent many a good fellow before his time!" ejaculated the crowd, no less fervently than old Hessels had formerly done in the Blood Council. The unhappy wretches now in hand perceived that they were likely to be drowned rather than gibbeted, but that was small consolation. The careful wife of the burgomaster, old Heinrich Dirkzoon, hearing that the magistrates were going no one knew whither, managed to send her husband a pair of clean shirts for the voyage. "Take them away! take them home again!" replied the despairing ex-burgomaster, as the anxious maid offered the snowy linen, "I shall never need any more clean shirts in this world." The vessel put out from the wharf. The trembling prisoners expected nothing else than to be sunk in the Zuyder Zee; instead of which they were presently landed high and dry upon the top of a dike, and bidden to go anywhere they liked except back to Amsterdam. The municipal offices having been vacated in this jocose and

summary fashion, a new board was elected, and Protestant worship duly recognized thenceforth.

Ever since Holland and Zealand had renounced their allegiance to Philip II., they had purposed to place themselves under the protection of some other potentate; for they had no idea that a nation could do without an anointed sovereign. Since William of Orange persisted in refusing to assume that dignity, they naturally turned to the Protestant Elizabeth of England. Near the close of 1575, an embassy was sent thither to offer to her majesty the sovereignty of Holland and Zealand.

Elizabeth was unwilling to say no, yet she dared not say yes. She reflected that in the former case the two provinces would doubtless offer themselves to her neighbor of France, of whom she was always jealous. On the other hand, to accept the honor proposed would involve her in a great deal of trouble and expense. She would be obliged to take their part against Philip, and no one could say where the contest would end. So the great queen as-

sumed much the attitude of the dog in the manger, neither accepting the sovereignty herself, nor allowing it to be offered to anybody else. As often as the provinces sent renewed proposals to her, she would receive them with rather cool politeness, as one who inwardly wonders at the persistency of a presumptuous suitor. Whenever she suspected that they were paying court to her rival of France, she would use all her fascinations to draw them back to her feet. Thus the royal coquette had hitherto kept the matter in suspense.

But now the Catholic nobles, who had missed their aim in calling in Matthias, made secret advances to the Duke of Alençon,\* having the same end in view. That personage, who had vibrated repeatedly from the Romish to the Huguenot party and back again, at this moment was wearing his coat with the Protestant side out. Still, his religious as well as his political convictions always hung about him so loosely as not to hinder the greatest latitude of move-

\* A brother of the French king, who soon after became Duke of Anjou.

ment. All his sentiments were of the reversible sort, having one side fair and clean for respectable circles, and the other rough-and-ready for dirty work. Such was his skill in appearing to be what he was not, and concealing what he really was, that even the prince and Saint Aldegonde were in a measure deceived.

He was now actually in Mons, and by accepting his offers of friendship and aid, Orange contrived to reap advantage rather than harm from these renewed intrigues of the aristocratic faction. Upon the 13th of August, 1578, a treaty was concluded between the duke and the states, according to which the former was to furnish a considerable body of French troops, and in return he was to be honored with the high-sounding title of "Defender of the Liberty of the Netherlands against the Tyranny of the Spaniards and their adherents." The states also promised to aid him in their turn, should it ever be needful, to an equal amount. He was not to interfere with the internal affairs of the country; but should the Netherlandsulti-

mately accept a foreign monarch, he was to have their first offer.

During this summer, some negotiations with Don John had been attempted, but in vain. His army and that of the states sat grimly watching each other in their respective camps, but for want of funds they could do no more. The position of Don John was extremely painful and trying ; Philip would neither recall him, as he urgently requested, nor yet would he furnish him with means to push on the war. To appearance, his majesty expected him to subsist upon nothing, and cover himself with glory meanwhile. He had long felt that he was distrusted at court. When there came news that his favorite Escovedo had been assassinated in Madrid, through agents of Perez—the very man in whom they both had utterly confided—and by order of the king, Don John grew sick at heart and weary of life. He wrote mournfully of his embarrassing position, during the latter part of summer, to one of his friends at Genoa. “I have besought his majesty over and over again,” said he, “to send

me his orders. If they come, they shall be executed, *unless they arrive too late*. They have cut off our hands, and we have now nothing for it but to stretch forth our heads also to the ax. I grieve to trouble you with my sorrows, but I trust to your sympathy as a man and a friend. I hope that you will remember me in your prayers, for you can put your trust where, in former days, I never could place my own."

A few days later, he wrote his last letter to the king. Already he had a fever upon him, under which his constitution was rapidly giving way. He represented once more his perplexities,—without orders, without means, a French army already in the country, and the plague ravaging his own. He implored the king to send instructions, to tell him plainly whether he was to stay for reinforcements or to fight, and, if the latter, whether to attack the French army or that of the states. But there was destined to be no more waiting for orders from the dilatory monarch of Spain. A messenger was even then approaching from the invisible world. Within ten days, Don John was dead.

It was a mournful close for so brief and brilliant a career. The youthful conqueror of Granada, the hero of Lepanto, perished in the flower of his age, disappointed, baffled, neglected, and betrayed. It was in the low and narrow loft of a little hovel that Don John lay down to die. The miserable chamber had for years served as a dove-cot. It was now hastily cleansed and hung with tapestry, for a sick-room. Day after day the unfortunate commander tossed restlessly in a burning fever, raving ever of battle-fields and victories, while his nephew, Alexander of Parma, sat watching by his side. At last the delirium passed away, but death was at hand. Don John named Parma as his successor in command, received the last sacraments of the Romish Church, and quietly expired, on the 1st of October, 1578.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### *THE UNION OF UTRECHT.*

**A**LEXANDER, Prince of Parma, was the only surviving son of the Duchess Margaret and Ottavio Farnese. As has been already stated, his mother was a daughter of the Emperor Charles V. His father was a grandson of Pope Paul the Third. The boy who thus derived his birth

“From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth”

grew up with a passionate fondness for arms. Though apt in the lore of books, he loved war far better. At eleven years of age, he wept bitterly because his uncle, Philip II., would not permit him to fight as a volunteer in the battle of Saint Quentin. When, in the first flush of his manhood, he was at length permitted to share in the last crusade against the Turks, he flew to the war as if to a gay tournament. He

fought at Lepanto with a reckless and desperate courage for which Don John even reproved him, after the battle was over. But he gayly replied that, since his saintly wife was praying night and day for his safety, he could dare all dangers without the least fear.

He had come to the Netherlands just before the battle of Gemblooms, which was won, in fact, under his leadership. In his thirty-third year, he now assumed command of the army of Spain, and proved himself more able and skillful than either of his predecessors. He was well-formed and graceful in person, princely in bearing, magnificent in his attire. His hair and eyes were dark, his features handsome, so far as a luxuriant beard permitted them to be seen. The expression of his countenance, however, is said to have been not altogether attractive. One could not observe the subtle, piercing eyes, the alert, brisk, decided air, without feeling a little afraid of him. The man looked dangerous. Evidently, it would be no easy matter for one to strike him unawares ; it would not be safe to provoke him, even at a distance.

Though quick and penetrating in his perceptions, he was cool and sagacious in his conduct. He was ever fearless, but seldom rash. He was decorous in outward observances, but unscrupulous in regard to the means of reaching his end. His industry was incessant, his perseverance endless.

Alexander Farnese possessed no such powers of fascination as Don John had exercised ; yet his ability to control men was much greater. If less charming than his kinsman had been, he was nevertheless far more commanding. He was not at all romantic, but matter-of-fact and practical. No visions of crowns won and captive queens released danced before his eyes, but he set himself deliberately and persistently to the task of subduing the Netherlands, and made it his business, year in and year out, with seemingly never a thought for anything else.

At the time when Alexander of Parma assumed the command, the autumn was too far advanced for extensive campaigns, even had he found ample resources at his disposal. But he prudently reflected that something might be

done by buying up traitors during the winter months, if not by fighting. He had reason to suspect that certain of the Netherland nobles would be tolerably willing to bargain with him, especially those who had been twice foiled in their attempts to circumvent Orange. Accordingly, his first efforts were directed to this quarter.

The Seignior de la Motte, governor of Gravelines, had been purchased and paid for, in the time of Don John. At first fifty thousand crowns were proposed for La Motte and his friend, the present Baron Montigny, with their troops, though the agent of the king insisted that they were very dear at that price. Meanwhile the affair got noised abroad prematurely. La Motte learned that the Spanish officers were making many unpleasant and sarcastic remarks at his expense, and consequently he began to draw back from the bargain in high dudgeon. However, he finally consented to be struck off to Don John at the stipulated price, and with him the Spaniards acquired Gravelines. What was worse, many others shortly followed his

infamous example. Parma smoothed the way for them as much as possible. He well understood how to manage affairs of so delicate a nature, and never failed to observe a decent secrecy, at least, in regard to these mercenary treasons. Before many months had elapsed, a goodly number of Netherland nobles had sold themselves, body and soul, to Philip of Spain.

With regard to some of these, the states might have wished Alexander much joy of his bargain, had he acquired simply the individuals themselves, and what pertained to them. But the defection of so many nobles in the southern provinces from the patriot party had no small effect upon the mass of the people around them. It was the entering wedge which led to the ultimate division of the Netherlands. Though the cleft was slight at first, it widened day by day. The Walloon provinces leaned more and more toward popery and Spain, while the steadfast north was ever growing firmer in its adhesion to civil and religious liberty.

William of Orange and the other Protestant nobles were quick to discover whither matters

were tending. The states-general repeatedly sent deputations to the Walloon provinces to warn them of their danger, and to entreat them not to separate themselves from the rest of the nation by any compromise with Spain. But it was of no avail. The Ghent treaty had united all the seventeen states against their common foe for a brief period ; but that bond was now virtually sundered. It was no longer possible to construct a league embracing all ; but the northern provinces were soon consolidated by a new compact called the "Union of Utrecht." This ultimately became the basis of the Dutch Republic, as it existed for two hundred years.

Count John of Nassau, the only surviving brother of the prince, was now stadtholder of Gelderland and Zutphen, which were considered as one province. He was prominent in proposing the Union of Utrecht, which the prince desired the states to consider and adopt of themselves, as it were, rather than by his direct influence. The deputies of several provinces met, together with Count John, early in January, 1579. On the 23rd of January, the

celebrated compact was provisionally adopted and proclaimed on the 29th from the town house of Utrecht. The first signers were the stadholder and deputies of Gelderland, and the members from Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, and Friesland. Subsequently, Overyssel, Groningen, and the northern portion of Brabant, were embraced in the confederation, which was for a long period known as the seven United Provinces.

This celebrated Union of Utrecht, as its preamble distinctly declared, was designed to confirm, not to annul, the Pacification of Ghent. It was a closer alliance between certain provinces, for mutual defense against their common foe. While the contracting parties bound themselves to remain perpetually united, as if they were but one province, each member of the confederation was to retain its own peculiar charters, privileges, customs, and laws, without any abridgment or change. Allegiance to the king was still professed; but the provinces engaged to defend each other against the foreign soldiery, and all hostile invasions whatsoever,

with their fortunes and their lives. The expenses of their mutual protection were to be equitably shared among them all. The power of making war and peace, of concluding treaties, and of establishing imposts, was to depend upon the unanimous consent of the several provinces. Upon other matters, the majority might decide. A common currency was to be established, furthermore, and, more important than all, there was to be religious toleration for both Catholics and Protestants.

In many respects, the Union of Utrecht resembled our own American Union. As regarded foreign nations, the confederated provinces were virtually a unit, though that unit was composed of several sovereign states. These states were not as yet republics, however; nor could their envoys to the general assembly of deputies be strictly called representatives of the people. The Dutch Republic was yet in the future; but the Union of Utrecht prepared its way.

A movement equally important, but in the opposite direction, was meanwhile going on in

the remaining provinces. They were about to become reconciled to Spain. As they were not quite prepared openly to repudiate the treaty of Ghent, however, Alexander of Parma professed himself willing to make that the basis of his present negotiations with them, "provided always that it were interpreted healthily." Since in his opinion religious liberty was never "healthy," of course the Ghent treaty must not be interpreted to mean that, nor anything bordering upon it. The only truly sound condition was that wherein every living soul should be a good and faithful member of the Roman Catholic church. And next to that millennial state, to be blessed with the inquisition and edicts, with racks, gibbets, and stakes, was most wholesome and desirable.

The "reconciled" nobles exerted a fatal influence over the southern provinces. In spite of repeated remonstrances from the sister states, they began to give ear to the propositions of Parma. Since these Walloon\* provinces were

\* Artois, Hainault, Lille, Douay, and Orchies are those particularly specified in these negotiations with Parma.

generally devoted to the Romish faith, there was no difficulty about the religious question. They complained of the foreign troops as their principal grievance. Parma did not hesitate to assure them, in the name of the king, that the soldiers should be sent away again forthwith; for promises are cheaply made by those who do not mean to keep them. He even wrote to the other provinces, inviting them to accept the same terms of reconciliation. It would be only to restore "the system of the Emperor Charles, of very lofty memory." "To this superfluous invitation," says Motley, "the states-general replied that it had been the system of the Emperor Charles, of lofty memory, to maintain the supremacy of Catholicism and of majesty in the Netherlands by burning Netherlanders,—a custom which the states, with common accord, had thought it desirable to do away."

Early in the spring, the Walloon provinces, disregarding the continued appeals of the prince and the rest of the states, sent a large number of deputies to treat with Parma, at that

time besieging Maestricht. Alexander sent out to meet these returning prodigals on their way, received them most graciously in a splendid pavilion, gave them a sumptuous banquet that very afternoon, and entertained them with dances and carousals of all sorts during the whole time of their visit. The envoys were completely captivated with the condescending affability of their illustrious host. A preliminary agreement was soon signed, which in a few months resulted in a final reconciliation of the southern provinces with Spain.

Thus the Netherlands were henceforth and for ever cut in twain. The dividing line drawn by the craft of Parma and the treachery of the Walloon nobles remains to this day.

Alexander's first military operation of consequence was the siege of Maestricht, which was commenced in March, 1579, and lasted four months. This city, being located on the borders of Germany, and commanding the upper Meuse, was a very important one. Its inhabitants numbered thirty-four thousand ; its garrison consisted of only one thousand sol-

diers. Beside these there was a burgher guard of twelve hundred men, and also two thousand peasants, both male and female, who were used to the pickax and mattock, and did excellent service as sappers and miners. The walls were strong and the supplies tolerable. What was more, the people were devoted, heart and soul, to the patriot cause, and fully resolved never to yield. Alexander of Parma had an army nearly equal in numbers to the entire population of Maestricht, and he was no less determined than they. Our limits forbid us to give full details. The assaults and repulses, the mining and countermining, the ingenious devices of warfare on either side, were much like those of the sieges already narrated. The women of Maestricht were not less heroic than those of Harlem. The burghers and their wives were even braver and more resolute than the soldiers themselves. After two or three unsuccessful assaults, in which he lost four thousand troops, Parma perceived that it was idle to think of carrying Maestricht by storm. Thenceforth he depended chiefly on his sappers

and miners. For a long time he was continually thwarted by the diligent and skillful countermining of the besieged. But at length, on the night preceding the festival of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, an accidental discovery enabled the Spaniards to surprise and carry the city.

The usual massacre at once commenced. Neither old men, nor women, nor little children, were spared. It is related that the cry of agony which rose from the wretched city was distinctly heard at the distance of three miles. Hundreds of mothers took their infants in their arms and threw themselves into the river. Those who remained behind were hunted from house to house, hurled from the roofs, torn limb from limb in the streets. Four thousand persons were butchered upon the first day, and at least two thousand more perished before the massacre ceased. There seemed scarcely anybody left in Maestricht after it was over, for the miserable survivors had not the heart to linger among the ruins of their homes and the mangled corpses of their dearest friends.

At the time the city was taken, Alexander was sick. But the joy of such a victory soon cured him. He was borne into the town in great state, where he piously paid his thanksgivings, in the church of Saint Servais, "to his divine comrades, Peter and Paul.\*"

William of Orange had done his best to save Maestricht, but had been unable to arouse the states to earnest efforts in its behalf. Now that it had fallen, there were men base enough to lay the blame upon him. And yet, within that very year, he had again and again been appealed to, as the only person in the land who could restore order in the turbulent and factious city of Ghent, nor had they sought his aid in vain. In spite of busy calumniators, the prince had a strong hold on almost every individual heart in the nation. His burdens and trials were continually increasing, but faith in God enabled him tranquilly to sustain them all.

\* "Petro et Paulo gratias quasi stipendum persolvit commilitoni bus divis." Strada, p. 180. as quoted by Motley.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### *INDEPENDENCE DECLARED.*

**F**ROM May to November of this year, there was an august assembly of archbishops, abbots, doctors of divinity, “serene highnesses, transparencies, and worthinesses,\*” in session at Cologne upon the affairs of the Netherlands. The emperor, the king, the states, and the pope, were severally represented in this illustrious convocation. There was a vast deal of debating and scribbling done by its members, as well as “much excellent eating and drinking,” but at the end of the seven months, matters stood precisely as at the beginning. The two vital points which the provinces never ceased to insist upon — the chartered rights, and religious toleration — were the self-

\* Quoted from the language of the states' envoys. Motley, Vol. III.  
p. 459.

same two which the king would never concede. The imperial commissioners, who had undertaken the part of peacemakers, at length discovered that they were wasting their time in trying to reconcile differences so utterly irreconcilable, and so, washing their hands of all further responsibility, they left the affair "in the hands of God and the parties concerned."

After the Cologne conferences had closed, a few of the states' commissioners lingered behind, and made their individual peace with Spain. One of these was the unstable Duke of Aerschot, and another the Marquis of Havré. Shortly afterward, two more important cases of treason occurred, in quarters where better things might have been looked for. The Seignior de Bours, who had saved the Antwerp citadel for the patriots in the time of Don John, was now bribed by Parma to give him the city of Mechlin, of which he was governor. The price was five thousand florins and the command of a regiment. However, it was not a very profitable bargain to Parma, as he lost the city within six months by a surprise. Early

the next year, Count Renneberg, governor of Friesland, delivered up Groningen, in a similar manner. The original bill of sale of this able, accomplished, and well-paid traitor still exists in the royal archives of Brussels. He had been implicitly trusted by Orange, and within a year or two after his treason, remorse for this deed actually brought him to his grave.

There was no lack of bids for the prince himself, though nobody dared make him a direct offer of such a disgraceful nature. It was delicately intimated, however, through intermediate parties, that "there was nothing he could demand for himself personally that would not be granted." His estates should be restored, his debts paid, his son sent back to him from Spain, he should have liberty of worship for himself, and whatever else he might desire.

But the prince nobly declared that "neither for property nor for life, neither for wife nor for children, would he mix in his cup a single drop of treason, nor would he, directly or indirectly, separate himself from the cause on which hung all his evil or felicity." Yet, although he

utterly refused to make terms for himself, apart from the states, he magnanimously offered to resign all his offices and withdraw from the country, if they could make better terms for themselves apart from him. But he solemnly warned them not to accept any propositions for peace which did not recognize their rights to their ancient privileges, and to liberty of conscience.

The noble mother of William the Silent, who had already given up three of her sons to a patriot's death, had once written to him thus, — “ My heart longs for certain tidings from my lord, for methinks the peace now in prospect will prove but an oppression for soul and conscience. I trust my heart's dearly-beloved lord and son will be supported by divine grace to do nothing against God and his own soul's salvation. *Tis better to lose the temporal than the eternal.* ” The unfeigned faith which dwelt first in the mother was also in the son. Looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, William of Orange counseled the provinces now to risk every

earthly possession rather than give up religious freedom.

Since it was out of the question to bribe the prince, the next endeavor of Spain was to get him assassinated. Cardinal Granvelle had always been dropping hints about "finishing" this troublesome and impracticable personage, whom they could neither conquer nor buy. He now advised Philip to set a price upon his head. In the spring of 1580, this was actually done, to the everlasting infamy of both the cardinal and the king.

This celebrated proclamation of outlawry against Orange was introduced by a long accusation, intended to justify the extreme measure. It then proceeded to declare him traitor and miscreant, an enemy of the human race, with whom all loyal subjects were forbidden to have anything more to do. He was to be denied food, drink, fire, and shelter; his property was to be his, who could seize it. "And if any one of our subjects, or any stranger," the ban concluded, "should be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him

to us, alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him, immediately after the deed shall have been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. If he, the assassin, have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him, and if he be not already noble, we will enoble him for his valor."

Philip fancied the prince would at least be intimidated by this tremendous ban; but he was disappointed even in that hope. "I am in the hand of God," said the Christian patriot; "my worldly goods and my life have been long since dedicated to his service. He will dispose of them as seems best for his glory and my salvation."

The ban excited great indignation in the Netherlands. The prince replied to it, in the course of the year, by his celebrated "Apology," defending himself against the calumnies lately promulgated, and maintaining the justice of the cause for whose sake he had been thus condemned. Shortly after the sentence of outlawry, Holland and Zealand sufficiently ex-

pressed their judgment of the proscribed prince by renewing their entreaties that he would accept the entire authority as sovereign and chief of those two states, so long as the war should last. When he had finally consented to do so, which was not until July, 1581, the estates secretly canceled the limitation as to time, which had been inserted for no other purpose than to secure his acceptance of the office. He had been their ruler in fact, though not in form, for some years already, and the hereditary title of Count of Holland brought him no additional power.

The usual oaths of fidelity and allegiance were exchanged between the prince and the representatives of the two provinces, upon the 24th of July, 1581. Two days afterward, the deputies of those states which had formed the union of Utrecht — now sitting at the Hague — issued their declaration of independence. They entitled it the act of abjuration. The introduction of this document expressed their views of the relations between a monarch and his people, as follows: —

"All mankind know that a prince is appointed by God to cherish his subjects, even as a shepherd to guard his sheep. When, therefore, the prince does not fulfill his duty as protector, when he oppresses his subjects, destroys their ancient liberties, and treats them as slaves, he is to be considered not a prince, but a tyrant. As such, the estates of the land may lawfully and reasonably depose him, and elect another in his room."

The next step, of course, was to prove that Philip of Spain had been a tyrant to his Netherland provinces. In a cool, dispassionate manner, they went over the history of the last twenty-five years, setting forth how he had governed the country by foreign officers instead of natives; how he had created additional bishoprics in order to strengthen the detested inquisition; how Alva, acting under the royal command, had deluged the land with blood; how the king had approved the atrocities of the "Spanish Fury;" and so on through a long catalogue, down to that crowning outrage, the ban against the Prince of Orange.

From these well-established premises they proceeded logically to the conclusion of the syllogism, namely, that it was lawful and reasonable to depose Philip, which, by this their solemn act of abjuration, they declared to be done. They proclaimed to the world that they would never more recognize him as their sovereign, either in fact or in name. All persons were required to take an oath renouncing his authority, and vowing fidelity to the United Netherlands and their national council.

In order to avoid giving offense to such patriots as were still Roman Catholics, the religious despotism of Philip had been presented less prominently in the declaration of wrongs than it would otherwise have been. His political oppression, of itself, had amply justified the revolt, though that alone might not have sufficed to alienate the provinces for ever from their hereditary ruler. The estates had elsewhere openly pronounced the inquisition and the edicts "the first and true cause of all their miseries."

Since the United Netherlands at this time

had no thought of becoming a republic, they had now to provide themselves with a sovereign. Though the two provinces of Holland and Zealand had just made the prince their ruler, almost in spite of himself, and the remaining five would have been more than content to have him and his descendants govern them also, he steadfastly refused, lest he should seem to have sought a kingdom for himself, rather than freedom for his country. Yet this disinterested and magnanimous man was formerly represented as an ambitious intriguer.

The Duke of Alençon, who had become Duke of Anjou on the elevation of his older brother to the throne of Poland, was now the chief candidate for the vacant sovereignty. His near relation to the king of France, as well as his prospective matrimonial alliance with the queen of England, weighed much in his favor. The monarch of France would doubtless bestir himself in behalf of the provinces if his brother was made their ruler, and Elizabeth too might be expected to espouse their cause if she espoused their sovereign. With such aid, the

long contest might soon be happily ended. And though Anjou had by this time become a Catholic once more, his powers were to be so carefully defined and limited that it was thought no harm could come of it, especially as religious toleration was to be the very cornerstone of the new government. In short, the prince urged that even if this alliance were not all that could be desired, it was the best that could be secured.

During the summer, while the matter was still undecided, Anjou arrived in the western part of the Netherlands with a considerable force, and relieved Cambray, to which Parma had just laid siege. But as many of his troops had enlisted only for a short time, and as the provinces were not yet ready to make formal propositions to him, he soon proceeded to England, to pursue his courtship of Queen Elizabeth. In the autumn, commissioners were sent thither to make arrangements with Anjou for his installation as their sovereign. At that time November, 1581, all Europe believed that the marriage of Elizabeth with the duke was to

take place very soon. Indeed, rings had been already exchanged, in token of betrothal, and banquets, tournaments, and all sorts of festivities followed, except the wedding. When the duke embarked for the Netherlands in February, 1582, the queen accompanied him as far as Canterbury with great pomp, sent a splendid train of her nobles to escort him to his future realm, and by letter desired the states-general to honor him "as if he were her second self." However, the match was somehow broken off, possibly on account of the personal repulsiveness of the duke, for, though much younger than the queen, he was insignificant and ill-formed, his face was blotched and pitted with small-pox, and his nose so enormous and misshapen that it looked as if it were double. Notwithstanding his ugliness of person, we are told that he was quick and lively of intellect, and could make himself very agreeable upon occasion. Saint Aldegonde, who was certainly a competent judge, after his first interview with Anjou, described him as "overflowing with bounty, intelligence, and sincerity." But he

found reason subsequently to change his mind, as the queen seems to have changed hers.

The duke was solemnly inaugurated at Antwerp, on the 17th of February, 1582, amid great pomp and display.\* He took the required oath to sustain the ancient charters, and subscribed to twenty-seven articles, which explicitly defined his prerogatives and the rights of the states. No arbitrary power was placed in his hands. Except that his authority was to descend to his children, his position was not unlike that of the president of a republic. In the quaint language of Count John of Nassau, the provinces had taken care "to provide him with a good muzzle." So they indulged themselves in a great military display, ponderous orations, and much pageantry of all sorts, by way of illustrating the joyful occasion.

\*The sovereignty of Holland and Zealand, however, still remained with the prince, as those provinces would not consent to any change.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### *CONSPIRACIES AND CRIMES.*

**A** MONTH after the inauguration of Anjou, there occurred at Antwerp an event of a totally different nature, which for a time wholly absorbed the public mind. It was the attempted assassination of the Prince of Orange.

Two years had passed since a price was set upon his head, yet ever since that time there had been persons anxiously seeking an opportunity to earn the promised reward. The present occasion was the birthday of Anjou, March 18th, 1582. A great festival was appointed for that evening, which the prince was of course expected to attend. For some reason, however, the assassin did not wait for that, but went at dinner-time to the private residence of Orange, in the neighborhood of the citadel. Two Neth-

erland noblemen, and two distinguished commissioners from France, dined with Orange that day. His son, young Maurice of Nassau, and two of his nephews, were also present. Upon rising from table, the prince led the way from the dining-room, still conversing with his guests as they passed to the ante-chamber. Just then some one advanced from among the servants with a petition in his hand. The stranger was a shabby-looking youth, small of stature, of a pale and sallow complexion. The prince kindly took the offered paper, for he was ever accessible even to the humblest of the people. At that instant, the fellow suddenly drew a pistol and discharged it full at the prince's head, to which it was so close as actually to set his beard on fire. The ball entered beneath the right ear, passed through the roof of the mouth, and came out on the opposite side, carrying away two teeth.

The prince was stunned and blinded for the moment, though he did not fall, and could not at first imagine what had caused the shock. But recovering himself so as to comprehend

what had happened, he hastily exclaimed, "Do not kill him! I forgive him my death." It was too late; two of the gentlemen had run the assassin through with their swords before he had time to stir from the spot, and the halberdiers immediately rushed upon him also, so that he received not less than thirty-two mortal wounds.

The prince was supported to his chamber, and the surgeons examined the wound. The flame from the pistol had cauterized the orifice made by the ball, and this alone had prevented his bleeding to death on the spot. The excitement in the city was immense, for it was even surmised that Anjou had some secret share in the deed. But it was soon ascertained that the whole affair was of Spanish origin. The prince sent a message begging the people to make no tumult; but in case God should call him to himself, to remember him tenderly, and faithfully to obey their new ruler.

The young assassin, John Jaureguy by name, was the servant of Gaspar d' Anastro, a Spanish merchant of Antwerp. This gentleman, being

in an embarrassed condition pecuniarily, had bethought him that he might retrieve his affairs with the handsome reward long since offered to him who would murder William of Orange. He had entered into a private and personal contract with Philip, duly signed and sealed by the royal hand as well as his own, according to which he promised to dispatch the illustrious victim within a certain time. For this service he was to be compensated with eighty thousand ducats, and made a knight of Santiago.

Anastro did not like to risk his own precious neck, however, for as he piously observed, "God had probably reserved him for other things." Being rather sharp at bargaining, he let out the dangerous job to his servant for three thousand crowns, the balance of course going into his own pocket. Before the deed was done, he left the city, and was soon safe within Parma's lines. Two other accomplices were arrested, however, confessed their guilt, and were executed within ten days. Had not the prince specially requested that if justice

absolutely required their death, they should be executed in the manner least painful, they would doubtless have suffered the severest tortures at the hands of the exasperated populace.

For weeks the prince lay in a very dangerous condition. A solemn fast was observed in Antwerp on the third day, and a contemporary writer records that "never had the churches been so thronged, nor so many tears been shed." At the end of three weeks, he was thought to be better, and thanksgivings began to be mingled with the continued prayers for his recovery. But on the 5th of April, his case became again exceedingly alarming. The cicatrix upon the neck, which had previously prevented any serious loss of blood, now sloughed off. The hemorrhage was excessive; and it was almost impossible to check it by a bandage, without suffocating the patient. The prince calmly bade farewell to his children, and all hope seemed to be over. But one of the surgeons contrived to arrest the flow of blood, simply by having the orifice of the wound firmly and constantly compressed by the thumb of an

assistant. Night and day, successive attendants watched thus at the bedside, each in his turn guarding the portals of life, until at last the wound closed again. Upon the 2nd of May, the prince was able to offer his thanksgivings in the great cathedral, surrounded by vast multitudes of tearful eyes and rejoicing hearts.

But his devoted wife, the excellent Charlotte de Bourbon, was even then on her death-bed. Worn out by the incessant watching and agitating suspense of those anxious weeks, she was taken with a violent fever, and expired only three days after the public thanksgiving for the prince's recovery. She had ever been inexpressibly dear to her illustrious husband, and this sorrowful and unexpected event was near costing him a relapse. But he was mercifully spared.

During this year Parma's military operations went on rather languidly, for want of sufficient forces. After the United Provinces concluded their compact with Anjou, he persuaded the "reconciled" states that it was necessary to

recall the foreign troops. Accordingly Spanish and Italian regiments poured into the Nether-land territories once more, as if there had never been the least objection, and the Walloons now discovered that to be "reconciled" was to be subjugated, just as their northern neighbors had predicted that it would be.

Notwithstanding all the imposing ceremonies and magnificent display with which the new sovereign had been welcomed, Anjou soon began to find his position decidedly irksome. The "muzzle" was not altogether convenient to wear. His base favorites were ever insinuating that he ought to have not merely the semblance but the reality of power. Suppose the estates and the Prince of Orange, their real ruler, had denied it to him; he could still take it by force, and this he now resolved to do.

His plan was to occupy the chief cities in Flanders with his own troops, seizing them all, if possible, on the same day. The 15th of January, 1583, was fixed upon. In several cities the plot was successful. Bruges had a timely warning, and closed her gates. Ant

werp, the duke's own residence, was not attempted until the following day.

At the time, there were several thousand French troops encamped close at hand. He professed to intend sending them against the city of Endhoven. But just at the hour when nearly everybody in Antwerp was at dinner, Anjou mounted his horse and rode out of the palace-yard, in the direction of the camp, escorted by his usual body-guard and some troopers beside. When they reached the city gate the duke gave his followers a signal, and then spurred off to his camp, while they sprang upon the burgher guard at the portal, and butchered every man. Their comrades outside immediately rushed into the town, fancying that Antwerp lay wholly at their mercy, and that they had only to plunder and butcher at their pleasure, as the Spaniards had done seven years before. Galloping at full speed through the quiet streets in every direction, they shouted, "The city is won! the city is won! Hurrah for the Duke of Anjou! Kill, kill, kill!"

The astonished burghers, leaving their din-

ners, looked out from windows and doors to discover the meaning of the horrid uproar, and were assailed with showers of bullets. It was soon evident that Anjou's soldiers were attempting to repeat the awful scenes of the "Spanish Fury." Already they felt so sure of their prey that they were scattering here and there to ransack warehouses and jewelers' shops. The burghers saw that their only reliance must be upon God and their own brave hearts, and they flew at once to the rescue. The alarm was sounded and the city guards mustered on the instant. The citizens rose, to a man, against the invaders of their homes. Even women and children shared in the sudden enthusiasm and the desperate resolve. Mounting the roofs, they hurled down upon the heads of their foes whatever might crush or wound. Within an hour, most of the four thousand French soldiers, to whom Anjou had abandoned the city when he passed out of the Kipdorp gate, were either captured or slain. Not less than two hundred and fifty French nobles of high rank perished in the infamous attempt, together with nearly two thousand common sol-

diers. Less than one hundred of the burghers fell.

Such was the “French Fury.” Its aim had been no less diabolical than that of the Spaniards seven years before. It was no fault of Anjou’s that Antwerp had not been a second time drenched in the blood of her own sons. Had not their eagerness for plunder led the invaders to scatter in search of it prematurely, the plot might easily have succeeded. But it proved an utter and ruinous failure, and Anjou hastened to escape from the scene where his treachery had been so completely exposed. On the march he lost a thousand of his remaining men, in crossing a tract which the Mechlin people had purposely inundated, to impede his escape.

Shortly after this Anjou left for Paris,—as it proved never to return. On the 10th of June, 1584, he died, in extreme suffering, and sweating blood from every pore. We can hardly suppose it was any great grief to the provinces that their connection with so bad a man was thus finally terminated.

Parma availed himself of the treachery of

Anjou to get possession of several towns thus left exposed, among which were Dunkirk and Newport. The province of Flanders, though not one of the seven which had formed the Union of Utrecht, was, for the most part, in sympathy with them rather than with the Walloon states, and several of its chief cities for a time belonged to that confederation. But successive treasons, both great and small, were doing much harm to the patriot cause in that quarter, as well as at the north.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### *THE ASSASSINATION.*

JUST about a year after that attempt upon the prince's life which had so nearly proved fatal, another person came from Spain to Antwerp upon the same errand. He was arrested, confessed his design, and suffered death in March, 1583. In the spring of 1584, a merchant of Flushing, named Hans Hanzoon, having arranged his plot with the Spanish ambassador in Paris, tried to assassinate the prince by means of gunpowder concealed under his dwelling in that place, and also under his seat in church. He too was detected and put to death. About the same time Parma engaged still another person to poison Orange. He had advanced money, indeed, to numerous would-be assassins from time to time; but in general

they pocketed the funds without attempting to do the job. However, at last there came the right man.

It was now the summer of 1584. During the previous year, the prince had married Louisa de Coligny, daughter of the celebrated admiral. She was a most amiable and excellent woman, and was the mother of the afterward celebrated stadholder, Frederic Henry. They were at present living quietly in the pleasant little city of Delft, in the southern part of Holland. Their residence was a plain, two-storied brick building, which had once been a cloister, upon the old Delft street. This was one of the principal thoroughfares, and along its course, as usual in Dutch cities, ran a canal, bordered on each side with lime-trees. There was a spacious court-yard in front of the house, and at one side a narrow lane running back to the stables and other out-buildings, which extended to the city wall.

Early in the morning of the 8th of July, despatches relating to the death of Anjou had arrived from France, and the prince read them

while still in his bed. Desiring to obtain some additional details in regard to Anjou's illness, he sent for the messenger to come to his chamber. It was a young man calling himself Francis Guion, who had some months before asked protection, pretending to be a Calvinist from Burgundy, whose father had suffered martyrdom for his faith. He was an insignificant-looking person, very quiet and exemplary in his life, and having a devout air which corresponded well with his professions. Here was the assassin, and his victim lay before him, alone, unarmed, in his bed.

Balthazar Gérard, for such was his true name, had burned to commit this crime for seven long years. He was a fanatic rather than a mercenary assassin, and in spite of distance, poverty, and dangers, he had at length made his way to the spot where he might hope to gain access to the prince. He had not done this without the knowledge and encouragement of Catholic ecclesiastics, and of Parma himself. But the latter, grown wiser by past experience, had declined to advance money for his expenses.

It would be time to pay the wages when the work was done.

This was his first opportunity of approaching the prince's person, and it was so unexpected that he was not prepared to improve it, being totally unarmed. Having answered the prince's inquiries, he was forced to go away leaving the bloody task unaccomplished. He could not hope ever to have another chance like this; but he resolved that he would not again miss any opportunity. He lingered a little about the court-yard to make a stealthy survey of the premises, and a sergeant of halberdiers asked what he was waiting for. To this he replied that he wished very much to go to church that day, but his attire was so dusty and shabby that he could not venture to do so. He needed shoes and stockings particularly. The sergeant mentioned his case to an officer, the officer told the prince, and the prince at once bade him give the stranger some money.

But instead of buying clothes, Gérard next morning purchased with that money a pair of pistols from a soldier. The bullets which he

designed to use he had means of poisoning, so that wherever they might lodge, their wound must be fatal.

He had not to wait long. On Tuesday, July 10th, 1584, as the prince was going to dinner, with his wife leaning on his arm, and other ladies and gentlemen of the family following, Gérard appeared at the door and requested a passport. The princess felt a sudden pang of apprehension at sight of the stranger's countenance, which impressed her as that of a villain. But to her anxious questioning William carelessly replied that it was only somebody wanting a passport, and bade his secretary make it out.

It was about two o'clock when the company left the table to return to the apartments above, the prince leading the way, as before. The dining-room was on the ground floor, and there was a narrow vestibule between it and the staircase. Upon the left side of the vestibule, and near the foot of the staircase which they were approaching, there was a deep archway sunk in the wall, through which one might pass out

into the lane at the side of the house. The stairs were lighted by a large window, half-way up ; but the sunken arch was in shadow.

As the prince commenced leisurely to ascend the stairs, the insignificant figure of Gérard suddenly emerged from the dim recess ; there was the flash and the report of a pistol, and Orange fell, pierced by three balls. One of the officers in attendance caught the prince in his arms. He simply exclaimed in French, “ O my God, have mercy upon my soul ! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people ! ” Then, beginning to swoon, he was carried to a couch in the dining-room. His sister asked if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, and he faintly answered, “ Yes.” It was the last word he ever spoke. In a few moments he expired, in the arms of the princess, and his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg.

The murderer, dropping his pistols the moment he had fired, darted through the door of the archway, and thence up the lane toward the ramparts, closely pursued by several pages and halberdiers. Chancing to stumble in his flight, he was overtaken before reaching the wall, and

brought back to the house. He attempted no denial of the crime, and manifested neither regret nor fear. In his quiet way, he evidently gloried in the deed. The clement prince was no longer there to intercede, and the murderer was finally sentenced to the most savage tortures which the fury of the people could devise. He endured his sufferings with unshaken fortitude to the last, declaring that were it possible, he would repeat the act, even should it cost him a thousand deaths. The promised reward was duly paid to his parents, who were still living in Burgundy.

“The prince was entombed,” says Motley, “on the 3rd of August, at Delft, amid the tears of a whole nation. Never was a more extensive, unaffected, and legitimate sorrow felt at the death of any human being.” We Americans can well conceive what it was. Since our honored countryman penned those words, we have witnessed something a good deal like the scene they described,—a funeral whose train stretched half across a continent, and whose mourners were counted by millions.

To mortal eyes, it seemed that William of

Orange had been removed long before his work was done. But God's cause never goes to shipwreck because he has called away the pilot; for, though unseen, his own hand is ever on the helm. Perhaps it was needful thus to teach men the sacred lesson, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." Perhaps also the spectacle of their benefactor's martyrdom was required to complete and to crown the effect of his noble and self-sacrificing life,—to embalm with an everlasting fragrance his beloved name. Meanwhile, Providence had other agencies in reserve by which to complete the deliverance of the Netherlands, and though the struggle was long and sore, victory was achieved at last.

It was the great object of William the Silent to secure religious liberty to all. He was almost the only man of his time whose mind could admit the grand idea. We, in this favored age, can scarcely conceive what it would be to have freedom of conscience denied. Our danger is rather that we shall have freedom *without* conscience,—that we shall let a vague

liberalism drift us away from religious principle altogether. Yet in order to be tolerant of the diverse beliefs of others we need not be lax and unsettled in our own. It is not from a spiritual vacuum that either Christian charity or moral heroism may be expected to proceed. The history of the Netherland conflict well illustrates the need of a warm and living faith in a divine Saviour, to nerve us for life's battles, as well as to prepare us for heaven's rewards.

**THE END.**



